The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes: First Lord Houghton, Volume 1

Thomas Wemyss Reid

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THE

LIFE, LETTERS, AND FRIENDSHIPS

OF

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,

FIRST LORD HOUGHTON.

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RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,

FIRST LORD HOUGHTON.

BY

T. WEMYSS REID.

INTRODUCTION BY

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

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INTRODUCTION.

No English writer of this century, or of any century, ever occupied the position, either in the world of letters or the social world, that was so long filled by Lord Houghton. He united in himself the diverse personalities of the poet, the politician, and the man of the world, and if not as eminent in either of these characters as some of his contemporaries, he was distinguished in all. Fortunate in his birth, in one of the stately homes of England, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; fortunate in his parentage, his father a wealthy gentleman of good family, who might have attained high honors in political life, his mother the daughter of a viscount; fortunate in his education, which was obtained at Cambridge, where he had for his fellow collegians young men of genius like Frederick, Charles, and Alfred Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Thackeray, Spedding, and others who have since enriched the literature of England; fortunate in his temperament, which was light and joyous, and in his aims, which were manly and intellectual,—there was little which Richard Monckton Milnes could desire that was not within his reach. He always knew what he wanted; he took a just measure of his powers and opportunities, and, as far as man may, he planned his career and determined his destiny. This, for a poet, was to be lord of himself, and to find that self not a

heritage of woe. Possessed with an insatiate thirst for knowledge, a great reader in many directions rather than a close student in any one direction, the bent of his mind while at college was clearly toward poetry, concerning which his judgment was a singularly independent one. He refused, for instance, to acknowledge the sovereignty of Byron, who, dying a few years before, was still reckoned the grand Napoleon of the realm of rhyme, proclaiming in its stead the supremacy of Wordsworth, which was hotly contested, and the glorious gifts of Shelley, who was almost unknown to his stolid countrymen. More than a half century has passed since this contention between the admirers of Byron and Wordsworth was begun by Milnes and his friends at Cambridge and Oxford, and the contention is not yet ended. The Wordsworthians have had the best of the argument on paper, but they have not succeeded in convincing the world that their idol is the better poet; for there is that in the impassioned genius of Byron, and his impulsive bursts of feeling, before which the reflective mind of Wordsworth, and his studied utterance of philosophical didacticism, pale their ineffectual fires. It is not a question of morality with which the world concerns itself in comparing these poets, but the question of poetry; and, rightly or wrongly, the world prefers the poetry of Byron to the poetry of Wordsworth. Differing from both, Lord Houghton may be said to have resembled Byron in his fondness for travel, and to have resembled Wordsworth in the activity of his interest in the events of his time. Like the young English gentleman of the reign of Elizabeth, this young English gentleman of the reign

of Victoria was not content until he had made his tour abroad. With affections that centered in his family and his friends, and a disposition that was neither dissatisfied with itself nor his country, the spirit in his feet was not the errant and fugitive spirit that impelled the author of "Childe Harold" to make his memorable pilgrimage, but the happy, healthful spirit of a scholar and a poet, who was fain to see places which had become classic ground to him through his reading, and to mix among peoples with whose history he was familiar. He journeyed and resided in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Greece, in Turkey, and wherever he went he was at home; for, true born Englishman though he was, he was everywhere a citizen of the world. No traveled Englishman ever understood the different peoples among whom he sojourned so well as Lord Houghton, who thoroughly appreciated their national life and character, and their relations with other peoples, and long before his death he might justly have declared of himself,

> I am become a name:
> For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honored of them all.

What Lord Houghton was as a traveler and a correspondent of illustrious men abroad this Life shows, and it was much. But what he was when, his travels practically over, he returned, and was elected M.P. for Pontefract, was more; for that brought him prominently before and constantly among his own countrymen, to whom he was a celebrity. The difference

between American and English society unfits us to a certain extent for a perfect understanding of the position which Lord Houghton held in English society for years, and the estimation in which he was held. Traveler, poet, politician, he was before all a man of society, to which he was drawn by his vivacious temperament, his love of enjoyment, his intellectual ambition, and his talent as a talker. Endowed with self-possession, with confidence in his abilities, and with the courage of his convictions, he was addicted to paradox, and prone, no doubt, to maintaining opinions which he did not seriously believe. It delighted him to startle people more than it delighted the people whom he startled. Coming upon the scene when the older poets were passing away, he succeeded the oldest, Rogers, as the literary host of the time. Other hosts there were, at Lansdowne Terrace, Holland House, Gore House, but none who was more hospitable than the bustling gentleman who gave breakfast at his bachelor rooms on Pall Mall, and who, after his marriage, invited his friends to visit him at his old family home at Fryston. Everybody who was anybody was to be found at these breakfasts, and many who were nobodies, in a curious way. To have done something, no matter what, insured an invitation to the breakfasts of Lord Houghton. He enjoyed entertaining his guests, and his guests enjoyed him as well as his entertainments, he was so courteous and so brilliant, so kindly and so generous. To be in need was to be helped by him,—not merely with money, which he could probably spare, but with what is rarer,—with sympathy, with considerate advice, and with brotherly

or fatherly solicitude and protection. What he did for poor Hood, in his last days, we know now for the first time; what he did for poorer David Gray we knew years ago when we read the memoir of that daft creature whom it was almost impossible to aid. That Lord Houghton had a tender heart and a ready hand was known to all who knew him, and was shown over and over again by his unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

Lord Houghton is certain to have a permanent place among British authors of the nineteenth century, but precisely what place posterity alone can determine. He can hardly be forgotten as the biographer of Keats, from whose memory he was the first to remove the clouds of misrepresentation which had so long obscured it, and whose inherent manhood he was the first to maintain, nor hardly forgotten as the author of a volume of personal "Monographs," which is a model of that kind of writing. He ought to live, and, no doubt, will live, as a poet,—not a great poet, for great poets are rare at all times, but a gentle and thoughtful poet, to whom the subdued expression of pensive feeling was better than the stormy voice of passion, and who, singing with scholarly sweetness of Greece, of Italy, of the Orient, sang with more gracious sweetness, more philosophic experience, and more spiritual pathos, of the heart and soul,—of life and death. No one who has once read will ever willingly forget "The Flight of Youth," "Love and Nature," "Familiar Love," "Half Truth," "The Men of Old," and that touching little song, "I Wandered by the Brookside." His poems of reflection are better than those of Matthew Arnold,

which were modeled after them, and full as good as those of Wordsworth, which they surpass in melody and sincerity.

This much by way of prologue to this Life of Lord Houghton, from which I will no longer detain the reader of this imperfect tribute to his memory, who, I am sure, will be as much delighted with it as I have been.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE CENTURY,
NEW YORK, *January* 10, 1891.

PREFACE.

No apology is needed for the appearance of a biography of such a man as Lord Houghton. For more than half a century Monckton Milnes was one of the conspicuous figures in European society, and during the whole of that long period he played a distinctive part in contemporary life. Recognised so far back as the beginning of the present reign as one of the ornaments of English society, a wit and a humorist who could hold his own among the best men and women of his time, he quickly secured recognition for other and more sterling qualities. His poetry gained the ear of the public, even though Tennyson was one of his contemporaries; his prose-writing—though lacking in that continuous effort which is now-a-days essential to permanent fame—charmed his own generation, and must long remain a delight to all lovers of good English. His political career, though it failed to satisfy both his own aspirations and the hopes of his friends, was brightened by one notable and unselfish triumph, his share in the establishment of reformatories for children who had been born or driven by force of circumstances into the criminal classes. But of far greater interest and importance than his achievements

as poet, critic, and legislator, was the part which he played in English social life. The influence he wielded for more than fifty years was due in some measure to the extraordinary number and variety of his friendships; but still more largely was it attributable to the genuine and remarkable qualities of the man himself.

In these pages it is the purpose of his biographer to throw some light upon the friendships which have long surrounded Lord Houghton's name with a halo of romance. They include the names of many of the most eminent men and women of the century. The man who had known Wordsworth and Landor and Sydney Smith; who during the greater part of his life had been the friend, trusted and well-beloved, of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Thackeray, was also one of the first to hail the rising genius of Swinburne, and to lend a helping hand to other great writers of a still younger generation. Nor were his friendships confined to the literary world. The Miss Berrys, who had known Horace Walpole in their youth, knew and loved Monckton Milnes in their old age. Among statesmen he had been the friend of Vassall Holland, Melbourne, Peel, and Palmerston, in the heyday of their fame; he had first seen Mr. Gladstone as an undergraduate at Oxford; had been the associate of Mr. Disraeli when he was still only the social aspirant of Gore House; had been the confidant of Louis Napoleon before he was a prisoner at Ham, and had known Louis Philippe, Thiers, Guizot, and Lamartine, alike in their days of triumph and defeat. Lamennais, Wiseman, Edward Irving, Connop Thirlwall, and Frederick Maurice

had all influenced his mind in his youth; he had "laid the first plank of a kind of pulpit" from which Emerson could preach "throughout all Saxondom," * and he had recognised the noble character and brilliant qualities of Miss Nightingale long before the world had heard her name. These were but a few of the friendships of Monckton Milnes; and the reader of these pages will learn that, great as the interest of such friendships must necessarily be, they did not suffice to absorb his affections. No mistake could have been more complete than that of supposing that he cared only for the great and the famous. The richest outpourings of his heart and mind were in many cases reserved for men of whom the world knew little or nothing. He delighted in making the acquaintance of all those who were playing a leading part upon the stage of the day; but his truest friendships were often with those whom fame had never reached, nor success gladdened. And it was no common blessing which followed the friendship of Milnes for those who enjoyed it. Where he loved at all, he loved with all his heart; and the greatest happiness he knew was in helping his friends—a work in which he never grew weary, never slackened his hand, from the days of early manhood to those of feeble old age.

His biographer has sought to make many of these friendships tell their own story in the letters of Milnes. Of some of the most interesting of them no record remains; whilst of others only a chance word here and

* Carlyle.

there reminds us of the fact of their existence. But the reader will find enough in these pages to convince him that the claim set forth in these introductory lines is amply justified.

To the character of Monckton Milnes it is doubtful if anyone can do full justice. It had so many sides, was so quaintly coloured, and at times distorted, by his love of paradox, flashed so constantly in new lights and under varying aspects, had a changeful iridescence so entirely its own, that no ordinary biographer can hope to succeed in portraying it fully. But here again the reader must draw his final conclusions from two sources—the letters of Milnes himself, covering the whole period of his life; and the estimate formed of him by those who knew him best. He will learn from the evidence thus set before him, that the man who in his later life was known throughout the world as the liberal friend and benefactor of men of genius in distress, had, at the outset of his London life, brightened the gloomy fate-burdened soul of Carlyle, as David cheered the heart of Saul. He will see how the best men everywhere loved him, trusted him, clung to him; and he must be a poor judge of character who, in such circumstances, can labour under any doubt as to the entire worthiness of the man who was thus cherished and honoured in so high a degree.

Not long before his death Milnes wrote the following lines in a copy of his poems, telling the lady to whom the book belonged that they formed the "text" of his life. He had composed them in his youth:—

AFTER GOETHE.

Demand not by what road or portal
  Into God's City thou art come—
But where thou tak'st thy place as mortal
  Remain in peace, and make thy home.
Then look around thee for the Wise,
  Look for the Strong who there command;
Let Wisdom teach thee what to prize,
  Let Power direct and brace thy hand.
Then, doing all that should be done,
  Labour to make the State approve thee,
And thou shalt earn the hate of none,
  And many will rejoice to love thee.

HOUGHTON.

Rome, Jan., 1885.

Possibly, in some quarters, there may be disappointment at the fact that these pages show the more serious side of Milnes's character. The other side could only be concealed from the reader at the expense of the truthfulness of the portrait. But there would be just as great a sacrifice of truth if the superficial oddities and eccentricities of his manner and character were allowed to hide the real meaning and substance of his life as a whole. It is the *real* Milnes whom his biographer has tried to paint in these pages; not the outward Milnes, as he appeared to those who saw him only at a distance—the hero of a hundred more or less apocryphal legends; the wit upon whom a thousand jokes he had never uttered were fathered; the man of fashion whose unconventional originality had so far impressed itself upon the popular mind that there was hardly any

eccentricity too audacious to be attributed to him by those who knew him only by repute. His curious disregard of the commonplace and the conventional, alike in manner and in speech, ought not to be forgotten. It was, indeed, the first characteristic of his which caught the attention of the public. Even Carlyle, in the earliest stage of his acquaintance with the man he learned to love so well, was oddly impressed by his outward bearing. "Milnes is a Tory Member of Parliament; think of that!" he writes to Emerson in 1840. "For the rest, he describes his religion in these terms: 'I profess to be a Crypto-Catholic.' Conceive the man! A most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long olive-blonde hair, a dimple, next to no chin, and flings his arm round your neck when he addresses you in public society!" *That* was the first impression which Milnes, in those days of his brilliant youth, made upon Carlyle. How differently he impressed him as the years passed by, and the true nature of the man was revealed, will be seen by those who read these pages. But if even Carlyle was in the first instance struck by Milnes's oddities of speech and manner, what wonder is it that upon the rest of the world they made so deep an impression! Yet, whilst they cannot be left out of sight, it is not upon these things that the final judgment passed on Monckton Milnes by his fellow-men will be based. For him also can be set forth the claim —so often granted in the case of those whose harsh and forbidding exterior has done cruel injustice to the

sweetness of the spirit it concealed—that his soul shall be judged by what it was, and not by its environments These environments, it is true, were in his case the very reverse of harsh and forbidding; yet, in some respects, they could hardly have been less truthful as an index to the character of the man himself if the opposite had been the case. The buoyant gaiety of spirit, the careless grace of manner, the almost audacious disregard of old canons of social usage, did for Milnes what hard reserve, gloom of temperament, and that morbid shyness which is so often aggressive in its form, have done for others. They concealed the real man from the superficial observer. In these pages, whilst the outward man has been sketched, it is the inner and the true man who is placed most prominently before the reader.

The heart of the biographer knows its own bitterness. It has been no light task to select from some thirty thousand letters addressed to Milnes by all sorts and conditions of people, those which were suitable for publication in this work. The selection which has been made is small indeed, compared with the bulk from which it is taken; and it is hoped that no letter has been printed here which can cause needless pain to anyone. It has been still more difficult to trace the record of Milnes's own life by means of his letters to others. For though he corresponded with many, he wrote—especially in his later years—regularly to but few, and these he addressed as a rule in the briefest terms. It has consequently been hard to keep track of him throughout his brilliant and varied life; and there are

many gaps in this narrative which could have been filled up by no one but himself. It has been something for his biographer to have enjoyed for nearly twenty years the privilege of his personal friendship. Without the knowledge and strength derived from this fact, the task he has here attempted to perform would have been an impossible one. To Lord Houghton's family he is indebted, not only for the confidence which they have reposed in him, but for much valuable assistance in the preparation of the biography. From the Dowager Viscountess Galway he has received constant and most useful aid; whilst amongst many to whom he is indebted for help, or for permission to publish the letters printed in these volumes, he must make special mention of Lord Tennyson, Lord Acton, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. George von Bunsen, and Mrs. Henry Bright. To Mr. A. E. Scanes he has been indebted for the admirable manner in which the great mass of Lord Houghton's correspondence, entrusted to that gentleman shortly after Lord Houghton's death, was classified and catalogued. Finally, he must say for himself that, conscious as he is of the deficiencies and imperfections of this narrative, he can at least claim for it that its preparation has been a labour of love. All through the work of two arduous years he has been sustained by the desire to repay so far as he could the debt of gratitude he owes to the kindest and truest of friends.

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THE

LIFE OF LORD HOUGHTON.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND BIRTH.

The Milneses of Wakefield—Family Descent—Robert Pemberton Milnes—His Parliamentary Career—Marriage—Birth of Richard Monckton Milnes—Offer of Cabinet Office to Mr. Pemberton Milnes—Journey to Paris in 1814—Visit to Waterloo, 1815—Character—Refusal of Peerage.

At the beginning of the last century the pleasant town of Wakefield was one of the most prosperous centres of commerce in the West Riding of Yorkshire. At that time it disputed with the neighbouring town of Leeds the pre-eminence in the woollen and cloth trades, and was specially noted for the extent of the business which its manufacturers and merchants carried on direct with Russia. No English industry is older than the manufacture of cloth, and none has more completely changed its conditions within a comparatively recent period. Down to a time still within the memory of man, the cloth for which the West Riding has long been famous was woven not in huge mills placed in the centre of crowded towns, but in the cottages of the weavers themselves, a hardy and skilful race of artisans,

who did not care to herd together in populous cities, but who fixed their homes in one or other of the many pleasant villages which were to be found on the banks of the Aire, the Calder, and the other streams of the West Riding, before the days when the introduction of steam had converted the whole of that prosperous district into the semblance of a vast manufactory. It followed from this fact that, in the West Riding, at all events, nothing was then to be found which bore the faintest resemblance to a manufacturing city such as we are now familiar with. In the town centres of the cloth trade resided the wealthy merchants, who sent the goods which formed the staple industry of the place to London or to those foreign countries which depended upon English woollens for their clothing; but no manufactures were carried on in these towns. Weavers came to them once a week with the "piece" which they had woven in their own cottage homes, and a market was held, where this homespun material was displayed for sale. The merchants came and bought according to their needs; the weaver took his modest pay and returned to his hamlet and his shuttle, whilst the capitalist, who was his only customer, added the small length of cloth which he had purchased to the stock accumulating in his warehouse. From thence at uncertain intervals the lumbering waggons carried heavy bales of cloth, the produce of a hundred different looms, up to the great capital on the banks of the Thames, or down to the chief Yorkshire port on the Humber. It was an easy and pleasant mode of carrying on a trade, and in

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was one by means of which not a few great fortunes were accumulated.

Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century the cloth trade of Wakefield had become something very like a monopoly in the hands of a single family. This was the family of the Milneses. They had sprung from the dales of Derbyshire, where for many generations they appear to have led the lives of substantial country gentlemen. They were of ancient descent, and they had acquired considerable landed property in Derbyshire, some of which still remains in their hands. Somewhere about the year 1670, fortune directed the steps of one of the Milneses to the West Riding; and settling at Wakefield, he there laid the foundation of more than one considerable fortune. It is needless to follow minutely the history of the different branches into which the Milnes family, as it increased in numbers, became divided. Its position in Wakefield was, however, so unique, and is so thoroughly characteristic of one of the features of English life in the eighteenth century, that it deserves to be described at length. The best evidence of the nature of that position is to be found in certain old houses which still stand at Wakefield, and which, about the year 1750, were the residences of different members of the family. These houses wear even now an air of importance, which to-day looks strangely out of place in the midst of the crowded streets of a second-rate country town. Some of them had considerable architectural

pretensions; all were large, substantial, and well ordered; they stood within a stone's throw of each other, facing the main road through Wakefield, surrounded by pleasant gardens and summer-houses, and wearing to the eye of the passer-by the aspect of an ideal retreat for wealthy leisure. The brothers or the cousins who occupied these mansions could interchange visits as many times daily as they pleased without inconvenience, so close together stood their homes. Not only in Wakefield, but throughout Yorkshire, they were looked up to for their wealth, for their sturdy integrity, and their sound business qualities.

Their social position meanwhile was that of a family of country gentlemen, and their alliances showed that their business connections in no way interfered with their free intercourse with the neighbouring aristocracy. By one of their marriages they became possessed of the old hall at Great Houghton, once the residence of Strafford. This property has never been alienated; the fine old hall, though now turned to humble use as a country inn, being still in the possession of the present Lord Houghton. A member of the Milnes family who died a few years ago could remember the scraps of moth-eaten black cloth which, in her childhood, hung here and there in the great hall of the old house —remnants of the mourning in which it was draped on the day when Strafford perished on the scaffold; whilst the salver from which he was last served before his execution is one of the treasures of Fryston.

One of the family, Richard Milnes, by his marriage

with the daughter and heiress of Mr. John Pemberton, of Liverpool, added largely to the fortunes of the house. His son, Pemberton Milnes, was a man of great wealth; he bought the fine estate of Bawtry, near Doncaster, and built or enlarged the handsome manor-house still standing there. He played a leading part in the politics of the West Riding, and his name is to be found with those of the Fitzwilliams, the Cavendishes, and the Foljambes in the "New Song" written by Lord Effingham:—

"Not the fire, O Pem Milnes, of twenty brick-kilns
Can consistency give to thy clay,
First to sign requisition, then let curst coalition
Make a Milnes his engagement betray—
O Pem Milnes!"

The allusion in this rhyme to the brick-kilns had reference to the fact that in addition to his great commercial undertakings in the cloth trade, Mr. Pemberton Milnes was a large manufacturer of bricks, and at that time the only smoke betokening the existence of industrial operations which clouded the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of Wakefield was that which arose from his formidable array of brick-kilns.

The only child of this Robert Pemberton Milnes was a daughter, whose marriage with Viscount Galway was the first of the alliances which have since so closely bound together the two families of Milnes and Monckton. At her father's death she inherited from him the Bawtry estate.

The nephew of Pemberton Milnes, the eldest son of

his younger brother, was Richard Slater Milnes, the first member of the family who settled at Fryston. His marriage, like those of not a few of his forefathers, tended to increase the fortunes of the family. His wife was Rachel Busk, the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Hans Busk, of Leeds, and it was through her that the Great Houghton estate, from which the title of the present peerage has been taken, came into the possession of Mr. Slater Milnes. In 1784, at the early age of twenty-five, he was elected one of the representatives of the city of York in Parliament, and he held his seat in the House of Commons until 1802, when he retired, just two years before his death. A portion of the large fortune which he had obtained from his father was devoted to the purchase of the Fryston estate. Fryston is a substantial country house of considerable size, situated in a pleasant park on the borders of the river Aire. The wonderful growth of its industrial fortunes which the West Riding has witnessed since the beginning of the present century has been fatal to many of the beauties of scenery of which it could originally boast. Among other losses to which it has had to submit, as its material wealth has increased, has been that of the purity of its streams and rivers; and the silvery Aire, of which poets once sang, and by the banks of which the angler loved to wander, is now a black and turbid stream, which carries to the great ocean the refuse of Leeds and Bradford and a score of smaller towns.* But

* Lewis Morris's poem, "A Yorkshire River," refers to the Aire at Fryston in its present state.

when the first Milnes took up his abode at Fryston, in the year 1780, he found himself not only the owner of one of the most important country seats of Yorkshire, but dwelling in the midst of pleasant and delightful rural scenery. Fryston lies at some distance from Wakefield, but Mr. Slater Milnes continued throughout his life to devote considerable attention to the business still carried on in his name in that town. His Parliamentary duties may have absorbed the greater part of his time, whilst the large estates of which he was now the possessor must also have made many demands upon his care and thought, but he retained his connection with Wakefield, and its staple industry, and derived a considerable portion of his large income from the latter. He was a sportsman, a country gentleman, a man of fashion, and a conspicuous figure in London society. Egremont House, Piccadilly, now known as Cambridge House, and which before its conversion into the Naval and Military Club was the town residence of Lord Palmerston, was, at the beginning of the century, Mr. Slater Milnes's London home. In politics he was an ardent supporter of Mr. Fox, and subscribed largely towards the payment of the statesman's debts. His marriage was a fruitful one, two sons and seven daughters being born to him. Of the sons, the elder, Robert Pemberton Milnes, was the father of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Baron Houghton.*

Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes was a man of remark-

* Mr. R. S. Milnes's colleague in the representation of York was Viscount Galway, the grandfather, on the maternal side, of Lord Houghton.

able qualities, whose career, though his name is now almost forgotten, at one time excited the highest expectations among those best qualified to judge a man's merits and capacity. That he never made for himself that place in the world to which his powers undoubtedly entitled him, must be regretfully admitted. In his youth, fortune seemed to lie at his feet, and to no man of his time was a more brilliant career opened. That he should have ended his days in the quiet of the life of a country gentleman, steadfastly turning his back upon that fame and power which had at one time been within his grasp, must be attributed solely to the peculiar idiosyncrasy of a character which was no common one.

I have said that the name of Mr. Pemberton Milnes is now almost forgotten. During the first half of this century, however, the tradition of his youthful fame was widely cherished in the political circles of England, and the curious vicissitudes of his career, in almost every case self-inflicted, formed a basis upon which the figure of a hero of romance might well have been founded. Along with his younger brother Rodes Milnes, he began his education in a private school kept by a Mr. Shepherd at Liverpool. On leaving school he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1804 took his degree of B.A. His college career was a brilliant one; he was the first man of his time at Trinity, and throughout the University his reputation was great. The death of his father in 1804, shortly before Robert Pemberton Milnes attained his majority, made him master of his own

fortunes; the Houghton and Fryston estates, however, which now constituted the greater portion of the family property, remained in the hands of his mother, and pecuniarily his position was by no means so good as that of his father had been. In 1806, at the age of twenty-two, he was elected one of the members for Pontefract, the little borough lying hard by the confines of the Fryston domain, over whose political fortunes the families of Monckton and Savile had long wielded a preponderating influence. It was the young man's good fortune to take his seat in the House of Commons whilst Pitt and Fox were still counted among its members. He came in as a supporter of the Tory party. But young as he was, the peculiar independence of his character made it impossible that he should become the adherent through thick and thin of any political party, and he was very soon to give striking proof of the fact that he was capable of forming and abiding by an opinion of his own irrespective of family traditions or early training. The year 1806 proved fatal both to Pitt and to Fox; in the following year the King dismissed the Ministry of "all the talents" because of their proposed measure of relief for the Catholics, and the Portland administration was formed, with Canning as Secretary of State. The adherents of the old Ministers, furious at what had happened, rallied for an attack upon Canning, which took the shape of a resolution moved by Mr. Lyttelton, directly hostile to the new Government. To Mr. Milnes, who had become one of the adherents of Canning, was assigned the task of leading the defence of the

administration. He moved as an amendment upon Mr. Lyttelton's motion the previous question, and he did so in a speech which at the time aroused more enthusiasm than has probably ever before or since been created by the oratorical effort of a young man of three-and-twenty. The conditions of Parliamentary life have undergone so complete a transformation since the time when Mr. Milnes took his seat in the House of Commons, that it is difficult to understand how a mere youth, whose Parliamentary career was only counted by months, should have stepped into such a place as that which he took when he made his famous speech of April 15th, 1807, and by means of it averted a threatened overthrow of the Government. Yet that I have not overstated the case with regard to that speech and its effects is proved not only by the traditions which lingered round the name of Mr. Milnes for well-nigh half a century after he had himself quitted the Parliamentary arena, but by contemporary testimony. Before me lies a letter dated April 27, 1807, written by a member of Parliament who was present on the occasion of the critical debate:—

> The hero of the evening who carried away with him the greatest share of applause was a youth of the name of Milnes, a Yorkshireman, member for Pontefract, and about twenty-four years of age. He spoke on the other side of the question, and with such fluency, neatness, elegance, and force (it is true, I assure you), that he drew forth the most tumultuous applause and encouragement from every part of the House. He was known at Cambridge to be an extraordinarily clever fellow, but never publicly distinguished himself there in consequence of having

engaged in too extensive a line of study and never having brought all the powers of his mind to bear solely on any particular branch. I am sorry, however, to hear, and from rather good authority, of his having laid a wager that he is Chancellor of the Exchequer within two years. This puts one in mind of Simpkinson and the Woolsack.

As to the truth of the story about Mr. Milnes's wager his biographer is not in a position to offer any decisive opinion. The tradition of the bet has, however, long been current. In one of the commonplace-books which were kept by Robert Pemberton Milnes's son, the subject of this memoir, there is a note to the effect that Mr. Milnes did lay a wager of £100 that he would be Chancellor of the Exchequer within five years of his entering upon Parliamentary life. The story which Lord Houghton used to tell on the subject was that after his father had refused the place in the Ministry pressed upon him by Mr. Perceval, he sent to the friend with whom he had made his bet a copy of Mr. Perceval's letter and a cheque for £100.

In the autumn of 1808 Mr. Milnes married the Honorable Henrietta Maria Monckton, the second daughter of Viscount Galway, with whose family, as we have seen, the Milneses were already connected. This lady, the mother of Lord Houghton, was, like her husband, of something more than merely agreeable appearance, and like him, she was endowed with exceptional talents. According to the reminiscences of those who knew her in her early days, she was a woman of remarkably beautiful features, and the possessor of a singularly fine

voice, which had been carefully trained by *émigrés*, to whom Lord Galway was very hospitable. Her fame as a vocalist long survived her. Her death revealed the fact that she possessed one faculty for which she had received no credit during her lifetime. This was a distinct literary gift, of which the memorial remains in two by no means bulky manuscript volumes. In these volumes Mrs. Milnes wrote the history of her married life from the day of her wedding to that on which, nearly forty years afterwards, she was compelled to lay aside her pen in the presence of death. Nothing is more remarkable in this simple record of her family life than the self-repression of the writer; it was no journal that she kept filled with the records of her self-communings and her moralisings upon men and things. Though the book was designed for no eyes save those of her children, it was written with a sense of proportion and an appreciation of literary forms that are remarkable in such a production. Indeed, as told by her, the story of her life has all the interest of a well-developed and well-constructed romance, and those who have been privileged to peruse it, on laying it aside are troubled only by the regret that the tale should have been so short, although it ranges over the extent of nearly two-score years. I have felt it due to Mrs. Milnes to say so much as this regarding her one literary production, because it is no far-fetched idea that the literary faculty possessed in so marked a degree by her son was derived from her as well as from her husband. From time to time I shall have occasion to quote passages from the

journal, which I think will substantiate the claims I have made on behalf of its author.

The marriage of Mr. R. P. Milnes and Miss Monckton was celebrated on September 22nd, 1808; and on the 19th of June, 1809, Richard Monckton Milnes, the story of whose life is to be told in these pages, was born at the town house of his parents in Bolton Street, Mayfair. As soon as Mrs. Milnes was able to travel, the parents went with their infant child to Scarborough, and here in the month of August an event interesting not only in their own history but in that of the country occurred.

From Mrs. Milnes's Journal, 1809.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a King's messenger drove up in a post-chaise and four with a despatch from Mr. Perceval, offering Mr. Milnes the choice of a seat in the Cabinet, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of War. Mr. Milnes immediately said, "Oh, no, I will not accept either; with my temperament I should be dead in a year." I knelt and entreated that he should, and represented it might be an advantage to our little boy, please God he lived; but all was to no purpose, and he went up to London to decline the most flattering and distinguished compliment ever known to have been paid to so young a man.

The incident, as I have said, is of interest not merely in connection with the life of Mr. Milnes, but with the history of England, for it was the refusal of that gentleman to accept the office which was pressed upon him by Mr. Perceval that gave Lord Palmerston admission to the Ministry, and started him fairly on

that career which was to lead him to the Premiership. Lord Palmerston's maiden speech in the House had, curiously enough, been made in reply to what he himself describes as a "splendid speech" by Mr. Milnes on the capture of Copenhagen; and in Bulwer's life of Palmerston (vol. i., page 88) the story of Mr. Milnes's refusal of office is told at length:—

> The well-known quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning had led to the necessity of a change of Ministry, though not to the downfall of the party in the possession of power. Mr. Perceval became Prime Minister, and had to fill up important places, without any very ready means of doing so with men of established reputation. He turned not unnaturally, therefore, to those young men who had given promise of ability.

Writing to Lord Malmesbury, October 18, 1809, Palmerston gives an account of an interview he had with Perceval:—

> He then told me that it depended upon certain other arrangements whether he should be able to give me the War Office; that conceiving Milnes would be a very great acquisition to Government if the bias he had in favour of Canning did not prevent him from joining us, he had written to him to say that he had to offer him such an official situation as, if inclined to take any, he would probably be disposed to accept. That should Milnes come up in consequence, he meant to offer him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; but that it was possible Milnes might decline so ostensible a post, and that then, rather than run the risk of losing his support, he wished to offer him the War Office, which, in case he declined the other, he might accept.

The letter in which Mr. Perceval made the offer,

which Mrs. Milnes fitly characterised as so flattering to her husband, is as follows :—

Downing Street, Oct. 14th, 1809.

My dear Sir,—I hope the object of this letter will apologise for my intruding it upon you. If the circumstances which have recently happened, the separation which has unhappily taken place between some of our political friends and myself, and the change of Government which has placed me at the head of the Administration, should not unhappily have indisposed you to give us your support, I have an opportunity of offering you an efficient situation in His Majesty's service, which will fairly suit the high and great pretension which the proofs you have given of very superior talents so truly entitle you to entertain. I feel perfectly confident that if you could give the Administration which His Majesty has charged me to form your official support, that you would not object to do so on account of the office which I would offer to you, as being a subordinate one, or one unworthy of your acceptance. But you must, I am aware, of necessity be very imperfectly informed of all the circumstances which have led to these changes; and I do not think it reasonable to expect that you should form any determinate opinion upon such a proposition as I am offering to you without more information in detail than you can possibly at present possess. All, therefore, that I can hope to effect by this letter is to induce you to come to town, when I will give you every possible explanation that you can require; and till then I must be content to remain in doubt as to your determination. Permit me to repeat that unless you see an *insurmountable* objection to this proposal, I trust you will not decide against it without giving me the opportunity of some personal conference and explanation of it.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

R. P. Milnes, Esq. S. P. Perceval.

Mr. Milnes, as his wife states, went up to town at once to confer with Mr. Perceval and with Mr. Canning, for whom he entertained a strong personal admiration, and with whose political opinions he was generally in harmony. No record remains of the reasons he gave for turning his back upon such an opening as has presented itself to few men of this century beyond that contained in his wife's journal. Lord Palmerston, indeed, in his letters to Lord Malmesbury, declares that Mr. Milnes's refusal of office was founded upon real and unaffected diffidence; an explanation which, it must be confessed, it is difficult to reconcile with the young man's college wager on the subject of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. The truth is that his temperament was exceedingly peculiar. He was, as Sir Henry Bulwer, in his "Life of Palmerston," remarks, "a high-minded, impressionable man;" but he had also an element of fastidiousness in his nature, which was the cause of his "always finding something to condemn on all sides." He had, besides, after leaving college, suffered from a severe illness, one of the effects of which was to make him shrink from a life of political toil and excitement.

Whatever the cause may have been, however, the fact remains that from the date of his refusal of a seat in the Cabinet Mr. Milnes ceased to take any prominent part in that arena of Parliamentary life in which, had he chosen, he might have cut so great a figure.

In the collection of his letters, to which his biographer has had access, it is almost pathetic to note that

the next communication he received from Mr. Perceval after that in which he was pressed to come to the aid of the Administration, was one dated 1811, in which Mr. Perceval acknowledges the receipt of a communication from him on the subject of an increased allowance for the schoolmaster at Pontefract. The "brilliant political meteor of Bolton Row," as one of his old friends describes him, had been transformed into the country gentleman, whose chief interest lay in the management of his own estate, and in ministering to the needs of his neighbours and dependents. In the romance of politics there are few chapters more interesting than that which tells us the story of how the young country gentleman, within a few months of his admission to Parliament, thrilled the House of Commons by his eloquence, and made for himself a reputation that seemed the certain stepping-stone to the highest place in the service of his country, and how, at the very moment when his utmost ambition seemed to be on the point of being gratified, and prospects of unexampled brilliancy were opened before him, he quietly turned aside from the glittering temptation and gave himself up to a life of comparative retirement and indolence. Not that it would be correct to ascribe to slothful self-indulgence the withdrawal of Mr. Milnes from public life. His keen interest in affairs remained unabated, and in Yorkshire he aspired to take a leading place at the head of his party. He had evidently satisfied himself, however, that his taste was too fastidious, perhaps his sense of honour too high, to permit him to engage

in the strife and turmoil of a personal struggle in the political arena. For the remainder of his life he was, even whilst he retained his seat in the House of Commons, a spectator of the battle rather than a combatant, and though, as I have said, the tradition of his early greatness was long cherished in the political world, he himself ceased to be a figure in it, almost from the moment when he refused the brilliant offers of Mr. Perceval.

The truth is that he conceived the life of an English country gentleman, living among his own people, to be in many respects the highest and the most enviable to which any man could aspire. The landed interest of the country seemed to him to be that of greatest importance; and although upon many political questions he was in advance of his party, and upon all was able to form an intelligent judgment, he never throughout his life failed to give the first place in his consideration to those questions which closely affected the ownership and the cultivation of the soil. In after-years he was wont to discuss with his son the various questions connected with the land, and he invariably did so from the landowner's point of view. From time to time he emerged from his retirement at Fryston in order to place himself at the head of the great political movements by means of which his party in Yorkshire sought to avert or to counteract such measures as the abolition of the Corn Laws; and there are still some living who can recall the great impression which was made upon crowded audiences in the Assembly Rooms

at York when the man who had once moved the House of Commons by his eloquence, devoted himself to the task of stimulating the waning energies of the Conservative party in Yorkshire. These infrequent appearances of his enabled a later generation than that to which he himself belonged to realise the fact that when Mr. Milnes quitted public life, the country lost the services of one whose natural abilities would have enabled him, if such had been his ambition, to rise to one of the highest positions in the State.

Late in life he printed for private circulation a few copies of a journal of a tour taken by himself, his wife and daughter, in the South of Italy in the year 1831. This little book is interesting because of some passages which throw light upon the mind of the writer, and which help one to realise his peculiar position with regard to politics. "My own politics," he says, "owed their first direction to having observed at the school I was sent to and at Brooks's Club, where I was a member at nineteen, that all their wish and hope was against their own country. Years afterwards there would have been pæans at Brooks's if the Duke had been taken prisoner." Brought up in the traditions of Whiggism, and as a member of a family who at that period held aloof from the Established Church, Mr. Pemberton Milnes, it is clear, had early begun to criticise the tendencies and opinions of his political associates. He seems, in short, to have become a Conservative rather because of his fastidious distaste for

the more extravagant manifestations of the Whig spirit than from any positive inclination towards the traditional Toryism. This, and that other feature of his character of which I have spoken, his intense delight and pride in the position of a country gentleman, were clearly the ruling factors in his political career.

"I have my apprehensions," he remarks in his journal of travel, "for my own rank, that of a country gentleman—an order which no Sovereign but ours of England has, and which kings and princes have no conception of—its supporters, the horse and a fox; its crest, my own, the wheatsheaf; its motto, Hospitality."

Before I leave this sketch of the political career of Mr. Pemberton Milnes, it may be of interest to give his description of Pitt as an orator, which is to be found in the same notebook of travel:—"The highest impression imparted to me by words spoken was by those which I heard from Mr. Pitt, whose form is even now distinctly before me. His powers were of a mighty order, for none heard him without an absorbing interest, which is proof conclusive. You felt you had been charmed in the listening; it was even to that which you had been thinking of within yourself. There was the secret in his elocution as it is in the antique—in debate caught on the moment he saw intuitively into the minds of his hearers, he identified himself with them and impersonated their prevailing thought, which they with rapture heard in his gorgeous language. In his periods of majestic correctness, and sometimes so

elaborate as to take two minutes in the delivery, he never turned from or broke in upon the one impression which he felt was pervading the assembly; all was subordinated to its development—and yet tantalising in expressing it—protracting as though to be surer of it—after an interval of breathless suspense, he then unfurled its full display, like that of Cæsar's mantle, at the instant of intensest expectation. They voted in delirium. He was the consummate master of his art, and the greatest leader the Commons ever had or ever will have."

Although naturally reserved, Mr. Milnes seems to have possessed to a very large degree that laudable curiosity regarding men and events of note which was afterwards so marked a characteristic of his son. One illustration of this was afforded in the spring of 1814, when, accompanied by his friend Lord Lowther, he visited Paris, immediately after the overthrow of Napoleon had once more opened that city to Englishmen. Lord Lowther and Mr. Milnes were the first Englishmen who landed at Boulogne after the war, they having crossed the Channel in a sloop placed at their disposal by the Admiralty.

Writing to his wife from Paris, April 23rd, 1814, he says:—

We arrived here, after a journey without any interruption, yesterday, at 6 o'clock. We went from Deal to Boulogne in the *Rinaldo*, a cutter which a letter from the Admiralty procured us. As we did not wish to get into Boulogne late, we slept very comfortably on board the vessel. On our getting out of the boat, there were at least a hundred women, wanting to carry us on their shoulders through the gates, which they did. They

began by crying, "Vive les Anglais!" "Buonaparte au diable!" Boulogne had a white flag hanging out of every window, generally a common sheet. We had not been in the town many minutes when regiments of Prussians rode before the windows, and a great number of cannon and ammunition waggons were piled along the roadside. They were troops from the army in the Netherlands, and were there to escort the king. On Thursday we slept at Beauvois. All the way we saw nothing but Prussian and Russian troops, which were marching from Paris, as they are unable to subsist so large an army here, and they are dispersing them in all directions. Near Paris we saw nothing of the white flags, and we took the cockades out of our hats we had put in at Boulogne, as nobody wore them. Near Paris we met several conscripts on their return to their homes. They were entirely boys, quite young—some I think, not more than thirteen or fourteen, and none twenty. We saw very few Cossacks, only one now and then. They have plundered and destroyed everything, and now they live without paying. We found there were no troops left at Paris, but the Guards of the three Emperors, about 40,000 men. All the Parisians are, however, in uniforms, as they form a National Guard, similar to our volunteers. They would not fight, however. The conscripts (the boys I mentioned) fought with the greatest bravery. The streets present a very curious appearance—you would still imagine yourself in the midst of war. All the houses had holes in the walls to fire out of, and it is known if Buonaparte had been here he would have defended every single house, which would have caused the destruction of the whole of Paris. We went to the Opera after our arrival, and such a blackguard assortment you never saw. The French give you no idea of what we should pronounce gentlemen—not half as good as the medley of city beaux out of a Sunday in London.

We called on Talleyrand with our letter from Lord Yarmouth,* and if he gives any dinners or balls, we shall be invited. We

* Lord Yarmouth, the famous Marquis of Hertford, was one of Mr. Milnes's intimate friends.

afterwards went to Lord Castlereagh's, where we stayed an hour, and Lord Burghersh's, who has been showing us about the town. . . . Paris itself is finer than I expected, though even the city is emblematical of the French character, and is a strange mixture of meanness and the greatest grandeur. . . . Lord Castlereagh told us that the internal administration of France is so destitute and confounded that he has never heard from London since he came to France.

Wednesday, April 27th. . . . The day before yesterday we were taken by Captain Harris, who brought the despatches, and who is the clergyman's son where Lord Lonsdale lives in Rutlandshire, to see Blücher; he speaks nothing but German, and had an interpreter. We were introduced to him, and he told us he should certainly go to England, for whose glorious name he had the utmost reverence, but that he must stay at Paris some time, as his incessant fatigue had weakened his eyes. He was in plain dress, and has so mild a countenance, you never could have thought him so great a warrior. . . . We have gone through visiting all the public buildings and other curiosities of Paris. What Buonaparte has done for the city you must see to credit, as nothing we have in England is comparable to the splendour of its edifices. His improvements, however, were in their infancy, and a reign of another half a dozen years would have rendered Paris more magnificent than Rome in her best days. . . . We went last night to see the great playroom, which is conducted by Government. Lord Blücher was in the midst of the rouge-et-noir, and Waddington's friend, R. G., was risking, I daresay, his last guinea.

In the following year Mr. Milnes and his family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, were staying at Bognor at the time when the news of the great victory of Waterloo reached England. The prompting to see for himself all that was happening at the centre of affairs was too strong to be resisted, and

Mr. Milnes took the earliest opportunity of going to Brussels. His letters to his wife from that place and from Paris are well worth printing, as giving contemporary pictures of scenes of historic importance.

R. P. M. to his Wife.

Bruxelles, July 2, 1815.

My dearest Harriette,—We arrived here yesterday evening. We had an unprosperous voyage of thirty hours to Ostend. I suffered extremely from sickness, but recovered the moment I landed.

We found Ostend full of English people just landed to join the army. Lord Rendlesham was there, who, remembering me at Cambridge, made himself known to me. We slept at Bruges, and arrived here to dinner the day after. From Ostend to this place they know nothing whatever of public events. Here we were furnished with the last intelligence from Paris, which has determined us to set out for that city to-morrow morning. The moment we arrived we went to the park, as it is called, which is more like Vauxhall than anything else, and where all the people promenade. There we saw Sir James Gambier and Sir Hew Dalrymple, Hamilton, Lord Cuningham, Lambe and Lady Caroline, &c.

As we determined to set off for Paris, there was no time to lose in seeing Waterloo, and Sir J. G. borrowed for us horses belonging to Colonel Vigoureux, who is wounded and laid up. We set off at nine in the morning to view the field of this dreadful combat, and we passed several hours there. Colonel Dashwood, who was in the action, accompanied us. The battle was fought in a large open field sown with rye, so that the whole plain is now covered with straw. There were some hundred women and children collecting whatever fragments they could pick up, and we have brought away several scraps ourselves, such as tricoloured cockades, feathers, and French song-books, &c., &c.,

which I will give you on my return. The immense number of graves are evidence of the carnage; but we did not require the sight of them to convince us of it, for the air was quite pestilential, and at one time made me quite ill. There is nothing now remaining on the field of battle but the French cannon, of which I counted 133 pieces, and military caps, which the country people do not think worth taking away. The situation of these caps showed where the battle had raged most violently. I am so little of a soldier, I do not see the advantage of our position over that of the French, who attacked us. The ascent to it is so gradual. The Duke of Richmond, who was Wellington's aide-de-camp, told Beckford that the Duke actually laughed when the French came up to attack our squares, his confidence was such of their invincibility; and nothing can better show you his extraordinary calmness than that when he first was told of Buonaparte's attack, and that he was within fifteen miles of Brussels, when he got the despatch at a ball, he went out for a couple of hours, gave every order requisite for the movements of the army, and then joined the dance, and kept it up all night. This extraordinary coolness had the effect of calming much of the alarm Buonaparte's incursion had created. Brussels is full of wounded. I have only seen Vigoureux, who was shot in the leg. At every window in this town there is sitting a wounded soldier. You would be sorry to hear of poor Henry Milnes's death; it was throughout very affecting. He was brought in on the Monday, quite naked, having been stripped in the night by the Belgians and thrown into a ditch. Sir J. Gambier was with him frequently. He lived a week. Dashwood, who was in the same regiment, says he behaved most gallantly. Through the day he defended the farmhouse of Hougoumont, which you may remember Wellington says the French could never take. He was shot through the back as he was turning round.

It may be some time before I write again, as the communications between Paris and England are not restored. I saw Louis's first *entrée*, and don't doubt I shall see this. It is undeniable that the wonderful valour of the English at Waterloo has seated

him on the throne, and yet you cannot talk here to one of any party, but they laugh at the simplicity of the Bourbons.

In great haste,

Ever your most affectionate husband,

R. P. MILNES.

R. P. M. to his Wife.

Paris, July 9, 1815.

MY DEAREST HARRIETTE,—We arrived here from Brussels without the least impediment, although we had been told the roads were shut and everything destroyed by the march of the armies. Within fifty miles of Paris there were, to be sure, sufficient indications of the neighbourhood of armies, as we could get no horses to proceed with, nor anything to eat whilst we had to stay. The horses were in requisition for the British ammunition, and everything that was left to eat was devoured by Louis XVIII. and his valiant soldiers. It was at Senlis that we overtook this precious assemblage, and these wretches, who were covered with gold and had not a shilling in their pockets, and many of them covered with armour from head to foot, were all at breakfast there. We saw a marquis drink four cups of coffee and eat eight artichokes. If you ask me what I was most amused with, either in my former visit here, or in the present, it was this scene which Louis's court and army displayed. They moved on at about the rate of six miles a day, and yesterday afternoon entered Paris. Old Blücher, however, had made a corps of 50,000 Prussians file through the town an hour before, and with this intimation there was a sufficient cry of "Vivent les Bourbons." When we first arrived here, although Buonaparte had abdicated a fortnight, and our and the Prussian armies were encamped under the walls, the tricoloured flag was flying, and you did not see a bit of white ribbon in Paris. I don't know that I would conclude from this that Buonaparte has more

friends than Louis; but I am sure that one adherent of one is worth a hundred of the other, and I cannot but admire the faithfulness of their devotion to his memory. The army, however, whose attachment to him no disaster could have shaken, was utterly dissolved at Waterloo. Sixty thousand are with Davoust, but nobody thinks about them, as it is known that the old soldiers are destroyed. There is not one amongst the Frenchmen who all talked last year of their having been betrayed to the Allies, not one who affects to extenuate this complete defeat by the English. The Prussians are allowed no further share in this victory than they deserve—which is none at all. They have pillaged and burnt along their line of march, and their whole army, amounting to about 100,000 men, have been paraded through Paris. You may imagine how much the comparison is in our favour. The officers and men, however, may come in individually when they please. The first place we went to on our arrival was the House of Representatives. I was anxious to see an assembly of thorough Jacobins, and there was no time to lose. The order for their dissolution came the evening of the same day. A pretty debate it was, as the orator never got through his first sentence before a dozen jumped up and began answering him at the same time. All he had to do was to get into a violent rage so as to be heard out, which they seldom permitted. After a couple of hours of this tumult, they passed a law that the King should have no power to pardon any Minister they impeached; and they went on in this kind of way, although they must have known they had not a vestige of power to legislate left them. Sebastiani, Garat, and the other violent instruments of the Revolution, were the leaders. All this is at an end, and the Bourbons are now seated for as many centuries as they please, if they possess common discretion. They have shown none hitherto, and if the Allied Armies were withdrawn and they go on doating as they did before, it will be over with them a second time: but they, or rather Talleyrand for them, will know better, and by-and-by they may begin to be respected. We were told it was right to leave our names with the Duke of

Wellington. As we entered the court we met him. He knew me at once, and was as civil as he is to anybody. As we were talking, an old French grandee came to call. The Duke saw him and ran away, and we left the Frenchman running after him. I never saw anyone looking better and happier than the Duke. He has written to know whether he can take Donnington, Lord Moira's place in Leicestershire, that he may hunt—he says we have behaved so handsomely to him he will have a house of his own building.

I think I told you in my other letter that he supped at Waterloo after the battle, and talked it over as he would a fox-chase, but after this first joy was over he was much affected at our loss, and the surgeon who attended General Delancey told me that when he communicated his death to the Duke he cried like a child. Both Beckford and I have been unceasing in our pains to get at every important fact respecting Waterloo. We have had no two accounts that agreed, except that all are of opinion it was twenty to one we lost the battle, because it was twenty to one the Duke was killed. I think three officers out of four we have spoken to say even as it was there was a time when they gave it up. They felt no alarm that the French cavalry or infantry could have broken our squares, but they thought the fire of 250 pieces of cannon must have annihilated them, and it was from these alone they actually suffered. I find there is no truth in the Duke's having placed himself in our squares for safety. He was always much more exposed, and moving to wherever the attack was hottest to encourage the soldiers. I dined with Barnard yesterday. The Duke has made him Governor of Paris. I take his opinion as much the most valuable of any we have had. He says that Waterloo was not as near being lost as Talavera, but that had it been lost we had no second position to take, and that not one man could have escaped out of the army. Almost all the infantry officers (especially the Guards) complained, and Barnard says that our Hussars have never been knocked about like the infantry. Barnard says he could have told in the battle what regiments had served in

Spain. About half our accounts make out that the Dutch and other troops fought admirably. Barnard says they ran away in his part of the line, but he hears they behaved well elsewhere. As he was carried into Brussels wounded, the Belgians who had taken off were plundering in waggons on every side. There is no second opinion, however, on the point that, had the English been worsted, Belgians, Brunswickers, and all would have turned against us. The conviction that I have come to from all these joint representations is that no one (I hardly except the Duke of Wellington) knows all about a battle, and that when fighting is going on for a mile at the same time, it is impossible for anyone to be informed much better than we in England of what is passing at more than 100 yards on his right hand or his left; and, as the action is maintained differently at different points, there cannot but be opposite opinions upon it. We hired horses at Senlis, from a private person, to take us on to Paris. We found all our army encamped around the town. The day was sunshiny, and the multitude of the tents, and the glitter of the scarlet of our soldiers, was inexpressibly beautiful. The gates were not given up till the following day, and the Duke advised us not to enter the town. We heard, however, from every quarter there was not the least danger, and we found none. They simply asked us at the gates whether we were officers; and, being the first to enter, we had the town to ourselves, and we hired for a week a beautiful range of rooms for five guineas that the day after they would charge fifteen for. Your brother Carleton is quartered at an obscure village; he had his horse shot under him at Waterloo. It was with infinite trouble I found out where his regiment was, and I expect him here to-day. I shall write again before I leave Paris, and hope my next will inform you when that will be. I have kept very well. Beckford is everything agreeable as a companion. Lord Kinnaird is here. Lord Combermere lodges at this hotel. It is where we were before. Pray send the sheet enclosed in this to my mother. I direct this to Bognor, where remember me with every kindness to all. Paris is every way quieter than last year. Much fewer people, much better hours.

Read such parts of my letter to dear little Richy as he can understand.

I am, dearest Harriette,

Your most affectionate husband,

R. P. Milnes.

After returning from his trip to Paris, Mr. Milnes, with his wife and children, took up his residence at Thorne Hall, a small country residence near Doncaster. Near Thorne were the Sykehouse and Fishlake estates, belonging to Mr. Milnes's family, and it was for the purpose of reclaiming some waste lands which formed part of the property that Mr. Milnes went to live at Thorne. He varied his engagements as a scientific agriculturist and country squire by frequent visits to town. Both he and his brother Rodes were not exempt from that addiction to gambling which was the great social vice of the time. Yet, in comparison with his brother, Mr. Milnes was moderate and prudent in his play. "Jack," he once said to a friend of his, "if you ever hear anyone say I am a gambler, contradict it. I never lost a thousand a night but twice." Although he had ceased to take any part in Parliamentary life, and in spite of his reserved disposition, he was a favourite in society, where he was admired alike for his good looks, his polished and courtly manners, and the talents of the possession of which he had given such indisputable proof.

The late Lord Leven once said that, looking back, "he thought Robert Milnes was the handsomest man

he had ever seen; his small head and the expression of his countenance being quite unequalled, and bearing such a stamp of genius and high breeding." If he was thus a favourite in Mayfair and St. James's, he was not less distinguished in that country life to which he was before everything else devoted. He was a wonderful rider, and in following the hounds was as a rule *facile princeps*. A story is told about him which appears to prove that good horsemanship has a distinct pecuniary value. He was hunting in Leicestershire, and riding a horse which he had bought for £60 because no one could be found who could manage it except himself. Lord Foley came up to him at the close of a splendid run, during which Mr. Milnes had led the field, and asked if the horse was to be bought. No, was the reply, he would not part with the horse, because it suited him. "What! for no price?" asked Lord Foley. "Not for less than a thousand," he answered. Lord Foley said he could not give that, but should be happy to give six hundred guineas and the two horses he had been riding that day. Mr. Milnes's knowledge of horseflesh made him perceive that the offer was more than sufficient. The bargain was struck at once, and as Mr. Milnes the next day sold one of the horses he had received in exchange for £250, he was no small gainer by the transaction, the horse which he kept being the famous Blue Ruin. Courage in riding was, in his case as in that of most men, allied to courage of another description. Once in the year 1816, when he was staying at Fryston, a large gang of poachers were

discovered at work in the woods. Mr. Milnes was called out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to receive the information that after a battle royal between the poachers and the watchers, the latter had been defeated, some of them being seriously hurt. He at once went to the scene of the conflict, and saw the ringleader, a notorious person, just leaving the spot. He ran up to him and arrested him, regardless of the fact that the rest of the gang were at a very short distance; the man broke loose, and in trying to escape jumped into a lime quarry. Mr. Milnes, without a moment's hesitation, jumped after him and secured his prisoner, who had broken his leg in his desperate leap. Among the friends of his early manhood was the well-known Beau Brummel, of whom we shall obtain some glimpses in subsequent pages of this narrative. That Mr. Milnes himself was not altogether free from that spirit of dandyism which was the conspicuous characteristic of Mr. Brummel, may be gathered from the fact that his tailor's bill for waistcoats alone—the waistcoats being, of course, the gorgeously embroidered silken vestments of the day—amounted on an average to £500 per annum.

In the year 1820, after the recovery of Mrs. Milnes and her little girl from a serious attack of scarlet fever, the family paid a visit to the Continent.

From Mrs. Milnes's Journal, 1820.

Left Thorne June 28th, the party consisting of ourselves, our little boy and girl in the inside, the man-servant and a maid-

servant on the box. We arrived at Jordan's Hotel, St. James's Street, June 30th. We had hardly sat down to dinner when, hearing a noise in the street, we saw a wretched motley mob of about two hundred boys and rabble drawing the carriage of the Queen up St. James's Street. Billy Austen sat on the box waving his handkerchief. It was altogether a very poor exhibition. The succeeding three days I dined at my dear brother Galway's in Hertford Street.

Mr. Milnes had General Byng and other gentlemen to dinner on the Sunday, and after dining at my brother's, Richard and I accompanied them to the Lock to hear a very eloquent extempore preacher, Dr. Thorpe. On our return home in a sedan chair, a carriage drove against us, and the sedan chair was thrown down with great violence. My little boy never thought of himself, but called out in an agony, "Oh, my mamma is killed!"

Whilst they were in London, Mr. Milnes took his son to the House of Commons. There is no record of the impression which the scene made on the mind of the boy, but one may well believe that this return to the scene of his youthful triumphs had a peculiar interest for the father himself. In later years a member of the family recalled him as he appeared not long before his death, walking up and down in the breakfast-room at Fryston, listening to his sister repeating a part of Gray's "Elegy," and himself taking up the words, "The applause of listening senates to command," in a tone so emphatic that when he left the room all present knew that the lines had revived old feelings and old memories in his breast. This visit to London was really the introduction of Richard Monckton Milnes to the scenes with which he was destined to be so long

and so intimately associated. He went through much sight-seeing in the care of a servant, and it is recorded that during one morning he spent a pound in the entrance fees which he paid to different shows and places of interest. From London the family went to Dieppe, where a tutor and companion was engaged for Richard; Mr. and Mrs. Milnes intending to make a trip to Paris.

From Mrs. Milnes's Journal.

Almost the first thing the morning after we arrived, I looked out and saw Richard standing by the crier and repeating after him the story he was relating of a murder. He had already been to the churches, where he offered to escort me, and having seen the people cross themselves, I turned round and saw him doing the same.

On returning to Dieppe from Paris the parents found that although Richard had improved in his knowledge of French, in his general appearance he had deteriorated greatly. The mother was naturally anxious as to the health of her son, and would fain have kept him with her, but Mr. Milnes wished to take him at once to school; and accordingly crossing from Dieppe, he set off with him by coach and travelled straight through to Yorkshire. The school where the boy had already spent some months, and to which he now returned, was kept by the Rev. W. Richardson, and was situated at Hundhill Hall, not far from Pontefract. Out of health when he began the trying journey from Dieppe, the child was thoroughly ill when he reached his destination, and almost immediately afterwards he

was prostrated by an attack so severe that for several months his life was in imminent danger. During that time he was tenderly nursed by his mother, but it was not until the summer of 1821 that he was really restored to health. One result of this illness was to prevent his entering any public school. His father had meant to send him to Harrow; but the plan had to be abandoned because of his delicate health, and his education up to the time of his going to the University was carried on by private tutors.

Mr. Robert Milnes continued meanwhile to lead his pleasant life as country gentleman and farmer at his house at Thorne. Between him and his son, as the latter grew up towards manhood, the relations, though always friendly, were somewhat peculiar. The father's desire to see his son making a great position for himself in public life was very strong. His critical attitude was maintained even towards his own child, and though he delighted in discussing questions of politics and history with the members of his family, he did so rather in the character of a philosopher than of a parent. Naturally enough, Richard Milnes on his part, though always attached to his father and proud of his distinguished abilities, was not drawn towards him in that full outflow of filial love which a parent less critical and fastidious might have evoked. Even as a boy, Richard Milnes's fondness for paradox was apparent; probably it had its birth in a boyish desire if he could to mystify, or at all events to entertain, a father whose interest in him was apparently mainly intellectual. The two represented

distinctly antagonistic spirits, and as a natural consequence, even in the boyhood of Richard Milnes, they were frequently in collision on matters of opinion. Mr. Milnes treated his son, even in his youth, with a frankness not common between parent and child; he expected Richard to discuss all public questions freely with him, and delighted in serious argument with the boy on questions which few young men are inclined to consider until they have passed their first youth. One day, after the son had attained to manhood, he was denouncing to his father the want of intelligence which characterised the farmers of England.

"You know such-and-such a farm, Richard?" said Mr. Pemberton Milnes. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, miserably deficient and wretched as I admit the result of the education you have had has proved, yet that farm has paid for it."

The pleasant life at Thorne was brought to an end in 1828. Shortly after Richard Milnes had entered Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Milnes found that it was desirable for a time to economise his resources, as, owing to circumstances over which he himself had no control, the cost of keeping up a country house, with its varied hospitalities, had become too great for him. He determined, therefore, to remove his family to the Continent, and, as will be seen in the course of this narrative, their stay abroad—chiefly in Italy—lasted for several years.

It was owing to the misfortunes of his brother Rodes that Mr. Milnes found it necessary to take this

step. There is no need to dwell upon the story of Rodes Milnes. He was a typical representative of fashionable society in the days in which he had the misfortune to live—those of the Regency. Witty, hospitable, good-tempered, a keen sportsman, and a devoted patron of the turf, he was extremely popular in all the circles in which he moved. The friend of the Prince Regent and of Beau Brummel, he had long moved in circles in which a reckless extravagance was regarded as something like a virtue. He was addicted to gambling, betted freely on his own horses, and played a prominent part in the gaieties alike of York and of London. His racing associate was Mr. Petre, of Stapleton, and their stable won the St. Leger no fewer than five times in the eight years between 1822 and 1830. Nobody could have been more careless in money matters than Rodes Milnes. Is it not told of him, as an example of his open-handed extravagance, that, after a successful day at York races, he and Lord Glasgow stationed themselves at the window of the inn where they were staying, and stopping every passer-by, insisted that he or she should drink a glass of wine with them? There are, indeed, many traditions of the same kind attaching to the name of Rodes Milnes, all telling the same tale, all conjuring up before us the figure of the fashionable, reckless, extravagant, good-tempered rake who was one of the types of the period. There could be only one end to such a story as his. His debts multiplied, his resources came to an end; and his brother had to intervene on his behalf. Though

under no legal obligation to do so, he undertook the payment of Rodes's debts. Thus it was that Mr. Robert Milnes found it desirable to remove from Thorne to the Continent, where the family resided from 1828 to 1835.

In subsequent chapters the story of this long sojourn abroad will be found told in the letters of Richard Monckton Milnes and his friends. I mention it here in order that I may complete the brief narration of the life of Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes.

By the death of the Dowager Lady Galway, who was not only his wife's stepmother, but his own second cousin, Mr. Pemberton Milnes became in 1835 the owner of the Bawtry estate, which had first been acquired by his great-uncle, Mr. Pemberton Milnes, of Wakefield. The death of his own mother in the same year placed him in full possession of the family property, and he was enabled not only to return to England, but to take up his residence once more at Fryston. At Fryston he spent the rest of his days in the fashion which has already been described; reading much, writing a little, meditating—in his own manner always—upon public affairs, occasionally emerging from his retirement to take part in great political meetings at York, and to remind his fellow-Yorkshiremen of the fact that the broad shire still possessed a great orator of its own, and ever receiving with a graceful and dignified hospitality the many guests whom his son brought to Fryston, or who went thither in order to renew their early acquaintance with Mr. Pemberton Milnes himself. Many glimpses of his life and character will be found in future pages of this book,

but only one more episode in an almost unique career need be mentioned at this point. The reader has already seen that it was the refusal of Pemberton Milnes to take office at the hands of Mr. Perceval in 1809 which led to the introduction of Lord Palmerston to his long career as a Minister. Many years afterwards, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Milnes were again brought into contact under very different circumstances. Most unexpectedly on his own part, Mr. Milnes, in the month of February, 1856, received the following letter from his old friend, who was then Prime Minister:—

144, *Piccadilly, W., February 6th*, 1856.

My dear Milnes,—The Queen has determined to make two or three hereditary peers in order to show that the creation of a life-peerage in the person of a law lord is not meant to be the beginning of any general change in the constitution of the House of Lords, but is only intended as a means of supplying a temporary want without entailing a future inconvenience; and Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to authorise me to offer you a seat in the House of Peers.

We began public life together, and it was to your declining the office of Secretary at War that I owe my appointment to that post. We have not been much thrown in contact of late years, and it gives me great pleasure that the renewal of personal intercourse between us should consist in my being the channel of a communication to you which I trust may prove acceptable to you, but which, at all events, it is very gratifying to me to be able to make.

Your personal position and your first-rate abilities would make you a valuable addition to the House of Lords, and that body will, I trust, have the advantage of your accession to it.

Yours sincerely,

R. Pemberton Milnes, Esq. Palmerston.

It was characteristic of the man to whom this very flattering offer was made, that he should decline it without consulting anybody, not even his own son, to whom, of course, such a proposal was a matter of the first interest. His refusal was as follows:—

Fryston, February 7th, 1856.

Dear Lord Palmerston,—I have received your letter offering me a hereditary peerage. The first impression from it upon me is the deepest gratitude, and my humblest thankfulness to the Queen, which I beg you will express for me to Her Majesty.

To yourself I can only say it continues the regard and love I have ever had in sincerity for you.

After some hours' reflection I think that I could not accept it with perfect honour.

Although, after the termination of the last war, I could go on no longer with our old Tory party when it refused emancipation and the enfranchisement of our large towns (in so far showing I have no *very* illiberal instincts), yet, after the Reform Bill, I deemed it right to rejoin the party, and there I have since remained.

It is from no vanity I say I am now looked to, in Yorkshire, as the head of it.

I could give a conscientious support to your Administration at present, but I foresee that questions will come on in which I could not concur with many of your colleagues.

Mr. Bright makes this certain; and how could I vote against a Ministry which had raised me to the peerage? It is a spotless disinterestedness only which, in the present age, can maintain for the House of Lords its real power and dignity, and my impression is that this would be compromised in my own person, by my acceptance of the honour.

Another less important reason is that were I made a peer, I should be utterly inefficient in the House of Peers. Born the

same year as yourself, I am ten years older, and though I might once have spoken with some effect, I am conscious I could not do so now.

From these considerations, with thanks and gratitude unbounded for Her Majesty's most gracious offer, I feel myself compelled to decline it. I have the honour to be,

R. P. M.

I need not say that no one person shall know of your communication.

Lord Palmerston was unwilling to lose this opportunity of testifying his regard for his old friend, and he was also anxious to give pleasure to that friend's son, who, at this time, was a valuable and consistent supporter of his own in the House of Commons. He again urged upon Mr. Pemberton Milnes the acceptance of the honour designed for him by the Queen, and he communicated the offer he had made to his son, Richard Monckton Milnes. The latter warmly pressed upon his father the acceptance of the peerage. He was, however, quite unable to move him from the resolution which he had formed to remain in his own station—that of a simple country gentleman, trusted and followed by his local associates in politics.

In the meantime, he put absolutely aside all thought of a return to that public life to which he had been so long a stranger. "It is my wish," he wrote on a sheet of paper which was discovered after his death ("I know it to be otherwise with Richard) that his son, if he lives, should be a commoner. With no disrespect to the House of Lords, I consider there is no position higher

than that of an English country gentleman." So Mr. Pemberton Milnes remained consistent to the last in his view of the estate in which he had been placed by his birth. In youth he had turned his back resolutely upon the almost irresistible temptation of political power; in old age he was equally resolute in resisting the allurements of social rank, and he died, as he had lived, a commoner, whose delight it was to dwell among his own people. It was after his death, which occurred in November, 1858, that there was found among his papers this touching note, apparently written soon after the period when the offer of the peerage had caused a temporary renewal of his relations with the Prime Minister :—

DEAR RICHARD,—Tell Lord Palmerston he has my dying remembrances, and I pray, he having so soon to follow me, he may ask for forgiveness for sins committed, by the atonement of Jesus Christ. R. P. MILNES, 1856.

It was on receiving this touching message from the man who had begun life with himself that Lord Palmerston addressed to Richard Monckton Milnes the following letter :—

Broadlands, 12 *Nov.*, 1858.

MY DEAR MILNES,—I am greatly grieved at the event which your letter just received announces, but which the accounts we had previously had led us to expect as too certain. I was deeply touched by the kind remembrance which you were commissioned to convey to me, and which I shall carefully preserve in recollection of one of my earliest friends, whose brilliant talents excited universal admiration at a time of life when young men in general are only beginning to feel their way in their public career.

Lady Palmerston desires me to beg you to accept her sincerest sympathy on this affecting occasion.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

The death of Mr. Pemberton Milnes revived the recollections of his early distinction, and among the letters received by his son on the occasion is one from Lord Broughton, in which he tells how the men of Mr. Milnes's own time were wont to regard him as the Admirable Crichton of their day; one in whom all virtues and all accomplishments seemed to be naturally combined; who could convert a hostile majority in the House of Commons or leap a five-barred gate with equal ease; whose good looks and fine manners made him the favourite of all women, and whose genuine, though undemonstrative, kindness of heart and hospitality made all men cherish his friendship. His career, as the reader has seen, left the promise of his youth wholly unfulfilled, and it is perhaps difficult to point the moral of such a story; but I have thought it well to preface the fuller record of the life of his son by this brief and imperfect sketch of the character of a man to whose remarkable qualities full justice can never now be rendered.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

The Character of Monckton Milnes's School Days—Cambridge—Great Contemporaries—The Union—Ascent in a Balloon—Deputation of the Union to Oxford—Meeting with W. E. Gladstone—College Friendships—Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson, Sunderland—The Apostles.

One evening many years ago Richard Monckton Milnes, who had been chatting at the Cosmopolitan Club, happened to leave it rather earlier than usual. Among those whom he left behind him was Mr. W. E. Forster. "I have many friends," said Forster, turning to the late Lord Dalhousie, "who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace, and he has just left the room."

To those who really knew Lord Houghton, these words seem to furnish the key-note of his character and career.

A many-sided man, Lord Houghton was known to the outer world as the poet, the wit, the brilliant conversationalist, the politician of cosmopolitan knowledge and far-reaching sympathies, the friend and patron of innumerable men of letters; a familiar and striking figure in society, of which he was one of the recognised ornaments. One has but to mention his name in order to conjure up all these ideas and

to see him in these varied aspects. But there was another side to the nature of the man the story of whose life is to be told in these pages, which perhaps was only recognised by those who knew him best, which certainly was never so fully recognised as it ought to have been by the outer world. "He was a good man to go to in distress," as many a victim of trial and misfortune could testify; a man whose hand was as open as his heart, and who has left behind him a thousand memories of those deeds of kindness which, blossoming on the tomb, give fragrance to the names of those whom we have lost. But he was something more than the kind and generous friend of the sick, the poverty-stricken, and the sorrowful. That whimsical love of paradox which distinguished him from his boyhood upwards, and which led him so often to puzzle and confound the dull or superficial, had its reflection in his moral nature. He was "a good man to go to in disgrace." The victim not of accident or misfortune, but of his own passions or failings, knew that when the rest of the world had turned its back upon him there was one friend to whom he could still go, not to have his vices or his faults condoned, but to receive even in his disgrace kindly sympathy and counsel from one whose views of life were at least never those of the Pharisee, one who could see not merely the fall and the exposure to the world's harsh judgment, but the strong temptation which had caused the fatal slip, and who could realise better than most how narrow is the gulf which divides the sinner who has been found out from his fellow-sinner who still goes undetected.

The life of Lord Houghton is not the story of remarkable adventures or of great achievements. Though a sweet and graceful singer, dowered with no ordinary gifts, and though a critic of brilliant acuteness and capacity, it shall not be claimed for him that he has inscribed his name upon the roll of letters among the immortals. Though a politician who early brought to the handling of the great problems of statecraft a mind naturally sagacious and stored with knowledge far surpassing that possessed by most of his contemporaries, Lord Houghton never won for himself in the political arena that place which he coveted and which he might so well have claimed by virtue of his natural endowments, his keen interest in the social and political movements of his time, and his unflagging industry in acquiring a personal knowledge of the questions of the day. It is not therefore the story either of a great author and thinker or a successful statesman, which is to be told here; it is rather the record of the life of a brilliant man, endowed with a real measure of genius, blessed with a sympathetic temperament, which, allied to exceptional social advantages, enabled him to become the friend trusted and beloved of such an array of men and women of distinction as has probably never before been found sharing the affection of a single person, that we have to tell. It is well, however, at the outset of my story that I should give the keynote to his character in the words I have quoted from the lips of Forster.

The reader has seen something in the preceding chapter of the boyhood of Richard Monckton Milnes.

It was in no sense eventful or remarkable. There are, it is true, indications, both in his letters and in the recollections of his family, of his early intelligence and of the promise which he gave of future distinction. His father, owing to the illness which nearly terminated his life when a boy, did not send him to any great public school, and he was thus deprived of one of the advantages enjoyed by most men of his station. His early education was undertaken by a private tutor, a Mr. Binns, who came from Wakefield to Thorne to superintend his studies. After that he was for a season at the school of Mr. Richardson at Hundhill Hall, and then again the private tutor was called in to prepare him for the University. The first distinct impression of his personality which has been received by his biographer is that obtained from a series of letters written to his mother and his sister during a sojourn in Scotland, whither he had gone with his tutor during the summer of 1825. There is not much, perhaps, in the letters of the boy of sixteen, which need be reproduced here; but one letter written from Edinburgh may be given as a fair example of the state of his mental development and of the keen interest in men and affairs which even at that time distinguished him.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Sunday Morning (*August*, 1825).

My dearest Mother,—It is now a week since I have heard of you, but I hope it has originated in your prosecuting some plan for your pleasure and advantage. I shall leave this place with regret, though I am going to other scenes as novel and as

pleasing as "mine own romantic town," as Sir Walter Scott calls it. By-the-bye, he seems to be quite deified here; from what I have heard he is very fond of money, but Lady Scott, a Corsican, is so extravagant she prevents him from ever getting rich. His eldest son is lately married to a Miss Jobson with £100,000. . . .

Sapio is here; we were very anxious to see the first appearance last night in the *Siege of Belgrade*, but having dined at a ship-builder's at Leith, we only got in for the two last scenes. It was the only full house I have seen here. The theatre is much less patronised than it deserves, for I should think that no actress of the present day can come up to Mrs. Siddons in her line. Her voice, figure, and countenance are all very delightful, and as Mary Stuart I should think she was inimitable. She has a most excellent character, and has five children, who she has determined shall none of them go to the stage. The King paid her high compliments when he saw her. The next actress of note is Mrs. Renaud, who was once mistress to the Duke of York. She is seventy, but is very effective both in Meg Merrilies and Helen Macgregor. Two Miss Trees have been here, neither superior in any way.

I have dined with Miss Campbell,* and am going to-night to pay her a farewell visit. I am quite amused at her fondness for you. She is really a very good sort of person.

I have just received Harriette's letter. Thank her over and over again for it, and tell her it has interested me exceedingly. I hope to see you both so fat and rosy I shall hardly know you. I suppose you are not a little gay, as I am sure every amusement you enjoy is equally advantageous to the temperament of your mind and thence to your body. . . .

Adieu.

Your affectionate Son,

R. M. M.

P.S.—I have just come back from hearing Dr. Gordon.

* Sister of Thomas Campbell the poet. She was at one time governess to the sisters of Mr. R. P. Milnes.

His preaching is very beautiful. I like the solemnity of the Scotch sacrament much better than ours. . . . I saw yesterday the first steam carriage that has ever been made. It is going to run, in a fortnight, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The engine is contrived in the same body as the carriage, and not separate from it.

What does Eliza think of the lion-fight at Wakefield? I should really have liked very much to have been there. It must have been a noble sight.

In October, 1827, Milnes was entered by his father at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner. "Arranged Richard's books in his rooms," writes Mrs. Milnes in her journal, under date October 23rd, "and the old butler showed me a gallery where I could see him dine in Hall for the first time. He sat by Wentworth, who was also just arrived, and seemed as much at home among all the dons as if he had been there for years." To make himself at home wherever he might be, was at all times the object of his ambition, and there is ample evidence of the fact that before many days had elapsed he felt thoroughly at home in the famous college in which his father before him had acquired distinction. He found himself at Trinity in the midst of a circle of remarkable men. Dr. Wordsworth, brother of the poet, was the master, Whewell was the senior tutor. Connop Thirlwall, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, was his tutor, whilst among his friends were Charles Buller, John Sterling, Richard Chenevix Trench, J. M. Kemble, J. W. Blakesley, Julius Hare, Sunderland, Stafford O'Brien, Augustus Fitzroy, and other young men, some of whom sub-

sequently achieved distinction, and all of whom were noted either for their literary tastes or their political ambition.

Thirlwall, as his tutor, naturally exercised a strong influence over him. From the first Milnes was drawn towards the remarkable man with whom he was thus brought in contact. He admired him greatly, and, as their intimacy increased, a real affection sprang up between them—an affection which knew no change throughout their subsequent lives. In the "making of his mind" Milnes was more deeply indebted to the future Bishop of St. David's than to any other man.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Trinity College, November 7th, 1827.

I have really very little to say, since it is not easy here to find out any difference between to-day and yesterday.

I spoke to Thirlwall about sending game to his friends. He said he should prefer its being sent to him here. You will be amused to hear that his visit to Ely was for the purpose of being ordained, and I am happy to say he got through his examination satisfactorily. It is quite surprising to me to see him analyse my compositions and detect errors where I fancied only beauties. . . . I went last night to the Union for the first time to hear the Catholic claims debated. It was opened by a freshman, who made a complete failure of the attempt, but some of the speaking afterwards was very tolerable. Charles Campbell's son was energetic and fluent, and a Mr. Sterling told us we were going to have a revolution, and he "didn't care if his hand should be first to lead the way." But perhaps the best was a Mr. Hawkinson (who wrote a poem last year on the Druids, which grandmamma admired), whose whole speech was one continued strain of sarcasm and irony, so well managed that an honourable gentleman rose and begged to know which way the

honourable member intended to vote. At the very fullest there were about two hundred in the room, and on the whole there was a great deal more declamation than argument. The men complimented each other most outrageously. The division was sixty-eight for and forty-four against.

There was not so much row here on the 5th as was expected; a man who lives on the next staircase to mine got his head broken, as he was standing quietly at a door, by the snobs, who paraded the town in large bodies. I heard Simeon last Sunday evening. There was no eloquence, but nothing ridiculous. If you did not look at him it was very well; but his action is absurd in the extreme. He brandishes his spectacles when he talks of the terrible, and smirks and smiles when he offers consolation.

Tell Jane,* as she is so particularly anxious to know what we eat, that we have turbot and lobster-sauce three days out of the seven; and tell Harriette that I answered her last letter. I will send my father some of Whewell's prettiest deductions in my next letter.

Like many another undergraduate, Milnes had hardly taken up his residence in college before he conceived a violent detestation of the chapel system, and whilst still one of the youngest of freshmen, he drew up a petition to the Master calling attention to the subject, and pointing out that whilst the system of compulsory attendance at chapel was perfectly inadequate to the purpose for which it was established, it had produced a connection between the holiest and the lowest feelings of the heart. It does not appear that the audacious petition was ever presented to the authorities, but its author's feelings with regard to attendance at chapel never altered throughout his University career.

* His aunt, Jane Milnes.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

December 4th, 1827.

Long as it is since I have written, I have hardly got materials for a letter. My father's gossiping epistle and yours received this morning deserve all my thanks. Tell him I wish I could look on the frivolities of life as philosophically as he does. "Mais les plaisirs même de la jeunesse ont assez d'épines; pourquoi donc diminuer les frivolités, qui sont les ébullitions des cœurs naïves et pas encore flétris?"

Who says this? I forget. Dr. Spurzheim dined with me on Saturday, with Thirlwall and two or three quiet men. He is the most good-natured creature possible, and after dinner told me from the conformation of my head that "I should never do any great harm—I had too much benevolence for that. I was fond of music and poetry, and the two faults I had to guard against were, first, love of approbation, an inclination to like flattery and to hear my own praises; second, a propensity to satire and ridicule, too fond of classing people, and to like looking on the gay side of things rather than the prudential—these two things would be of use or disadvantage as I used them well or ill." I need not tell anyone who knows me how true this is. One of his ideas, in which Thirlwall agrees, is that parents are responsible for all their children's faults and dispositions—that the sins and virtues of the parents really descend upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

Tell Harriette I hope she will have her fairy tresses shorn before we meet again, that I may examine her head properly. . . . I saw Matthews last night for an hour or two. I should think every gownsman was there. He kept you in a roar the whole time. His lecture of Dr. MacSillergrip at the Mechanics' Athenæum on geography, vulgar fractions, and other abstract sciences, was excellent; his definition of metaphysics is "when one mon spaiks to anither what he no understands, and what the mon to whom he spaiks kens no better than himsel', that's metaphysics." . . . To-night is our debating night, and a beautiful debate is expected on the character of Napoleon,

so I have not time to write much more. . . . You would be amazed at the taste for discussion that prevails here. Last Sunday I heard three separate debates, in which Paley and Butler were brought forward at great length.

R. M. M. to his Father.

December 11, 1827.

I think I know enough men by this time to be able to select a society in the next term. Cavendish * reads like a dragon, and is very good-natured, but I much doubt whether he will be as popular as his dancing Grace. You will laugh when I tell you I cannot contain myself from speaking a few words for the Greeks this evening at the Union. I want, too, to try my powers. You shall hear the result.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Tuesday (*undated*).

My father will give you a much better tale of our College festivities than I can commit to writing. I think you would have been amused at the scene, which you must come and see some day. Since my last I think I have been at Mrs. Freer's ball, where you may suppose the struggle for partners was very great, and where Fitzclarence, the *arbiter elegantiarum* (I think you know the phrase) of Cambridge and the aristocracy, carried all before him. By-the-bye, my father has consented to my making an attempt at wearing a hat by the Duke of Rutland's royal consent. . . . I dined yesterday as a guest at Jesus. Such a contrast to the noise and bustle of our gala days! What do you think of Monck facing a whole circle of dons and refusing to obey them, because he said they had no right to command him? The scene in the Hall to-day—the music, the clapping, the whistling, the shouting—was exactly like the back gallery at Drury Lane. . . . My speech at the Union was nearly a failure. I was dreadfully nervous, and not quite well, and near *three hundred* men present. I was applauded

* Seventh Duke of Devonshire.

and complimented, but it was ill delivered. Another attempt may be more propitious.

Before the year closed, Milnes obtained from Dr. Whewell the right to wear a hat, a privilege conferred *inter alia* among those who can show royal descent. This he was able to do by tracing his mother's connection with the family of the Duke of Rutland.

He was enthusiastically loyal to his college, and when Trinity produced the Senior Wrangler of the year in the person of Mr. Perry, he wrote to his father with all the jubilation of one who had achieved a triumph on his own account.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Jan. 20*th*, 1828.

It savours of College freshness to talk of the glories of the Senate House, but the scene on Saturday was to me almost ecstatic. The Duke of Sussex was enthroned by the Chancellor, and seemed to enjoy the thing. Thirlwall, a father of the College, led Perry up the long line amid deafening shouts. Though he seemed somewhat affected, yet I cannot imagine how he was not overpowered; but I suppose the discipline of mind required in such a practice of study was enough to wither up all the weakness of the heart and keep down exuberant feeling. The College was never so grateful to any man. If one of the seven Johnian sages who followed had been first, Trinity must have hid her diminished head. In the evening in the combination-room the Duke in returning thanks and alluding to the London University, which was received with excellent feeling, and in proposing Perry's health, was very good. His language was peculiarly well chosen. Poor Monck has been very unfortunate in his examination; he had read much too high. He is a good algebraist, and they gave him division sums,

which he would not deign to do; so he was lower than many men far his inferiors. He is now going to read mathematics hard. I asked him the reason. "We shall soon be all thrown on our own resources, and in a revolution how can a man be an officer without mathematics?" . . . I got a note from De Vere this morning. He says "our game is up in the Cabinet, but *n'importe;* we shall give them a roasting in the only House where honour, patriotism, or liberality meets with its full meed of reward." I fear this is more Irish than true. There are six men plucked. One of them has a living of £600 a year waiting for him, which by his not taking orders reverts to the Bishop. Whewell says nothing can be more marked than the distinctive merits of the men. Perry is almost sure of the Smith's prize.

R. M. M. to his Father.

I have received your kind letter and money, for which I give you all my thanks. I believe I have been extravagant, but I hope it is past. I see the part I have to play, and it shall be done. However inclined I may have been at any time to indolence and luxury, I have never entertained a thought of ever living in apathetic independence of my own exertions, as most of my associates fancy themselves entitled from circumstances of fortune to do. Might I not then make a double use of my time here by keeping terms at some Inn of Court in town, and thus, at any rate, give a semblance of intention to commence a professional career?

There were special reasons for the tone thus taken by Milnes with regard to his future and the desirableness of his adopting some professional career. This was the period at which the family embarrassments, of which brief mention was made in the previous chapter, had culminated, and it had become necessary that Mr. Pemberton Milnes should partially close his establishments in this country,

and, together with his family, take up his residence abroad. In the month of May he and his wife and daughter accordingly left England and went to Boulogne, where they took a house in the Rue St. Martin, in which they resided for about a year. The circumstances in which he was thus placed naturally made Mr. Milnes more anxious than he otherwise might have been that his son should neglect no opportunity of steadily pursuing his studies at Cambridge.

Writing in reference to a disappointment as to his place in an examination, Milnes says to his father :—

> You seem to speak of the disappointment as if it did not affect me as deeply as yourself. All that can be done I promise you shall be done; but this brings me to another part of your letter. I see you think the tenor of my last letter to my mother too gay, too flippant; but really, if I am to write anything but a dull record of my studies, I must make the most of every little thing that breaks upon the monotony of this place. In the amusements I frankly write of, and which you consider such a prostitution of time, is there one inconsistent with ten hours a day reading? They all embraced but the hours of ten till twelve; they never made me miss lectures, nor in any way interfered with the following day. I have never been out to dinner, and I have never been on horseback; I have not walked out half a dozen times. With so little active dissipation, I must indeed be a desperate lounger if I have been very idle.

During the long vacation Milnes joined his family at Boulogne, and spent a pleasant time with them there. Returning to Cambridge at Michaelmas, he found many new students had arrived, with some of whom he was destined to form lasting friendships.

We have a grand flush of noblemen (he writes to his mother, Oct. 27th), Lord Kerry,* who has been privately educated, and who promises much, and some others. At St. John's they have a son of Lord Heytesbury. Among us there is Sutton, the Speaker's son, very gentlemanly, and Hallam, the son of the historian. . . . I find I can carry the Presidency of the Union easily, but as my rival is a third-year man I have given it up. Do let me hear very often how you are. It is really very hard that Boulogne should have so bad a name, I dare hardly mention it. Harvey gave me such a Bristol look when I said where I had been. I am afraid my mathematics will go on slowly this term, and I begin to be nervous about the Union. We are to discuss the character of Voltaire and the question of Primogeniture, both pretty good subjects.

R. M. M. to his Sister.

Nov. 29th, 1828.

My studies may be discerned by the books at present on my table—Wordsworth's poems, a book on anatomy, resting on a skull (I am attending the lectures on that subject, and a man comes down from town to be cut up next week), Aristotle, Hallam's Constitutional History, Bolingbroke, and Cousin's Philosophy. Tell papa Kerry says I am the most *Parliamentary* speaker in the Union. We had a delightful debate on the Catholic Association at the Sunday-school, when Hallam made a capital speech. We have Rousseau next Sunday.

It was very soon after the date of this letter that Arthur Hallam, writing to his school friend, Mr. Gladstone (February 29th, 1829), after referring to another old Etonian, Mr. James Milnes Gaskell, also a friend of his own and of Mr. Gladstone, added, "His cousin Milnes is one of our aristocracy of intellect here.

* Elder brother of the fourth Marquis of Lansdowne. He died early.

. . A kind-hearted fellow, as well as a very clever one, but vain and paradoxical, and altogether as unlike Gaskell as it is possible to conceive." In another letter to Mr. Gladstone, Arthur Hallam observes that the principal orators at the Union were Sunderland, Milnes, Kemble, and Trench, and he speaks of Milnes as a clever and agreeable fellow, with some power of speaking in him if he cultivated it well.

In a letter written in November, 1828, Mr. Milnes Gaskell says :—

I have received two letters from Mr. Hallam, both very interesting and affectionate. In the first he sends me word that atheistic ultra-utilitarians sway the Union. He describes Milnes as possessing great and varied talents, and gives me his concluding sentence in the debate at the Union on the character of Voltaire, which was applauded to the skies, and is certainly good :—"During the stormy period of the French Revolution, and during the greater peril of the Empire under Napoleon, a lamp was kept perpetually burning on the tomb of Voltaire. France is greater now than she was then; France is wiser now than she was then; France is better now than she was then; but that lamp does not burn upon the tomb of Voltaire."

His young friends at Cambridge saw only the gay exterior of their brilliant companion, whose manner charmed all, but, as the following letter shows, the smiling face at this time concealed a heart that was anything but gay.

R. M. M. to his Father.

December 8th, 1828.

I was rather surprised, though, I can assure you, not at all sorry, at the way you have destined me to spend my vacation, as

Mary Ann told me you had determined I should go to Yorkshire this Christmas. If I had, I should have managed, if possible, to spend a day or two at poor Fryston. I seem now only to begin to feel the blight that has fallen on the hopes of my childhood; it is an undefined regret, a sense of having lost a place in society—and to hear you call yourself exiled, exiled without almost a name, without a good cause, without even the miserable consciousness that you have enjoyed what you have lost, and are paying present pain for past pleasure, makes me very wretched. When I examine it, I half find it a selfish and grovelling feeling, but it comes upon me when alone, and more still when I look round on those who have brighter courses before them. . . . As to the Union, we will talk it over under the sober influence of your thirteen-penny claret; but we expect a grand display to-morrow, as a tribe of the wise and good have come down from London to speak (the subject is the Irish Union). They all breakfasted with me yesterday, except Praed, who comes up to-day. . . . I have a very deep respect for Hallam. Thirlwall is actually captivated with him. He really seems to know everything, from metaphysics to cookery. I dine with him, Thirlwall, and Hare (think what a *parti carré* we shall be!) on Wednesday. We are to have no commemoration at all ever again, no public spectacles, and all because men will applaud their friends. How absurd! . . . Clubs are all the rage here, and all my friends look like livery servants in their different costumes. A Brunswick one, with Norreys and Wellesley at the head, is the most prominent. Tell my mother to keep herself quiet for me, as I am coming to see her, not anyone else, and to waltz only with Harriette. . . . I have taken the most vivid hatred against Boulogne; I think, however, I shall come to you in about a fortnight. Whewell was going to take me to the Observatory to-night to see the comet, but it is a regular Cambridge day.

Among the friendships Milnes had already formed, was one with John Sterling, with whom their common

literary tastes formed a strong bond of union. Having spent Christmas at Boulogne, Milnes passed a few days in town before returning to Cambridge, from which place he writes to his mother, February 2nd, 1829:—

I dined at Sterling's on Sunday—quite a Cambridge dinner. My friend has a brother, a great friend of Carleton's in the Twenty-fourth. Kemble and all the *Athenæum* men were there. The former has been very ill-treated here, nobody knows why, except that in his examination he called Paley a "miserable sophist," and talked of Locke's "loathsome infidelity," which pleased one very much, but made the examiners very angry. Some proposed to pluck him, but one said, "We will not make him a martyr."

Intermingled with questions as to his studies, his health, his personal habits, and his expenses, such as most fathers address to their sons, there were to be found in the letters which Milnes received from his father all through his college career, shrewd and even brilliant criticisms upon the state of public affairs, to which the young man was expected to respond. It was in response to one of these letters, often intended as a direct challenge to the son, that he wrote as follows:—

R. M. M. to his Father.

February, 1829.

I think you are too hard on Peel; he declares (and are we not to believe him?) that the honest Government of Lord Anglesea displayed to him a series of facts regarding Ireland, which he had before heard indeed, but had little credited, as the arguments of a side and plea of a party. Now they are brought before him on clear, indisputable authority, and he suffers himself to be convinced. Now, Mr. Peel, who, in his miserable lack of genius, has enough of sound sense, must have perceived that by remain-

ing in place he vacated that stronghold in which he had rested invincible so long—his ostentatious honesty, his integrity of principle. Now, is it probable he would have thrust himself forward with the poor covering of his own ability into the pelting storm of infuriated popular feeling, unless he had believed himself able not only to justify himself to his own heart, but to come forth with good report again before men? . . . We had a capital debate last night at the Union on the subject: "Will Mr. Coleridge's poem of the Ancient Mariner, or Mr. Martin's Acts, be most effectual in preventing cruelty to animals?" It was opened with some very deep poetical criticism by a friend of Coleridge's; then the great unpoetical King's man tried to turn the poem into ridicule, and I answered him. Sunderland followed me in a most absurd strain of hyperbolical Radicalism, ending, "To give the people an opportunity for developing their poetic sympathies, we must give them a liberal education; to give them this, we must overthrow an aristocratical Government." Then Mr. Symons—"he knew Mr. Martin very well; he would not compare all his senatorial abilities with the sole production before them; he knew Mr. Martin was actuated by the best of motives, Mr. Martin would be much hurt by the aspersions cast upon him in that Society," &c. &c. Much *better*, however, than I ever heard him before. Then a clever *Utilitarian* speech, and lastly a most eloquent commentary upon the poem itself, from a very superior man, which so won on the hearts of the House, that when he read the last verses the cheering was tremendous. Coleridge, however, would not have carried it, had it not been for the Brunswickers, who arrived in full orange badges to vote against Martin. I am getting on very slowly, but tolerably steadily, in Mathematics, but, alas! cannot exclaim with one of the poets of the Elizabethan age, "Sweet analytic, thou hast ravished me." I have had two or three short reviews and bits of poetry in the *Athenæum*, but nothing worth sending you. Whewell is going to give lectures on Political Economy at the Philosophical Society, and to reduce the whole theory of rent to algebraical formulæ. I have a Latin

declamation in about a fortnight. Hare is very much amused at the topic I have chosen—the truth of the essential dualism of Herodotus. As this subject penetrates to the very foundation of Coleridge's philosophy, it will give me some hard fagging. Hallam and Fitzroy are the men whom I see most of. The former is the only man here of my own standing before whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything. . . . I am going to give a small dinner next week to Cavendish, Wellesley, Wentworth, and some two others. I don't think people are particularly gay this term, though there was a grand migration to Hendon on Monday night, and I take some credit to myself for having resisted the contamination, as I had a fancy dress all ready. I have finished "Timbuctoo." It is liked by the Popeians and Darwinians, as well as my own sect, which is a good sign. I shall let Thirlwall correct *ad libitum*.

R. M. M. to his Father.

February 26th, 1829.

Hallam opened at the Union in a maiden speech against the decapitation of Charles last night, but he did not succeed very well. I opposed him at some length, but am afraid I was too flashy. Indeed, I find it hard to trace the line between passion and rant. I took the question on simple constitutional principles. I open next Sunday at our society on Mr. Peel's conduct. G. Wellesley is going to defend him. By-the-bye, how superbly has Cavendish done in the Tripos! Wellesley, with all his talents, has too much Etonian frivolity about him ever to do well as a scholar. Everybody is pleased that Wordsworth has got the scholarship. Lushington, I believe, was next him. The London Union does not seem half so good as ours. Sterling spoke splendidly, and Mill made an essay on Wordsworth's poetry for two and three-quarter hours, which delighted me, but all the rest was meagre in the extreme.

"Timbuctoo" was the subject of the prize poem for the year, and, as a previous letter has shown, Milnes

duly took part in the competition. It is hardly necessary to say that he did not achieve the success he coveted. The prize-winner was a young man then unknown to fame, who had recently become an undergraduate at Trinity College, and between whom and Milnes a lifelong friendship had already sprung up; who was destined to gain for himself, within a few years of the beginning of his University life, a place among the greatest of English poets.

Lord Tennyson preserved his feeling of affectionate regard for Milnes throughout the life of the latter. He has told me how their friendship began. It was on the day on which the poet entered Trinity College as an undergraduate. He saw a young man whose face struck him so much, that he said to himself, "That is a man I should like to know; he looks the best-tempered fellow I ever saw." It was Milnes. They spoke to each other, and from that time forward they were friends. "He always put you in a good humour," were the words Lord Tennyson used to the present writer when recalling his intercourse with Milnes; and as the phrase supplies one of those happy touches so invaluable to the biographer, I venture to reproduce it here. Kindness of heart, and good temper—a good temper which was, I admit, liable to be disturbed by little gusts of irascibility such as are common to sensitive and highly strung natures—formed the passport which brought Milnes into social favour everywhere.

Not to succeed in a competition for poetry in which Alfred Tennyson was one of the competitors, could

hardly have been regarded, even by a man far more sensitive than Milnes, as a serious blow. His career at Trinity had, however, other vicissitudes, some of which mortified him greatly.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Friday Evening, June 5th.

Thank heaven the examination is over, and the result is just what I expected, though from causes I hardly anticipated. I had been reading very hard before it, but found when I got a paper before me, that I could indeed write down what I had got by heart; but as for thinking, and deducing, and collecting my scattered knowledge, it was perfectly useless. I was so nervous and agitated, that it was a great exertion even to write down anything *memoriter* accurately, and as it happened, hardly anything that I could do so was set. It was much the same on the second day, but I still hoped I should do tolerably in my differential, and I sat up nearly all the preceding night getting it up. It came on in the afternoon, when, what with fatigue (I had written for four hours incessantly in the morning) and the heat of the hall, I soon became excessively faint and giddy, and could hardly see before me. My agitation increased every moment, and I went out for some minutes, hoping to collect myself. When I returned it was all in vain, and when, after trying some very simple things, I found even my memory quite gone, I lost all self-possession, and rushed out of the hall in a most miserable state, and cried myself to sleep on my sofa. I don't know I had ever hoped for a first-class, but I feel so mortified at thus having lost it irrevocably, that it was quite a shock to me. The next morning I had such a dreadful headache that I did not go in at all, as I was sure I could have done next to nothing, and people would not have believed me so unwell as I was. I was, however, much better in the afternoon, and now hope with a few days' rest to get quite strong again. I am, however, convinced of one fact, that for purposes of examination

my studying mathematics is totally useless. I am sure I have given them a fair chance, and the only thing I regret is that they have cost you so much. I have not, indeed, devoted my whole time to them, but I have read them harder than I ever did anything in my life; perhaps the time I have spent on them has not been actually thrown away, as it has been a mental employment, and certainly I have not the same repugnance to them I once had. As for my classics, there has been a great deal both of composition and cram. Out of these I have done as well as I expected. I have not the least anxiety now about what class I am in, as I have no bets this year, and nobody expects me to be high.

As it happened, the profound dejection displayed in this letter was uncalled for. When the result of the examination became known, he found that he had done very much better than he had supposed, and received the somewhat mortifying assurance from his tutors that if he had remained to the end, he would undoubtedly have secured a very high place in the list.

Once more he arranged to join his family at Boulogne during the summer, and proposed to take with him one of his Cambridge friends. Hallam could not go, but Tennyson—Charles Tennyson, brother of Alfred—was willing to do so. Before he left Cambridge, however, Milnes had an adventure of a kind which he dearly loved, and which procured for him at the time a little notoriety. This was an ascent in a balloon with Mr. Green, the well-known aëronaut. Another undergraduate, Mr. George Wyndham Scott, afterwards Rector of Kentisbere, in Devonshire, joined him in the adventurous flight, and, curiously enough, the two young men,

who met for the first time in the balloon, never met again. "Ascendat Mr. Milnes, May 19, 1829, W. Whewell," is the exact form in which Milnes obtained leave to make this novel flight from his University. "Precisely at half-past six o'clock," says the local newspaper, chronicling this ascent, "the preliminary arrangements having been completed, the intrepid aëronaut entered the car, followed by his spirited companions, each of whom sat at one end, Mr. Green standing in the centre. At a given signal the cords were loosened, and the machine rose in a most majestic manner, amidst the shouts of the assembled multitude." One can well imagine the enthusiasm with which the undergraduates beheld the flight of two of their brethren heavenwards. Hardly had the ascent commenced, than Milnes produced a pencil, and began the following note to his friend Arthur Hallam:—

R. M. M. to A. H. Hallam.

DEAR HALLAM,—Your friend in the skies speeds this note to you at an elevation of about a mile and a half from the base earth, where you are grovelling. Oh, if the spirit of Adonais would sail with me in my little boat, my very crescent moon! The sun has given me a little headache, but a light breeze comes playing along. Now we cross St. Neot's. The whole country looks a beautiful model; the wind near the earth is tremendously high, and the descent will be rather dangerous. We have ascended 2,000 feet since I began this, but no motion is perceptible; now the shout rises from the earth, in a sort of distant wail. The sun is painting the clouds. In a little basket——

The remainder of this effusion is illegible, but a note, in the handwriting of its author, attached to it is as follows:—

I wrote the above note to my friend Arthur Hallam, on the occasion of my ascent with Mr. Green, from Cambridge, in 1829. We descended in Lord Northampton's Park, at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire. I intended to wrap up the note with some solid substance, to let it fall as we passed over some town, and to beg whoever found it to put it in the post. I forget what circumstance prevented me from finishing it.

He must have written a second and fuller account of his aërial voyage, which extended over a distance of forty miles, to Arthur Hallam, as the following letter shows :—

A. H. Hallam to R. M. M.

67, *Wimpole Street, Thursday.*

Brava ! Bravissima ! If I were dying I could not refrain from taking my pen in hand to congratulate the prince of all aëronauts. You are not yet Gazetted, so your letter was the first notice I received of your adventure. To say the truth, I by no means expected such a notice, for I had been sceptical all along as to your possessing physical courage enough to venture. Henceforward I shall look on you with much increased reverence. A power has gone forth from you, and woe to any idolater of negations who, denying its influence, should look on "him as flies" with the same coolness as he had before on "him as speaks." Your account is admirable, as far as it goes, but surely you could fill another sheet with pneumatologica. Talk of chapels like ivory boxes, trees like bits of stick, why, a Lockian could have said as much ! For the honour of transcendentalism and Shelleyism give me something more refined. By all means come and see me in London. You will have heard from Tennyson that I am kept within gates here. I am better to-day than I have been for the last week, but you will pardon me, I hope, for not exerting my eyes more at present. Pray write often to me in the course of the next dreary five months, and believe me,

Yours reverentially and lovingly,

A. H. HALLAM.

As I have given Hallam's expression of doubt as to the physical courage of his friend, it is only fair to state, on the authority of the newspapers of the day, that Mr. Green bore testimony to the perfect self-possession shown throughout the whole trip by his two companions. At this point, too, I may observe that Hallam, for whom Milnes entertained so strong a regard and respect, was, according to their contemporaries at Cambridge, "at one time very unjust" towards the latter. No memory, however, of such passing injustice lingered for a moment in the breast of Milnes, who never ceased to love and revere the memory of the young friend whose brilliant career was so early cut short by the "blind Fury with the abhorréd shears."

His plans for joining his family with one of the Tennysons at Boulogne were frustrated by the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Milnes with their daughter from that town for Italy. Their son joined them *en route* at Paris, where he was introduced to General Lafayette, Baron Cuvier, and other noted people, and accompanied them to Switzerland, where he made a tour on his own account, and enjoyed for the first time the delight of sojourning amid the majestic beauties of the Alps. Mr. and Mrs. Milnes in the meantime had established themselves at Milan, where they were to reside for several years. We shall have many glimpses in Richard Milnes's letters of life in Northern Italy in those days when Austrian rule was supreme throughout Lombardy and Venetia. The story told by Mrs. Milnes in her journal proves that the English

family was very soon made at home in the society of Milan, such as it was. Even the great gulf which divided the Governed from the Governors did not seem to affect them, and they were equally welcome in the *salons* of the Italians and the palace of the Austrian Viceroy. It was a pleasant and by no means unprofitable life which the exiles led. Mr. Milnes, indeed, preserved his critical attitude of mind, even under the seductive skies of Italy; and whilst he was by no means blind to the hardships and the injustices attached to Austrian rule, he was equally ready to point out to his son the defects of the Italian character, and the extent to which long years of bondage had enfeebled their powers of self-government. Mrs. Milnes, with her great love of music and her uncommon powers as an executant, thoroughly enjoyed the society of the many artists of distinction, both amateur and professional, who were at that time to be found in Milan; whilst her daughter steadily pursued her education under the best masters the city could afford. Richard Milnes was only able to be with his family at intervals, the claims of University life in England being paramount; but from the first he seems to have formed a warm attachment, not only for Italian life, but for the Italian character. His sympathetic temperament quickly enabled him to enter into the feelings of those around him, and the development of that cosmopolitanism of mind and temperament, which to the last was so striking a feature in his character, made rapid advances during these years of his early sojourn in Italy. Side by side with his

Cambridge friendships now grew up a whole series of friendships, not less sincere than warm, with many Italians of distinction, as well as with not a few English residents. The fruits of these friendships are to be found in profusion in Milnes's subsequent correspondence, as well as in many of his poems and prose writings. At the close of the long vacation he returned to England.

In a letter to his father from Paris he says:—

I had a delightful two hours' conversation with Cousin this morning, mostly on politics. One of his remarks was, "What is it makes Lafayette a mere idol of the public, and B. Constant a *phraseur*, and Wellington and Peel mere engines of State? They are not metaphysicians. For a man to be now a statesman he must first be a philosopher." He embraced me most affectionately.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Cambridge, Oct. 22nd, 1829.

My books are all on my shelves, Hallam in my great-chair, your list of books on my table; so I have nothing to do but to write to you, and sit down to read. This place, with its usual accompaniments, seems—perhaps from contrast—to be all that dulness can make it. The very air is insipid, and unmeaning words and more unmeaning faces throng on every side; and I mean to be enormously eclectic, not living, as Lady Morgan says, with a fifth part of the world, but an infinitely smaller fraction. Hare has not yet arrived. Thirlwall I have had an hour with. He says that there is no connection between political and literary paralysis, and that there is no reason of this kind that the Milanese should not be a most intellectual people. Whewell looks quite a gentleman, raves about Lalande, and has been taking an architectural tour in Germany. We have no novelties of any reputed calibre—a Cavendish, an Arundel, a Sir Somebody

Preston, Lord Duncan, a Lord St. John, and Lord Sandwich. Do you know anything about any of them? This is all my Walpoliana. Now for your letter. The essay was deposited in full time at the Master's Lodge. I did not make the corrections you wished, as the latter part of them quite perverted my meaning, and the others were not worth taking to Jones. You must be quite insane to talk of my writing on the finances of England in my melancholy state of ignorance. No, no—stop till I have read something on the subject, then I will write to you as much as you please. I will tell you now what I mean to do for the month—Political Economy, Italian, German, speaking, and a little Metaphysics, lectures on Geology, which cost nothing, and the College of Astronomy on Newton. As for my other plans, I can only say I am firmly convinced that all this Cambridge talking will be rather injurious than otherwise, if it is not skilfully and laboriously adapted to the House. I do not quarrel with the stone, but it must be strangely shaped for so strange an architecture. I told you I met Wellesley in town; we had a long talk about the Union. One of his remarks was: "The very fluency which it gives you is itself injurious in the House. They are so conceited with their own importance that they are pleased with the confusion and hesitation of a tyro, and are ready enough to give him credit for intellectual superiority. If, on the contrary, he does not in the least seem to quail before them, however apparently humble he may be, they imagine it only a disguise, and set upon him with a merciless hostility." Is there not some truth in this? I am convinced that if I cannot come soon into Parliament, attendance on the House, however disgusting, is a most indispensable tedium. As for Germany, a few months with such men as Niebuhr, who you must know has held high diplomatic situations, and Schlegel—you remember his "Dramatic Literature"—must be of deep mental advantage. Lady Morgan says they who would legislate for the world must live in the world, and the best intentions, aided by the best talents, will be found inadequate to serve the great cause of humanity if its schemes, though perfect in the abstract, are inapplicable to the

actual state of society. This is true enough, but it is surely the part of a wise man to have a canon to which he can adapt these fugitive circumstances, and not, making these very circumstances his rule, adapt his principles to them. I did not see Sterling in town to ask him about the Courts of Law, but shall write to him. Kemble is at College, reading metaphysics; Tennyson's poem has made quite a sensation; it is certainly equal to most parts of Milton. Hallam is looking very well, and in full force; his marvellous mind has been gleaning in wisdom from every tract of knowledge. Cousin said, "It is a fit thing that the son of a great historian should be a great metaphysician." I found a sonnet from him awaiting me in town; here are the last lines:—

"Enough of flickering mirth and random life,
Yearnings are in them for a lofty dome;
Trample that mask—a sterner part assume,
Whether thou championest Urania's strife,
Or, marked by Freedom for her toga'd sway,
Reclaim'st thy father's soon abandoned bay." . . .

Living in London, supposing that I had a mutton chop at a coffee-house three days a week, would at any rate be cheaper than at Cambridge. Gaskell is leading the Union at Oxford triumphantly. . . . Lord Monson has bought Cardinal Fesch's collection of pictures for £150,000.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Nov. 8th, 1829.

Our debate on Wordsworth and Byron went off very ill. I spoke for an hour and twenty minutes—they tell me, very fluently; but I was so anxious to be quiet and simple, that I am afraid I overshot my mark, and became rather prosy, and it was altogether more a serious essay or a sermon than a speech. Hallam spoke well, but shortly; he would be a splendid speaker if he had more nerve. The votes were only twenty-three for Words-

worth. Hare said the number was too large, for that there were not twenty-three men in the room really worthy to be Wordsworthians.

Julius Hare's remark was characteristic of the feeling of Cambridge at that period. The young men of the University were living under the shadow of two great names, those of Wordsworth and of Shelley. Milnes throughout his life was proud of the fact that as an undergraduate he had done something to generate the enthusiasm for Wordsworth, which might almost be said to date from the time of these discussions at the Union. "When I look back," he said, shortly before his death, at a meeting of the Wordsworth Society, "upon that time, and the so to say mental proceedings by which it was made important to the lives of all who shared in it, I find it somewhat difficult precisely to comprehend the cause of that enthusiasm for Wordsworth. It was contemporaneous with a burst of interest in the poetry of Shelley and of Keats. . . . The enthusiasm for Keats is, I think, very intelligible; he is essentially the poet of youth; he is the embodiment, as it were, of youth and poetry, in the richness of the imagination and in the abundance of melodious power. We also, I think, fully comprehend, now that Shelley has taken his just place among the poets of England, how delightful it was to our youthful interests, and I may say, to our youthful vanity, to raise the name of Shelley from the obscurity, I might almost say even the infamy, which at that time attached to it, to the high atmosphere of pure imagination in which it now exists in the estimate of all

real lovers of British literature. But there was no such reason why we should have laboured to any similar extent for the elevation of the name and works of Mr. Wordsworth. The name of Wordsworth was familiar to the crowd at Cambridge in two ways. His brother was the Master of Trinity, a venerated and respected old gentleman, the author of a very dull ecclesiastical biography, who had not recommended himself to the undergraduate mind by any exhibition of geniality or a special interest in our pursuits, our avocations, or even our studies. We had at Cambridge, in the son of that Dr. Wordsworth, by the name of Christopher Wordsworth, a very eminent scholar, and not unagreeable companion, but he manifested in youth the germs of that outwardly hard, though inwardly benevolent, character which so much distinguished him as the learned, pious, excellent administrator, the Bishop of Lincoln." There was something, however, in the moral spirit of Wordsworth, as well as of Shelley, which touched the hearts of the Cambridge youth of that period, and led them to revolt against the worship of Byron, which was then almost supreme in the literary world.

Here it may be well to say something of the Union in that year (1829), and of the men who took part in its proceedings. Trinity College counted among its tutors and students an extraordinary number of men of distinction. Whewell, and Julius Hare, and Connop Thirlwall, as the reader has seen, were among the tutors, and Milnes was on affectionate terms with all three. Among the undergraduates were the three

Tennysons (Frederick, Charles, and Alfred), Ralph Bernal (who subsequently became known to fame as Mr. Bernal Osborne, Thackeray, G. S. Venables, J. W. Blakesley, E. L. and Henry Lushington, James Spedding, Richard Trench, Charles Rann Kennedy, Arthur Hallam, Henry Alford, John Allen (the prototype of Major Dobbin), W. H. Thompson (subsequently Regius Professor of Greek and Master of Trinity), Robert Monteith, Edward Horsman, and Thomas Sunderland. The last-named of these was the man who filled the greatest place in the eyes of his contemporaries in the little world at Trinity, and who seemed to them to be destined to make the deepest mark upon his generation. Speaking at the Inaugural Proceedings of the Union Society, when they entered their new Club-house in 1866, Lord Houghton, after referring to the "low, ill-ventilated, ill-lit, cavernous, tavernous gallery, at the back of the Red Lion Inn," which was the meeting-place of the Union in his days, went on to say, "There was one man, the greatest speaker, I think, I ever heard, a man with the highest oratorical gift, a man of the name of Sunderland, who only lives in the memory of his own generation, and for this reason, that he was only known at the Union at Cambridge." How it came to pass that this brilliant student and orator, who was the autocrat of the Union and of Trinity, ruling supreme even over such minds as those of Hallam, Tennyson, and Milnes, was doomed to spend a long life in obscurity, is a sad story, which may be briefly told. On leaving Cambridge, he disappeared from the view of

his contemporaries, who never heard of him again until, nearly forty years afterwards, in June, 1867, there appeared in the Obituary of the *Times* a brief announcement of his death. Subsequent inquiries elicited the fact that shortly after leaving Cambridge, and whilst travelling upon the Continent, his brain became deranged, and the brilliant intellect which had been so universally admired was irrevocably shattered. The attack of acute mania, which was the first symptom of the terrible catastrophe, passed away, but it left him the victim of incurable delusions, and of habits the almost inevitable result of his mental condition. Lost to his old friends, he led for years the life of a nomad, wandering from place to place, under the cloud of a settled melancholy, still pursuing the studies which had interested him at the University, still pouring forth his thoughts upon those subjects on which he had been wont to speak so brilliantly at the Union, and at times astonishing the traveller who encountered him in some country inn, where for the moment he had fixed his abode, by his unrivalled command of language, the vastness of his knowledge, and the brilliancy of his imagination. But, alas! in all that he said or wrote, proofs of the insanity which lurked within him were to be found. Death, when it found him at last, came as a welcome termination to a ruined and hopeless career. The story is no uncommon one in this life, with its manifold vicissitudes and disappointments, but no one who writes of the Cambridge of 1829 can afford to omit from his narrative the name of Thomas Sunderland.

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It was early in the December of that year that the Cambridge Union distinguished itself by sending a deputation to the kindred society at Oxford, to maintain the superiority of Shelley to Byron. Sir Francis Doyle, then an undergraduate at Oxford, and Mr. Gladstone, his fellow-collegian, invited the Cambridge Union, which had distinguished itself by the ardour with which it had championed the cause of the poet whom Oxford had turned from its doors, to send over a deputation to maintain the claims of its favourite. Arthur Hallam (through whom the "Adonais" had for the first time been printed in England), Milnes, and Sunderland, were the men chosen to speak for Shelley and their University. Years afterwards Lord Houghton, telling the story of the memorable expedition, was wont to say that when on behalf of himself and his colleagues he applied to Dr. Wordsworth for an "Exeat," he did not make it quite clear to that venerable dignitary whether Shelley or Wordsworth was the poet whose intellectual character was to be defended by the deputation. "I have always had a dim suspicion, though probably I did not do so, that I substituted the name of Wordsworth for Shelley." However this may be, the "Exeat" was granted, and the three young men went across the snowy country to Oxford, to fulfil their self-imposed task.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Dec. 5th, 1829.

My dear Mother,—The two full letters on my table remind me of my silence, which I fear has rather outstepped its proper bounds. I am doing all I can to become methodical, so I will

write you a methodical letter. First, facts and incidents; secondly, answers to your letters; thirdly, anything else. As for the first chapter, I think the only point that comes under that head is the day and a half I have spent at Oxford. I wanted much to see the place and the men, and had no objection to speak in their society; so, as they had a good subject for debate (the comparative merits of Shelley and Byron), and Sunderland and Hallam were both willing to go—and the Master, when he heard what was our purpose, very kindly gave us an Exeat—we drove manfully through the snow, arriving in time to speak that evening, were fêted the next day, and saw the lions, and came back the next morning. The set of men I saw corresponded very well to my own set here, so I could form a pretty just comparison. The man that *took* me most was the youngest Gladstone of Liverpool—I am sure, a very superior person. Doyle, whose sister you have met at Wheatley, is also clever. Gaskell* is as different as possible from what I expected—*very plain*, completely unaffected and simple in his manners, and good-natured, even to boyishness. Sunderland spoke first after Doyle, who opened, then Hallam, then some Oxonians, and I succeeded. The contrast from our long, noisy, shuffling, scraping, talking, vulgar, ridiculous-looking kind of assembly, to a neat little square room, with eighty or ninety young gentlemen sprucely dressed, sitting on chairs or lounging about the fire-place, was enough to unnerve a more confident person than myself. Even the brazen Sunderland was somewhat awed, and became tautological, and spoke what we should call an inferior speech, but which dazzled his hearers. Hallam, as being among old friends, was bold, and spoke well. I was certainly nervous, but, I think, pleased my audience better than I pleased myself. The Oxonian speaking is wretched. Gaskell's knack of Parliamentary phrases is wonderful. He offered to repeat me the tellers in every debate for the last sixty years, and suggested a most amusing game, which consisted in each person telling the name of a borough and of the persons who represent it, and whoever

* His relative, James Milnes Gaskell, of Thorne House, Wakefield, afterwards member for Wenlock.

stopped first paid a forfeit!! "My father and I," he said, "played at it nearly a whole day without stopping."

I hope Gaskell is coming here to speak in about a fortnight. The only other news I have for you, is the dismissal from Trinity of an acquaintance of mine, a son of ——, for rowing, and throwing Peacock's books out of the window; the anniversary Club dinners, which have overflowed with turtle and venison; and the death of the head waiter at the "Hoop," whom I suppose my father knew (vulgarly called Will of the Hoop), who cut his femoral artery in drawing a cork, and died in two minutes. The last debate at the Union was about the hereditary aristocracy. I spoke almost extempore, and as fluently as I could wish. I have quite recovered the talking knack, but cannot acquire Sunderland's confidence, that nothing can ever make him hesitate a single moment. The *Athenæum* is going to be given up. Maurice, the editor, is going into the Church, and to try for the first-class at Oxford.

My Homeric essay will be out to-morrow; I shall send a copy to my grandmother and another to Mr. Brown, but shall let no more go out of this place. I have corrected the style very rigorously, and it certainly does not read ill. My competitor who came in second also prints his. . . . Papa's definition of an orator is so modest and simple a one, that I can only equal it by the schemes of the most system-drunken political economist. Tell him that a time-worn and money-less country like England has a great deal more chance of starting into youth and health and omnipotence under the wand of a political theoriser than—I will not say of my becoming, but of the world ever seeing such an orator as he images to himself. Tell him that if Shakespeare had attempted to become a Laplace, or the converse, they would both have foiled the grand purpose for which the Deity formed them; and that a trial to fuse poetry into the dry bones of reason and fact, or to liquefy the latter into the former, would be as strange an attempt as to convert the fat Bedford level into a Chamouni, or the Splügen into the Carse of Gowrie—each has its use, each its beauty. Tell him that a wise man said, "Si cum naturâ sapio sub numine, id vere

plusquam satis est." I do not say an attempt may not be made to make an equilibrium between the faculties of the mind, but for any mind to be full in its strength and conscious might, it must follow where nature leads it. I must repeat, as I said before, that if Parliamentary influence is to be exercised on the venal and animal minds of such men as Mr. Dick, I conceive no good or great man would ever try to wield it; but I hope it is otherwise. I think the duty of a statesman is solely to address himself to the aristocracy of mind, and through their minds alone to influence the vulgar. His object is to gain men who will go with him, not after him, fellow-soldiers, not drummers and camp-boys. Also tell *mio padre* that I shall quite think it my duty to send to Metternich some information or other about him, that the personal loving-kindness of the Austrians might bring him to a proper sense of their government. A moral despotism would be certainly the best of governments, but a moral people would never submit to a despotism. . . . I see papa quotes Elizabeth as a supporter of his despotical theory. She was in sooth a wicked tyrant, but by a wonderful tact appealed so strongly to the vanity of the people, and loaded them with such flattering and gorgeous chains, that in the pride and pomp of national dignity they merged that of the individual. Is it so with the Milanese and their alien taskmasters? But I must thank him for his second letter, which, on Coleridge's definition of a gentleman ("a man with an indifference to money matters"), was exceedingly ungentlemanly. I really do not think but that a very moderate fortune is enough to give a man a start in Parliament. Canning was poor enough. If I was to become an M.P. for amusement, I see no reason why I should not go into Parliament next year; but as I have never thought of this, any more than of living at Chatsworth, it does not make a part of the question. To undertake it as a profession, with my scant knowledge of the world, is indeed absurd at present. . . . I had a religious conversazione last night, and some very good singing afterwards. We have had some capital debates in our society called "The Apostles"; we attacked Paley to-night.

The mention of the *Athenæum* in the foregoing letter calls for a word of explanation. The *Athenæum*, it will be remembered, was originally started by Mr. James Silk Buckingham. Among his contributors was Frederick Denison Maurice, at that time an undergraduate at Cambridge. In the course of a few months the *Literary Chronicle* came into existence, Maurice being its editor; and in August, 1828, the two publications were merged under Maurice's editorship. Milnes, like Sterling and other members of his set at Cambridge, contributed frequently to the journal during Maurice's connection with it, and his literary criticisms and essays in that periodical were practically his first contributions to the press.

The famous association popularly known as "The Apostles," of which the first mention in Milnes's correspondence is in the foregoing letter, has earned a place of its own in the history of Cambridge. It was originally started in the year 1820, under the name of the Conversazione Society, and was limited to twelve members in residence; the name of Apostles being in the first instance given to the members in derision. Among those connected with the little society in Milnes's time were Alfred Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Trench, Alford, W. H. Thompson, Blakesley, Charles Merivale (the historian of Rome), G. S. Venables, and Edmund Lushington, afterwards Professor of Greek at Glasgow. Frederick Maurice, C. R. Kennedy, and Spedding, the biographer of Bacon, were also members. The society began to be famous in the time of Buller, Sterling,

Maurice, and Trench. "Then came the halo of Tennyson's young celebrity. . . . Within the society itself there is no hierarchy of greatness; all are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers; all, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow-membership; all have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions, or by the banks of Cam or in the lime-treed avenues of Trinity, or even within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingly or Grantchester—sometimes, perhaps,

'Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,'

but all, as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth, which never die."

So wrote Mr. W. D. Christie of the Apostles, of whom he had himself been one. All who knew Lord Houghton knew also not only how admirably he was adapted to make a prominent and popular figure in that little band of young men, but with what fidelity and tenderness throughout his long life he clung to the memories which the mention of its name conjured up.

Before me lies a volume of "Memorials" of his stay at Cambridge, gathered together by Milnes after he left

the University. It has more than a personal or biographical interest. There is a list of the Trinity College prizemen for 1829, from which it appears that he took the second English Declamation Prize, Sunderland taking the first; and that he also carried off the prize for the English Essay, the subject of which was the "Influence of Homer." It is notable that the motto on the title-page of this essay was supplied by a couplet from Tennyson :—

> "List'ning the lordly music flowing from
> The illimitable years"—

Probably the first lines ever quoted in this way from the great poet. There is also a copy of the Transactions of the Union Society, printed in 1834, from which it appears that Milnes first spoke in a debate on November 13, 1827, and that from that time forward he spoke frequently during his stay at the University. Among his fellow-disputants Sunderland holds the most prominent place; but Charles Buller, Kemble, Sterling, Blakesley, Trench, Praed, Hallam, Venables, Thackeray, Alford, and Kinglake, are also mentioned.

The little volume has a special value because it contains the thin pamphlet in which the "Adonaïs" of Shelley was first presented to the English public, Charles Tennyson's poem on the expedition of Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia, Hallam's "Timbuctoo," and the prize poem on the same theme by Alfred Tennyson, as well as many similar records of that era in the history of Cambridge. There is, too, the Epilogue written

to *Much Ado About Nothing*, on the occasion of that comedy being performed by the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club on March 19th, 1830. From the list of performers it appears that Milnes took the part of Beatrice, and also fulfilled the duties of stage-manager —Kemble, Hallam, Edward Ellice, Fitzroy, Monteith, O'Brien, and Warburton, being among his fellow-actors. The Epilogue was written by Milnes, and its closing lines are as follows:—

"But, ere our artless pageant disappear,
We ask one boon—if in some after-year
In evening hours your eye should chance to light
On any name you recognised to-night—
On some brief record of their mortal lot—
Married or murdered, ruined, or what not?—
While natural thought returns upon its track,
Just pause and murmur ere you call it back,
With pleasant memory, sipping your liqueur—
'Yes, yes, he was a Cambridge Amateur.'"

CHAPTER III.

LONDON AND ITALY.

London University—Letters to his Father—Attends the House of Commons—Goes to Bonn—Life at Milan—Perplexities of Life—Venice—Visits Ireland—Aubrey de Vere's Reminiscences—Rome—Wiseman—Meets Charles MacCarthy—Projected Greek Tour.

"I OFTEN wonder what will be your future destiny, and I think you are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it. I wish it were in my power to give you all the good I possess, and which you want, for I would willingly pull down my hut to build your palace." These were the words in which one of his college friends, Stafford O'Brien, wrote to Milnes during the year 1830, when his career at Cambridge was drawing to a close. They afford a glimpse of the estimation in which the young man was held by his contemporaries at the University. No one doubted his brilliant powers of mind—the eclecticism of his sympathies, the generosity and geniality of his disposition, his love of paradox, the vastness of the field of knowledge which he sought to cultivate, and the cosmopolitanism of his spirit. All these things, however, seemed, in the eyes of his friends, to tell against his chance of attaining

that future distinction which he might otherwise have made his own. It was, as we have seen, no ordinary band of young men of whom he made one at Cambridge, nor was it in itself a small distinction to be the friend and associate of such men. That he was recognised by the ablest among them as the equal of any is proved alike by their letters and by the recollections of the survivors. In the eyes of many, indeed, the judgment passed upon him by Stafford O'Brien would have seemed unwarrantably despondent, for unquestionably Milnes was one of the most brilliant of that bright company of ardent youths. Sir Francis Doyle in his Reminiscences has told us how, in the expedition to Oxford on behalf of Shelley, the oratorical honours of the day fell to Milnes, albeit Hallam and Sunderland were his competitors; and again and again in his correspondence at the time there is abundant proof that he was not only one of the best beloved of the Apostles, but one of whom his contemporaries expected the greatest things in the future.

It is interesting to note that during the early part of 1830 Milnes spent some time in London as a student at the then recently-founded University in Gower Street; and in enrolling himself very early among the undergraduates of that institution, he gave striking proof of his superiority to sectarian and political prejudices. The very name of the University of London stank in the nostrils of those who had been brought up at the older seats of learning, and it was a strong measure for an actual student at Trinity, with the tastes and the

associations of Milnes, to connect himself with an association so generally disliked. But his attendance on the classes in Gower Street was not without its advantages, altogether apart from any improvement in his education which might result from it. It afforded him more frequent opportunities for meeting that little body of Cambridge men who were now resident in the metropolis, and of whom the most eminent were John Sterling and Frederick Maurice. Among the other friends with whom at this period he came into frequent contact were John Stuart Mill and the Kembles, whose son, J. M. Kemble, was a fellow-student at Trinity. Fanny Kemble, the niece of Mrs. Siddons, was charming the town by her acting, and Milnes, like most of the young men of his day, was filled with admiration for a genius so fine and a heart so pure and simple. He himself, it may be remarked *en passant*, had attained distinction on the boards of the Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge, where his impersonation of certain characters, and notably of Mrs. Malaprop, had roused almost as much enthusiasm among the members of the club as Miss Kemble's Juliet had evoked in the wider arena of Covent Garden. The frivolous side of life, however, if the stage may be said to belong to it, by no means absorbed his leisure moments. He was about this time a regular attendant at the church of Edward Irving, for whom he had a profound admiration. "He is indeed," he says, "the apostle of the age, and his English is more like Jeremy Taylor's than any I ever read or heard."

R. M. M. to his Father.

Jan. 20*th*, 1830.

My mission to Oxford would never have taken place except for that peculiar subject which you despise. It was an earnest wish to tell of and propagate that stupendous genius that took me there. I could not expect to please much where there were no *sympathies* to excite. Why is he fatiguing to you? Why is he delightful to me? Is my mind better strung to labour than yours? Am I less fond of facility and lubricity in study? You will not flatter me by saying this. I suspect the case to be that, having accustomed yourself to consider poetry "a thing of idle hours and vacant thought," when it first presented itself as a study you were struck with the change. Mamma asks whether I speak as well as Sunderland. I say, Certainly not, for his speaking as an art is perfect; his best sentences are always learned by heart, and the common current of his words runs on so fountain-like, that you might deem it was a speaking automaton before you. Now mine is good exactly in the proportion that I am interested; I have hardly any rhetoric. We have the "Education of the People" next term—a charming subject. I have just read the Dissertation on Parties. Mr. Hallam advised me to study Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, and Temple. He liked my Homer very much. Lord Lansdowne said "it showed talent, but the writer was of a school." That is, I suppose, no communicant of the high indivisible Church of Whig superficiality and useful knowledge. A line of books, and I have done. The two new ones I have read are Coleridge on Church and State, and Moore's Byron. The first has given me the only clear idea I ever had of the English Constitution; the second I am delighted with, as I think I completely anticipated it in my estimate of Byron. Passion, imagination, fancy, all were his, but not the one holy cement of poetic feeling to amalgamate and unify the whole.

There were many discussions about this period between Milnes and his father on the subject of his

future. Mr. Pemberton Milnes, though he might be disappointed at the manner in which his son's undoubted talents had developed themselves, still clung to the hope that he might make a great figure in the House of Commons, and revive the tradition of his own youthful eminence. Milnes himself was distinctly ambitious, and was drawn almost as strongly towards the pursuit of politics as towards the cultivation of literature, but he shared the fastidiousness of his father, and was far more inclined to criticise the work of others than either to engage in construction himself or to become the mere follower of a party leader. It is not necessary to recall all the discussions between father and son as to the possibilities of a Parliamentary career for the latter, though here and there a few lines may be given to indicate the direction in which the mind of one or the other was moving. In the early part of 1830 a question of more immediate interest than that of his admission to Parliament occupied the mind of Milnes. His father wished him to go during the summer to Paris for the purpose of improving his French pronunciation; he, on the other hand, was bent upon going to Germany in order to study the German language and literature; and, as it will be seen in the subsequent correspondence, he carried his point.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Feb. 1*st*, 1830.

. . . Turning over Lord Byron's Life a week ago, I found a passage in one of his journals, which applies very well to my Oxford speech, which I find people are surprised made so little impression. It is this: after speaking of all the orators of his

day, he says, "I heard Bob Milnes' second speech; it made no impression whatever." *Voilà, monsieur, on peut parler bien sans faire d'impression, combien de fois m'avez-vous entendu dire cela?* I foresee this subject will be a standing joke against me at the Union. I suppose you have seen some extracts from the book in *Galignani*. The letters are as good as Horace Walpole's, and two or three good stories of S. Davies, who, he says, could beat all the set in wit and conversation. Now for a line about Germany. Sunderland wishes to go there with me—or, rather, to meet me there—and I find that Kemble, Trench, and Blakesley will be the summer at Heidelberg. Kemble has just written a letter which would, I think, give you a different opinion of those universities than you now have. He says that the depth of the knowledge of the young men there is something he could hardly have conceived; they study everything, and everything well. He is now at Munich, where he is going on very steadily, and reading very hard. Your great error seems to me to lie in confounding superficiality and generalisation. Now the great void I find in my mind is that I do study things in reference to a few facts for a particular purpose, and not to acquire any knowledge of the thing itself for itself. So you need not be afraid of my joining the pious and well-disposed company who, consisting of ninety families disgusted with the present condition of the moral European world, have issued from Germany and established themselves on one of the islands on the Norwegian coast, and renewed the ancient rites and ancestral religion of Thor and of Odin. I have really no great inclination for a residence in Paris just now, and I have too many great things to study to give attention to anything so frivolous as a perfect knowledge of a language for itself alone—though good enough in its way—and I think you would not hesitate about the advantage of reading German or speaking French. . . Prince Leopold seems very slow in deciding between the *otium sine dignitate* and the *dignitas sine otio* [referring to the offer of the Crown of Greece]. A battue was given him the other day at Ashbridge, at which all the walks were swept, and hassocks placed at the corners of the

covers for the shooters to stand on. What a situation for a king of Sparta and successor of Pericles!

Sunderland leaves Cambridge to-morrow [he writes, Feb. 11th]. I should be very sorry to lose sight of him, though he is a man whom I could never make a friend of. He yearns after power; and certainly if talent can force a way to eminence, his will do it. His self-conceit and contempt of all others except the oligarchy of his momentary admiration will stand in his way, but even this may be of use in imparting to him a dignity and high tone of conscious power which is so good a substitute for rank and station.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

February 26th, 1830.

. . . Kemble has come back to go into orders, having had a living given him, and is up here for his degree. He is most delightfully unaffected and well informed, and seems to have derived immense advantage from Germany. He has talked to me a good deal about his sister, and seems very proud of her, and well he may be. . . . I read an essay on the state of the country at a society called The Apostles last Saturday. I hurried it too much to be very good. One party called it too metaphysical, others (the greater part) too practical, but it took altogether very well. The set—that is, all the nobles, &c., who had been civil to me—dined with me last week. I gave them, I will venture to say, the best and the cheapest dinner ever given here. . . . Harvey and O'Brien and a good many others have been getting up a play, in which I take a second-rate part, a sort of city husband to Fitzroy, who acts a kind of Duchess of St. Albans. I could not take a part which would take up much time or trouble. The play is Lord Glengall's new comedy, *The Follies of Fashion*. It will be acted next week. I daresay Harriette will laugh, when I tell you that though Hallam and I remain very intimate, I do not see him once for the twenty times I am with Fitzroy or O'Brien. The former is really so much attached to me that I must love him, if he had no other good qualities, and he has so many.

O'Brien is fascination itself. Did neither papa nor you know his mother, Emma Noel? We sing duets together, and I really think, if I was with him much longer, he would make me as good as himself. . . . I will now pass on to Mr. Milnes. You ask me, sir, what my politics are. How strange a question! and one you know I cannot answer. If there is one thing upon which I have ever prided myself, it is on having no politics at all, and judging every measure by its individual merits. That by this means I have arrived at some political principles is very true, but they are too general to be applied with any accuracy to business of the day. That the Parliament represents the intellect, not the will, of the nation; that it is impossible to support a marrowless aristocracy, who have nothing but wealth to uphold them when the reverent feeling has expired; that the education of the people ought to proceed in subserviency to their will; that a free trade in corn ought to accompany the reduction of the funds; that we ought to return to a metallic currency; that a man's moral wealth ought to enter all questions of political economy, in the same way as money's worth is the thing desirable, not money. These and some similar axioms are the sum-total of my politics, and I suppose the party which most approximates to them is that of Palmerston and Grant, the Canningites. I was much amused by Gaskell's saying that he should vote with Lord Clanricarde out of respect for Canning, but perhaps I may go to the other extreme; however, I am on the safe side. . . . I remember you once told me to lead the Union; this I could not do if I stayed here a century, and for this reason: a leader there must be a violent politician and a party politician, or he must have a private party. I shall never be the one or have the other.

R. M. M. to his Father.

March 13th, 1830.

Sunderland has gone to the Isle of Man, to live there some time in perfect solitude, to expatriate himself as much as he can, he says, from human feelings, and "be able to cut his

father's throat if, necessary, in the good cause." Since I wrote I have made two extempore attempts at the Union; the first to cut up a man who had been ignorantly impertinent, and with folding my arms and mimicking Pitt's antithetical phrase (for in sarcasm alone is that engine greatly available), I really made great play. The second, a great noisy speech of half an hour, full of invocation and clap-trap in debate, which also took; so I am rather pleased. I had Hare and Thirlwall to dine with me almost alone last week, and a conversazione of all the phases of our literary microcosm—classics and millenarians, philosophers and politicians—the most amusing farrago I ever saw. . . . Kemble has talked to me about his sister; if the season goes on as it has begun, the whole debt of the theatre will be cleared off before the end. Is not this a fine thing for a girl of sixteen to do? He told me that he had not heard from his family for a long time, when one day at Munich he took up a newspaper and read, "to-morrow Miss F. Kemble will appear in Juliet." He described the impression as a cold sword run through his heart. . . . Poor Fred Tennyson is sitting by me while I am writing. He took up your long letter, and said, "I have no one to write to me on such things." It is most sad to see this highly-talented being thrown away from society and himself by hard circumstances of temperament and fortune. He won't exert himself to write for the Greek Ode, which he would be certain to get, out of pure melancholy idleness. One of his brothers is publishing a volume of poems, which will be out to-morrow; and the youngest [the great poet] is publishing two little volumes with Hallam, which will be out in about two months.

R. M. M. to his Father.

March 27th, 1830.

. . . I am writing for the prize poem, so shall not take my degree till after it comes out. The subject, you know, is Byzantium, and I am writing the most Popish, sober, noisy, half-sentimental, half-bombastic thing I can. I begin at once,

"To muse on Pera's slope at cool of eve,"

dash on through the Constantines, talk furious Christianity, and end with the Apocalypse. If the execution be as politic as the scheme, I have a good chance of it, particularly as this year they are sure to give it to one most antithetical to Tennyson's.

On April 4th he writes to his mother his farewell letter from his old rooms at Trinity, and the natural sadness at the thought that the "thing as a part of life is all over and for ever" weighs upon his spirits. Yet, even under the influence of the depression, he is able to give a graphic account of a journey to St. Ives to hear Cobbett lecture :—

He spoke in a barn to about one hundred farmers and Cambridge men. It lasted full three hours, and he never paused, sat down, or recalled a word, but went through the whole series of the causes of the distress: currency; poor laws; Church property; Crown lands; standing army, &c., and wound up with radical reform. He was at one time conversational, at another humorous, at another eloquent, yet all in the same idiomatic phraseology. The impression on the farmers was decidedly favourable, and I was much pleased with the whole. He came here on foot, his daughters following in his carriage. . . I have only heard two stories by way of news; one, that the Duke of St. Albans asked the showman of the Siamese boys, who, you know, are joined together, whether they were brothers; and the other, that Prince Leopold, being recommended to read Plutarch for Grecian lore, got the British Plutarch by mistake, and laid down the Life of Sir Christopher Wren in great indignation, exclaiming there was hardly anything about Greece in it.

From Cambridge, Milnes went to Yorkshire, and visited the family house at Fryston, which had so long been practically closed. One of his objects in doing so was to consult local friends of influence as to the

possibility of his coming in for Pontefract, on the dissolution of Parliament at the death of the King, an event which was then imminent. Then he returned to town, and gave his days to the London University, and most of his nights to the House of Commons.

R. M. M. to his Father.

May, 1830.

I have heard some debates since I wrote last. The best was on the Jews' Bill. O'Connell spoke better than I have ever heard him—energetic, but not well pointed. He ended with one striking expression. He had spoken of what he had deemed the petty interference of human power in the great works of Providence, that the Jews had advanced in wealth and power against all obstacles, and "who will now dare to say that the arm of the Almighty is shortened?" There was only one really good speech, as far as matter and argument—that of Lord Belgrave. He was unanswerable, and his attempted confuters made great fools of themselves. What a purling stream of language Goulburn emits! so full of phrased nothings and gentle shufflings. . . . Sunderland meets me sometimes at the House. He rails against all politics, and is quite ashamed of himself for nourishing such a petty ambition as to overthrow the despicable antagonists of Parliament. I should much enjoy the effect of his demolishing rhetoric among Huskisson and his brother-dunderheads. There are a few political men whom I want to know—very few—the Grants, Palmerston, Sir J. Graham, and Spring Rice—I think this is all. McCulloch's lectures improve upon him; he is too abstract in his views, he does not attend to modifications, but he elaborates a principle, and gives it to you to weave up very ingeniously. . . . I have been to one or two balls, about one a week; Mrs. Stanhope's was very agreeable. Fountain Wilson came dressed like Mawworm. Lady Cork* has given me a dinner; Hallam, and Galt the Scotch novelist, and Mr. Lister the author

* Lady Cork was his great-aunt.

of "Granby," and some blue ladies, were the party, and some other *littérateurs* in the evening. Fanny Kemble was to have come, but was tired with acting. I go to Mrs. K.'s some evening this week. She told me her daughter had never seemed the least elated with her success till her father told her she had cleared him a debt of £11,000, and then she owned she was proud. She is not eighteen. Campbell* has asked me to dine on Monday, and meet all the artists. Nothing can exceed his civility to me. He pressed me very much to stay in his house, as being nearer the House of Commons than this, and said he hoped I would make all possible use of him. I met Conversation Sharpe the other night. He talked much about having been in Parliament with you. My trip to Cambridge succeeded very well. I was fêted outrageously for two days. Ellice had stupidly written me word of a wrong question for the Union, so I was completely thrown on my extempore resources, and succeeded as well as I could have expected. I spoke about three-quarters of an hour, and took a formal farewell. Fitzroy was so affected he ran out of the room. (Don't laugh.) Thirlwall gave me a supper, which, as he never stirs out, I deem a great favour; and, after everybody was gone, asked me to sit and talk, which we did till past three in the morning. He was particularly anxious about my going to Greece, said it would be of more use in calling up my classical knowledge, and supplying me with reflection for the rest of my life, than anything. . . . My dear mother's matronly letter! Pray tell her if Lord Cleveland offered to bring me into Parliament to-morrow, I would refuse it; I must work my way unpatronised, if at all. I will attend to all her kind admonitions, but pray console her about my growth, by Lord Monson being a head less than I am. Grattan and Fox were both little men, and so was St. Paul. . . . I have seen something of Fitzclarence. He seemed in good spirits at his uncle's approaching departure. The eldest brother is to be made a peer, and the other ones to have the titles of duke's younger sons. I think this is very fair.

* The poet.

In the middle of June, Milnes left London for Germany; he travelled by way of Brussels, being anxious to see the field of Waterloo. On the road he met a party of Oxonians on a holiday tour, one of whom recognised in him the defender of Shelley. So, for the remainder of his journey, he had companions; and sixpenny whist on the top of the diligence made the hours flow pleasantly. His first impression of Bonn was one of disappointment; the place looked black and dull in the driving rain as he arrived at nightfall; but in the morning he was delighted with it, and found it just such a spot as that in which literature ought to have a home. "I called on Professor Brandis with Thirlwall's letter; he was all politeness, went over the town with me to look for lodgings, and introduced me to a metaphysical tutor. On returning I found the card of Privy Councillor Niebuhr. . . . Who were at the door but Augustus Fitzroy and Sandwich! They had stopped on purpose to see me, and were just going off. There are here about 950 students, very nice- (not clean-) looking. Some are just now passing by, with their arms about one another's necks, chorussing with fine voices." He enjoyed his stay at Bonn, which lasted over several months, and, as he took care to live entirely among Germans, he made good progress in his knowledge of the language; reading omnivorously among the standard authors, and, as usual, losing no opportunity of making the acquaintance of the celebrities of the place.

R. M. M. to his Sister.

Bonn, July 14th, 1830.

. . . You must have indeed been wonder-struck at Venice; there are two beautiful lines of Wordsworth's about it—

"And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea,"

which papa will explain to you. It must have been delightful to float in those soft gondolas all day, and dance all night. . . . I have bought all the students' songs, which are very simply delightful. They walk about the streets at night singing them in very excellent time; they all have good voices. There is a great difference in their appearance, in general shabbily dressed, with very long hair, moustache, and a pipe, on which the sentimental ones have a portrait in enamel of their lady love, by whom the ornaments of their favourite pipe are also worked. There are about four duels a day at a village a little distance off; the combatants are padded all over except the breast, arms, and lower part of the face, and have a large woollen and steel cap over their eyes. The sword has a round sharp point, and never hardly makes any more wound than a little scratch, which must be an inch long and cut through two skins. The general word of offence is *Dummer Junge*, which if your dearest friend call you you must fight him. There are two or three very violent words for which they go out with the sabre, which is really dangerous. . . . I dine every day at one o'clock; it is excessively disagreeable, as I am sleepy all the afternoon. It costs about two and a half francs, and the only fault is that it lasts full an hour and a half, and consists of six regular courses. A great many professors dine there, but, as they all sit together, I cannot get much out of them. I went last Sunday, with one of the Bullers who is here, to an island called Nonnenwert, a little beyond the Drachenfels. I dined there, and afterwards walked to drink tea with Madam Schopenhauer, a great German authoress, a particular friend of Goethe's. She speaks English perfectly, and was not at all pedantical. I am to be introduced to Schlegel

this week. He thinks a great deal more of rank and political eminence than anything else, so I wish I could say that papa had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if it was only for twenty-four hours. He is insufferably vain of his person, though near seventy, and arranges his wig from a little looking-glass in his snuff-box, and ill-natured people say he rouges. We have at last got some tolerable weather, and these little hills (they call them mountains) look pretty enough. The gliding down the stream of the Rhine by starlight, or an evening walk by the lamps of the fireflies, will be my favourite amusement.

The death of George IV., which occurred at the close of June, caused the dissolution of Parliament in the following month, and a proposal reached Milnes that he should stand for Pontefract. Naturally the young man was not a little excited by the prospect of thus entering Parliament. "I cannot bear the idea of giving up so enticing a prospect," he writes to his father, "which would enable me to secure a seat not only for this, but probably for the next Parliament, for nothing. Why need I open my mouth next Parliament; why even need I be all the session in town?" His father, however, saw difficulties in the way, especially money difficulties, and was anxious to defer his son's entrance upon political life until a later period. The latter was compelled to acquiesce in his decision. Perhaps he found some consolation for the disappointment in the fact that one of his friends, who had recently entered Parliament, Charles Buller, did not achieve the success anticipated for him in the House.

Mrs. Buller seems much disappointed in her son's ill-fortune in the House. He has had six regularly prepared speeches, I

believe of very high merit, without having obtained a hearing, and this continual repulse has made him more nervous than when he began. He must, however, do something. They are talking much of a Mr. Hyde Villiers, who seems to have made a great impression on the House. He has been four years in Parliament, and never had an opportunity of making himself heard. How excessively disgusting this must be! Mrs. Buller told me to ask papa what he would recommend to a young man who wished to acquire Parliamentary confidence, and what he did to speak so calmly at first. Would he advise any artificial excitement to a very nervous man? Sir James Mackintosh always took opium. I saw a letter from a very acute m n the other day, saying that Lord Althorp was certainly the most rising man in the House, and to whose party a young man ought now to attach himself if he meant to stick by any party at all. . . . I am waiting very patiently for my father's absolute negative about Pomfret to send to Rodes. I wish he would write to thank him and Lord Mexborough for the interest they have taken about me.

Whilst he was attending the lectures at the University came news of the Revolution in Paris.

If you think [he wrote to his father] that the event came coldly to the bookish men you are wont to jeer at, you are much mistaken. Niebuhr interrupted his course, and gave a very eloquent lecture on it. Schlegel said he had expected it all; and the Liberals looked mysterious and said they knew where it would extend to. . . . I am now not without hope of the liberation of Lombardy. To no power is the shock so terrible as to Austria. Every plank of the Imperial throne must quiver. Metternich "must have talked in his sleep" the night he heard of it, but I fear it will take both time and toil to render Austria and even Lombardy fit for freedom.

After leaving Bonn, Milnes joined his family at Milan, where he spent part of the winter with them.

The yoke of the Austrians at this time pressed with special severity upon the Milanese, and there was great dejection in the city in consequence. Arrests were constantly being made, and as they were generally accompanied by the confiscation of the property of the prisoner, they involved the ruin of his family. Among the friends whom Mr. and Mrs. Milnes had made during their stay in Milan, there was hardly a family which had not some member of it in prison. The Austrian officials did their best to conceal the general discontent by the exercise of profuse hospitality, but the invitations to the Governor's balls were never accepted by the Milanese, and their cards offering excuses for their non-attendance were always bordered with black. There is no need to say that Richard Milnes's sympathies were wholly with the Italians in their unhappy position, but both he and the other members of his family were on friendly terms with Austrians as well as Milanese.

From Mrs. Milnes's Journal. 1830.

As Richard wished to go to the Court balls, I had an audience with the Archduchess, the Vice-Regina. Mr. Money, who then acted as our Consul at Milan and Venice, having written giving the particulars of my family and rank, &c., I had an audience in the morning with the Vice-Regina, and only the ladies of honour. She begged me to sit down by her on the sofa, and kept me in conversation very agreeably for two hours. Richard had accompanied me, and during this time was paying his devoirs to the Viceroy-Rainer, brother to the Emperor of Austria. He conversed on literature and politics, and asked Richard a good many questions about Cobbett and O'Connell. Before I left the Vice-Regina she said, "I have a request to make to you.

I hear you have a very charming little girl, and I am particularly anxious to see her. Will you bring her with you to my ball to be given for the marriage of the Queen of Hungary?" I said I had not taken her anywhere, being too young. However, she said so much about it that I answered I could not refuse her Highness, and was highly flattered. The Queen of Hungary was married by proxy, and her beautiful sister, afterwards Queen of Naples, was there, also the King and Queen of Sardinia. Marie Louise (wife of Napoleon) requested to come to the ball, but they shut the gates against her. It was a most splendid and brilliant ball, and the attention of the Vice-Regina was highly gratifying. She is a very handsome woman, with a fine figure, very agreeable and amiable.

Mr. Milnes was at this time in England. His son remained at Milan with his mother and sister. It was the longest sojourn he had yet made in Italy, and he greatly enjoyed the opportunity of becoming intimate with Italian society.

Miss Caroline Milnes, to whom the following letter was addressed, was one of the sisters of Mr. R. P. Milnes. She and two other sisters—Louisa and Jane—never married, and throughout their lives stood almost in the relationship of sisters to their nephew. The affection which existed between them and Richard Milnes was, indeed, remarkable, and deserves special notice here. The eldest of the three ladies was Louisa, who, born in 1791, attained a great age, surviving her nephew, and dying in 1886. The next in order of age was Caroline, who was born in 1792, and died in 1869; whilst the youngest was Jane, born in 1801, who died, a few months before Lord Houghton, in 1885. Miss Jane Milnes always stood in the relationship of an elder sister to

Milnes. To her and her sisters throughout his life he confided all his hopes and his troubles, certain of the sympathy with which they followed him throughout his career. In later years, owing to the delicate health of Miss Caroline Milnes, the three sisters took up their residence at Torquay; but, so long as the infirmities of age permitted them to travel, they regularly spent the autumn and winter at Fryston. Many visitors to Fryston can recall the venerable ladies, whose graceful simplicity of manner only heightened the effect of their intelligence, and lent an additional charm to their store of old-world memories. Miss Louisa Milnes had been in Paris at the same time as her brother, and was an eye-witness of the entrance of Louis XVIII. into the city—an event which far on in the eighties she would describe vividly to those with whom she conversed. She was the first member of the family to abandon Unitarianism. All three sisters were educated far above the average of the women of their time. In his early life they did much to stimulate Milnes's intellectual progress, whilst their affection for him, and his wife and children in after-years, was of such a character that no account of his life would be complete in which it passed unnoticed.

R. M. M. to Miss Caroline Milnes.

Milan, February, 1831.

Dearest Caroline,—I must answer your charming letter, though very briefly and very dully. The first, because the post is just going out; and the second, because you must before this

have seen my dear papa, and he will have told you of all our late goings on. Since he has gone I have had a few balls, where the Germans put my waltzing to shame, which was thought very tolerable in London; and actually scoff at my gallopade, which was thought much above par. Indeed, if I depended upon the resources of society entirely, I should find this place very stupid. The opera, though good in itself, does not please me as a social assembly, as I can never talk at my ease in a box, and as the conversation suggested by the place is always the same, the monotony to me is intolerable.

Pasta is in her full glory, and as I know her a little in private, it adds to my pleasure in her public exhibitions. The people who constitute this society do not go well with taste. There is undoubtedly a good deal of beauty and some affability to strangers, but the Italian women are in general grossly ignorant; and the men—whose only employment is paying their devoirs to the women—if they have anything in them, are afraid to display it. I am reading English with some diligence, and have conceived and written somewhat of a novel; whether it will ever reach its termination, Heaven knows. My heroine is a composition of you and Lady M.—two ingredients rather different, but which amalgamate well. I am sorry at the arrest of O'Connell; not but that he would deserve all the Government could do to him, but I am certain they will not get a jury firm-hearted enough to convict him in the present state of Ireland. It is as much as the life of any man amongst them is worth. Here I only hear echoes and distant reports of English literature. I expect the second volume of Moore's "Byron" with very much interest, not so much for the hero himself, but for the many interesting names associated with him in his sojourn in the South. I hear Theodore Hook's "Maxwell" is good, as everything he writes must be, particularly when he gets into middle life. I met him in London at the Kembles', and thought him most amusing. I was much shocked at Niebuhr's death. The wicked breath of this age is strong to blow out great lamps

The perplexities which surrounded Milnes's own life at this time were very great, and undoubtedly they cast a shadow of despondency over even his bright spirit. Enough has already been revealed to show the reader that his father was not altogether an easy man to get on with. The great ambition which he had on his son's behalf was allied to a strong dislike of the latter's literary tastes. Nor was this all; the family embarrassments were not grave, but they were apparently exaggerated by Mr. Milnes, who, at the very time when he was urging his son to prosecute his political studies and to practise oratory with increased vigour, was warning him that in all probability he would never be able to make such provision as would enable him to enter Parliament. All this was very trying to Milnes, but it is only right to state that he bore, with a sweetness of temper remarkable in one of his impetuous disposition, the continuous thwarting of his wishes which attention to his father's injunctions involved.

In February he received from his college friend Monteith a welcome batch of news from Cambridge.

> Spedding [he said] has just finished his prize declamation, which has been greatly praised on all hands. Alfred Tennyson, calling on Whewell, said, "It quite smells of Spedding." To which the enthusiastic tutor rejoined, "And, my dear sir, a rare good thing to smell of too." Such an encomium has done him a deal of good. Hallam in all likelihood is to have the declamation prize for this year. It was verily splendid to see the poet Wordsworth's face, for he was there, kindle as Hallam proceeded with it. Blakesley has lately fathered a new debating

society, modestly called "The Fifty." It seems in a fair way to drag on a languid existence for a good time; but after all, popular tumult is a great excitement in matters of this kind; and we are, as Yorke says, "so damned gentlemanly" that all spirit seems evaporated. The Union, God pity it, is nearly at death's door. Perhaps the election of O'Brien as president may restore its character a little, but in fact it only exists from its reading-room and library. Have you seen—by-the-bye, you cannot—the review of Tennyson's poems in the *Westminster?* It is really enthusiastic about him, and is very well written on the whole. If we can get him well reviewed in the *Edinburgh*, it will do.

One great pleasure he had during his stay in Italy at this time: it was his visit for the first time to Venice.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Venice, March 25th, 1831.

"Water, water everywhere," and thus no light for picture-seeing. . . . For four days of bright weather I have much enjoyed this great city. Beauty and art and memories are so plentiful that, notwithstanding many discomforts, it seems to me the fittest resting-place for an intellectual and poetical man that my eye has ever rested on; and, if I mistake not, there will not pass any five years of my life without some months on the Grand Canal. To the mere sightseer I can imagine it almost disappointing. Canaletti has prevented any impression of novelty, and the peculiar structure of the town implies a certain monotony. I have been introduced by Count Albrizzi into the four or five *coteries*, the *débris* of Venetian society. The tone of conversation is much higher than at Milan, and there is an appearance at least of hospitality that the Corsia di Serni shows little of. The Moneys have given me a dinner, and are so kind; and then they have with them a great attraction to me in Lady Campbell, who arrived the same day I did from

Rome, as fascinating as ever. . . . I can't make out what you mean by saying that it is essential I should go to Rome just now. It is such a mockery to go to Rome for three weeks; it would be a disgrace to anyone above a cheesemonger or a chancery lawyer in intellect. I *could* not do it. The pain of leaving it would so far exceed any pleasure I could enjoy there that the money and the time would be equally lost. And why I should not go now: first, I could not get there in time for the Holy Week; second, on account of the political disturbances all the public places are shut up. Lady Campbell was not able to see a single statue, and very few pictures, while she was there, the Vatican being hermetically sealed; and as I and the Austrians would enter Rome about the same time, the inconvenience would not be lessened; thirdly, I have not read a line for Rome this winter, and Thirlwall told me I might as well not go there at all if I had not studied it topographically closely before; and, fourthly, I have got no letters to anybody there, and cannot imagine who are the dinner-giving friends I was to meet with according to one of your letters. P. I delight in in his way, but for a sympathetic companion in the Eternal City — ? It will be strange if I do not find sometime, however, a winter to dedicate to Rome and to things of Rome. It may possibly be the next one. If the weather brightens I intend next week to go and see the Roman Amphitheatre at Pola, and if I find it easy, may probably go for a day to Zara to see what a Dalmatian city is like. Returning here, I shall go by Bologna to Florence to Hare and Landor, and thence to Casa Arconati. This part of the road will be quite quiet, as Frimont entered Bologna without a blow. Indeed, these cracker revolutions are of very little interest. People are only anxious about General Zucchi, who will certainly be shot if he is caught—a hard fate for one of Napoleon's favourite generals. . . . Whatever be the fate of the Reform Bill, the Whigs have done a great crime. It is clear as daylight that it cannot pass the Lords, and thus the middle ranks will become at last persuaded that the rejectors of the Bill are their oppressors, and there will be a still further

schism between them and the aristocracy at a time when above all others union is power. You say the measure is not democratic. Perhaps not; but it subverts the anchor principle of our Constitution, recognised by the Whig historian Hallam, that the House of Commons represents the commonalty of Great Britain —that is, *all the community*, from the king to the peasant—and establishes in its stead a democratic principle which can only be balanced by an extension of corrupt influence on the part of the aristocracy, the very thing which the Bill professes to wish to subvert. . . . I should indeed have enjoyed answering Macaulay or R. Grant. I suppose poor Buller dare not speak; his Radicalism and family interests are so fearfully at war with each other. . . . I am amused at your vituperation of my brother essayist, Kerry, and also Spedding, which I am sure is beautiful. He is a regular Utilitarian, opposed to Hare in everything, and a scrupulously chaste writer. He was the best Latin composer of my year. If you had only looked at the *Gem*, you would have seen that I only sent for it because it contained some of Tennyson's finest poetry. Have you read the review of him in the *Westminster?*

The mention in the foregoing letter of the names of Hare and Landor recalls the fact that at that time Julius Hare, Milnes's old tutor at Trinity, was living in Italy in close intimacy with Walter Savage Landor. It was through Hare that Milnes first became acquainted with the older poet, of whom in his "Monographs" he has given us so touching and sympathetic a sketch. But if we may trust the statement he makes in that account of Landor, it was not until 1833 that their acquaintance actually began. At the end of May Milnes returned to England, and proceeded to Cambridge to take his degree. "The public orator," he writes, "made a very pretty Latin speech, presenting me, principally about papa,

whom he traced through Cambridge into the House, &c., &c., and after having said that I was '*et nobilitate et præmiis, omnibus honoribus dignus*,' called me *indole et natu æque ac studio oratori.*"

He spent some weeks in town, hearing the debates in the House, Macaulay being one of the speakers, dancing at Almack's, dining at Lord Barham's to meet an Indian Brahmin, who was making a furore, and had taken an immense fancy to him; in company with Hallam listening to the preaching of Edward Irving, and the first manifestation of "the tongues," and deploring the fact that he had not seen the lion of the season, Don Pedro, who "at Mrs. William Guelph's last hop" (as the Republican called the Queen's ball) was the gayest of the gay, and seemed to forget both his daughter and his throne.

The summer and autumn were devoted to a visit to Ireland, undertaken in the first instance at the suggestion of his college friend Richard Trench. It was the first of many visits paid by him to the sister-island, where in due season he formed not a few of the most warmly cherished friendships of his life, and where even at that time he had not a few good friends. Eliot Warburton, the distinguished and ill-fated author of "The Crescent and the Cross," was one of these, and it was partly for the purpose of seeing him that Milnes made his present journey. In travelling from London to Liverpool he had his first experience of the railway.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Dublin, August 3rd, 1831.

I should have written to thank you for your amusing letter and Harriette's scrap of German from London, but I thought it better to wait till I had surmounted the dangers of the railroad and the passage. The former rather disappointed me. We went quick enough (36 miles in an hour and twenty minutes), but it made you so giddy to look on the ground, and the dust flew so disagreeably in your eyes, that unless one slept all the way, a long steam journey would be anything but pleasant. In one point, however, it is superior to every other kind of travelling—in safety. I cannot conceive a possible accident if you only sit still; for if the boiler was to burst, it could not hurt those in the inside of the carriages. I believe a good many engineers are killed, and this certainly seems rather dangerous. I had a beautiful passage, and was not at all sick—a great wonder for me. This city pleases me. I think it is as handsome as any built of brick can be, and the public buildings are in excellent taste. It is now quite deserted, as the few people I have seen tell me. The Bishop of Kildare asked me to dinner the day I arrived, yesterday; a very agreeable party. I sat by a Lady Campbell, daughter of the Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Madame de Genlis' "Pamela," one of the cleverest creatures I ever saw. Moore has just published her father's life, and I began talking of it without knowing who she was, but luckily very encomiastically, so we got on very well. . . . I go to-morrow to Belfast, where a Cambridge friend of mine of the name of Warburton has been waiting some time for me. He takes me over the northern lions, and then after paying some visits to places where I have got letters to, I go to stay quietly with Trench in Queen's County. O'Brien is in the south at Sir E. O'Brien's, and as he has a tutor with him whom I do not like at all, and a friend I am not particularly fond of, I am in no hurry to join him, especially as Trench offers me to stay quietly with him as long as I please. . . . In the way of politics I

have nothing new, except that everybody says that now that Prussia has declared against Poland there must be war, and we shall be dragged in. There is no doubt that the people are anxious for it, and will bear to be taxed still more for that purpose though for no other. The Duke does not yet give up all hope of thwarting the Bill in the Commons, and nobody now seems to imagine it can pass the Lords, the pledged majority against it being fifty, exclusive of the bishops. It is supposed that Parliament will sit till the Coronation, and then adjourn only for a month or six weeks. I saw a letter from S. Kildenbee, saying that they never left the House except to get a little sleep, and now that they have begun to sit on Saturdays the imprisonment must be intolerable. . . . Papa tells me to give him some account of the debates I heard; what can I tell him? That Lord Althorp was dull, Croker clever, Wetherell coarse, Hunt a bore? Or am I to say at once what everybody says—that the House was never so low as at this moment? There has been some good speaking, and it was cheered, but nobody thought any more about it. Indeed, it is very natural that the faintest joke should be a more grateful relief to the continual tedium than the most eloquent ejaculation. Everybody is disgusted with the insolent injustice which the Ministry have shown in adhering to their capricious decision, especially in Schedule B, when the most unanswerable evidence was given or offered to prove them in the wrong; and except as leading to something else, the mass of the people care very little about the Bill.

Mr. Milnes senior was in favour of Parliamentary Reform, so that on the burning political question of the day there was a distinct difference of opinion between his son and himself. On the other hand, upon questions of foreign affairs, and, above all, upon the subject which was so closely brought to the notice of the family by their stay at Milan—the subjugation of Lombardy to Austrian rule—Milnes, as we have seen, took the broad

side in opposition to his father, who upon these questions was distinctly conservative.

Among the other friends whose acquaintance Milnes made during his stay in Dublin was Sydney, Lady Morgan, author of "The Wild Irish Girl" and other well-known stories. Lady Morgan seems to have taken a great liking to him from the first, and she did her best to make him at home in the literary society of Dublin of that day.

From Dublin, in accordance with his programme, Milnes went to the north, and joined Eliot Warburton for a tour in open cars, which he greatly enjoyed. His pleasure was, however, marred, as that of so many other travellers in Ireland has been, by the importunity of the beggars, who followed him everywhere.

R. M. M. to his Sister.

August 16*th*.

The Giant's Causeway is very marvellous, and would have much interested me if I could have had one quiet, contemplative moment, but the guides stream down on you in actual shoals, and torment you to death by their garrulity and importunity. As it is a wonder of nature only when taken collectively, and requires to be regarded *en masse* and as a whole, you will understand how the interruption of even a human form must be utterly destructive of the general effect. Think, then, of a rabble rout of sightseers, with the eternal prattle and hubbub of picnic parties, *hampered* with veal pies, and blind ancient men with cracked fiddles. We had hoped that by coming by water we should keep the cormorants off, but I was forced to rush back into the boat, leaving the thing half unseen, in an agony of passion. We stayed two days at Glenarm Castle, the famous Lady Antrim's. I learned very much from her husband

of Irish affairs, but as I have laid it down as a rule to believe nothing here implicitly but my own eyes, I shall not transcribe any of it. . . . I hear there is a letter at the post, so I shall stop till I get it, as it may be from you. Well, here is papa's letter, and I have to direct this to Napoli, la bella Napoli! When you get this you have looked at Baiæ, and raised your eyes to Vesuvius. If it is decided that you are not to stay at Naples, then I think your vagrant plan of travelling is much the best. And now, while you are enjoying yourself, will you do something to please me? Will you write a journal and send it me, but upon this system—never say when you left or got to a place, never how far one place is from another, never any date or order, but merely put on paper the impressions of new and external objects? Now besides this, read "Eustace" very attentively, and get papa to explain to you all the classical part of it. Have you also, as you promised me, read all the part of the "Outline of History" that concerns Rome? But first of all, take Corinne with you, and get "Letters from Italy." I fear it is a hopeless task to make papa a regular sightseer, but do make him go and see all the buildings; this is by far more important than pictures or statues. The impression of the beautiful in a building connects the ideas of the pleasure and the place more intimately than any other work of art, which might be easily transferred into another country, can do.

It is not necessary to follow Milnes in his Irish visit further. One of the most interesting places at which he stayed was the Island of Valentia, to which he had received a kind invitation from the Knight of Kerry; whilst amongst the other notable persons whose acquaintance he made during his stay in Ireland was Miss Edgeworth.

I am indebted to Mr. Aubrey De Vere for some reminiscences of Milnes dating as far back as this period, and although they necessarily anticipate the

course of my narrative, it may be well to insert them here :—

My first acquaintance with my old friend Houghton [says Mr. De Vere] was so characteristic of him that I have never forgotten it. It was in 1831, and we were reading aloud the great debate on the Reform Bill, when, about 9 o'clock in the evening, a postchaise drove up. No one was expected, and we went out on the terrace to see who the new arrival could be. A young man, with a jaunty step and very vivacious intelligent face, walked up the steps and asked whether my eldest brother, the late Sir Vere de Vere, was in the house. They both belonged to Trinity College, Cambridge, and were friends. My brother fortunately was with us; they were delighted to meet, and in another half-hour we seemed to have leapt into an intimacy with the young traveller as close as if it had begun years before, so entirely easy and familiar was our guest in all his ways, and so singularly unconventional in his manners. After a little time my father told him that we had been engaged on the debate which at that time absorbed public attention, and proposed that we should resume our reading, to which he replied that nothing could interest him more. He soon, however, had had enough of the speeches, jumped up, lighted a bedchamber candle, and began to coast round and round the room, examining the books with which its walls were lined. Now and then he laughed as a flight of Parliamentary rhetoric reached his ears; but the books excited his attention far more. He took down many of them, perused their title-pages carefully, turned over a few of their leaves hastily, and replaced them. Having run rapidly through the lower shelves, he got a chair and subjected the higher to the same rapid inspection, and once stood at a considerable height from the ground with the candlestick in one hand and a volume in the other, which drew from him louder laughter than he had bestowed on any of the political sallies. When we all retired for the night, he took half a dozen volumes to his room, promising not to read them in bed till daylight returned. The next morning, at breakfast, a question

arose as to whether a particular book was in our library; no one could tell. "Yes, it is," said our newly arrived guest, "it is a small volume on one of the upper shelves. I will get it for you." He vanished, and soon reappeared with the book in his hand. "That was the book which amused me so much; do you remember it? I will read some of it to you; it is one of the cleverest books I know." He then read us passages out of Dean Swift's "Advice to Servants," till reminded that, though the Dean's wit always holds its own, tea sometimes grows cold.

He remained with us a good many days, though when he left us they seemed too few. We showed him whatever of interest our neighbourhood boasts, and he more than repaid us by the charm of his conversation, his lively descriptions of foreign ways, his good-humour, his manifold accomplishments, and the extraordinary range of his information, both as regards books and men. He could hardly have then been more than two-and-twenty, and yet he was already well acquainted with the languages and literatures of many different countries, and not a few of their most distinguished men, living or recently dead. I well remember the vivid picture which he drew of Niebuhr's profound grief at the downfall of the restored monarchy in France at the renewal of its Revolution in 1830. He was delivering a series of historical lectures at the time, and Milnes was one of the young men attending the course. One day they had long to wait for their professor; at last the aged historian entered the lecture hall, his form drooping, and his whole aspect grief-stricken. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have no apology to make for detaining you; a calamity has befallen Europe which must undo all the restorative work recently done, and throw back her social and political progress—perhaps for centuries. The Revolution has broken out again."

Milnes was then a Tory, though our cousin, the old Knight of Kerry, himself a Tory, and whom he also visited, thought he must be mistaken when he professed to be one. At a later time another Tory friend said to him, "What a pity that you began with such good principles! If you had but begun with bad ones, you

would have got tired of them, and gone on to better." In 1832 he was opposed to the Reform Bill of that year, as was my father, notwithstanding that he had also regretted as calamitous the long delay in effecting a sound Parliamentary reform.

Milnes was at that time much devoted to German literature, and in sympathy with German philosophy—at least, so far as it stands opposed to that of Locke and his followers. He was ardent in his admiration for both the Schlegels, for Tieck, for Heine and Schiller, but, above all, for Goethe, whose many-sidedness delighted him, and whose minor poems he pronounced to be the perfection of art. Art was what he then seemed most to value in poetry, not reality or the experience of life; the poet, he maintained, often wrote best when he felt least. Among the French poets, he spoke with enthusiasm of Victor Hugo; but I have little doubt that his own mind, like that of Carlyle, was more deeply influenced by the writings of Goethe than by those of any other poet. He would not have agreed with the man who said Goethe was "at once an idolater and an unbeliever, for he worshipped himself, and yet he was too shrewd to believe in himself."

Milnes left behind with us a multitude of pleasant recollections, not only connected with his original conversation and amusing ways, but with many books which he was fond of quoting, and most of which we sent for on his recommendation. One of these was "Guesses at Truth," by Julius and Francis Hare, a work full of fine thoughts and happy suggestions, and one written in a spirit both scholarly and elevated. Through him we became well acquainted with the refined and classical poetry of Landor, and with those imaginary conversations which take, perhaps, the highest rank in prose poetry, characterised, as they are, by a style at once so masterly and so various, by thoughts so deep, and by an eloquence so manly and so true. Through Milnes also we acquired a thorough knowledge of Shelley and Keats, the latter of whom had previously been unknown to us, while the former was known only through a volume of selections; and I became familiar with those noble works by Kenelm Digby, "The Broad Stone of Honour" and "Mores Catholici,"

in which what was best in the Middle Ages is so vividly mirrored, and to which I have ever felt myself much indebted for the light which they cast on religious history and philosophy.

We had previously seen nothing of Alfred Tennyson's poetry, though we had often heard him spoken of by my eldest brother, who was one of his Cambridge friends; but Milnes's portmanteau, amongst the many books with which it was crammed, had found room for a slender periodical—called, I think, *The Englishman*—containing Arthur Hallam's fearlessly appreciative critique on the first volume that bore on its title-page a name destined to become so widely known and gratefully honoured. We were soon on very intimate terms with Oriana, Mariana, Haroun al Raschid, the Persian Girl, and much good company besides, who for years afterwards accompanied us in our boatings and woodland rambles. That magazine included an exquisite sonnet of Tennyson's, not now accessible, beginning "Check every outbreak," and among his other poems recited to us by Milnes was a grand sonnet on Cambridge, which, from its theme, challenges yet greater interest in the present day than when it was written. We asked in vain for a copy of it; my sister took up her pen, and, screened by a pile of books, wrote out the whole of it from memory with perfect correctness. Quite recently that copy was found and sent to me. Milnes used to speak with a special affection of his sister, but in his own quaint way, "I don't resent her being beautiful when I am plain, but it is really too bad that she should also be taller than I am."

I don't affect to draw a complete portrait of an early and always faithful friend; I don't go beyond detached impressions. What, as I always thought, had the strongest hold on Houghton was poetry, and especially that gleam which it throws on the grace and gladness of youth; the inevitable departure of youth was, I think, felt by him to be the one great woe of humanity. He sang its dirge in an early poem, "The Flight of Youth."

The highlands of life were not what interested him much; its mountains cast their shadows too far, and drew down too many clouds; he was better pleased to

Recognise that idyll scene
Where all mild creatures without awe
Amid field flowers and pastures green
Fulfilled their being's gentle law.

He had not, as it seemed to me, much of solid ambition, nor did he value social distinction as much as intellectual excitement and ceaseless novelty. He played with the world, even after the plaything had become a tiresome one; but he was never seriously a man of the world. His affections were much stronger than they were supposed to be, especially those connected with domestic ties or with early recollections; he never forgot an old friend, and was always anxious to be of practical help to those who stood in need of aid, or who were unjustly assailed. It was thus that when Augustus Stafford, though a man singularly and deservedly popular, found himself for a time severely assailed in connection with some alleged interference with votes on the part of officials in the Admiralty, his old friend was at once at his side, the stoutest to fight his cause, when some of his own political party looked coldly upon him.

Milnes told me in his later life that in his earlier days he would almost certainly have become a Catholic but for the sudden uprising of a Catholic school in the Church of England. But I should have thought it more likely that his feelings on this subject had been those expressed in a profoundly touching poem, written at Rome in 1834, beginning "To search for lore in spacious libraries." *

* The following is the closing stanza of the poem to which Mr. De Vere refers:—

"Thou to whom the wearisome disease
Of past and present is an alien thing,
Thou pure existence, whose severe decrees
Forbid a living man his soul to bring
Into a timeless Eden of sweet ease,
Clear-eyed, clear-hearted—lay Thy loving wing
In death upon me, if that way alone
Thy great Creation-thought Thou wilt to me make known."

Houghton was, I think, a man wholly without resentments and free from all touch of envy or jealousy, while, on the other hand, he had an ardent faculty of admiration. His wit had no sting in it; it hurt nobody, and he was not easily hurt himself. He had a great relish for amusement, and a benevolent desire to amuse others, not much caring whether the laugh which his jest had raised went with him or was at his own expense. When he was still a young man, the Queen gave a masked ball at Buckingham Palace, and he had, as was said, expressed his intention of going to it in the character of old Chaucer. Wordsworth, as Poet Laureate, had received an invitation to it, though not wholly pleased at having to begin his attendance on such revels at seventy-five years of age. The patriarch of English poetry, when told of the young poet's intention, exclaimed, "If Richard Milnes goes to the Queen's ball in the character of Chaucer, it only remains for me to go to it in that of Richard Milnes." If the repartee reached the ears of Milnes, no one, I am sure, enjoyed it more or repeated it oftener.

Some time or other the world will discover, with much pleasure and surprise, what a true poet there lived in a man whom it regarded chiefly as a pleasant companion with odd ways and manifold accomplishments. It did him injustice in this respect; he would have been more known as a poet if he had always lived in a cell under the old oaks of Fryston. Men fancied that one so amusing could have no right to possess the poetic gift in addition, and many did not take the trouble to ascertain whether he actually possessed it or not. His poetry did not assert itself; it had a modesty about it which the poet himself did not claim. It shunned the sensational, and the refinement which so marks it presented probably the greatest obstacle to its popularity. Though rich in fancy, it is grave-hearted, and in an unusual degree thoughtful; it is full of pathos, and that pathos often rests gently, like Wordsworth's "lenient cloud," on scenes and incidents not only of modern but of conventional life. A more ample appreciation will one day be given to such poems as "When lying upon the scales of

fate," "The words that tremble on your lips," "She had left all on earth for him," "I had a home," "Beneath an Indian palm a girl," in which so much of tender feeling is united with exquisite grace of expression; though it is probable that Houghton's earlier friends, of whom he probably lost none, except through death, will, from old associations, recur more often to the poems of his youth, such as he read to us in this house. Among the best of them were those entitled "Rapture," "Shadows," "All fair things have soft approaches," "My Youthful Letters," and "The Men of Old."

Curragh Chase, Nov. 4, 1889.

As I have said, Mr. de Vere's tribute to the memory of his friend anticipates the course of this biography, but his estimate of a complex character too little understood will be of service to the reader as he follows my narrative. Mr. de Vere's description of Milnes is full of the regretful tenderness of friendship, but it is not the less accurate on that account, and it presents a vivid picture of the brilliant youth of the man of whom he speaks.

Writing to his mother, October 12th, in anticipation of his rejoining his family in Italy, he says—

I shall really be very glad to get to my books, having seen enough of people and spent enough of money this summer for a year at least. However, I have seen more of Ireland and Irishmen, I think, than most would have done in the same time; and so leave it with a most vivid impression of its beauty, artfulness, and power, and as gloomy anticipations of its destiny. . . . You can have no idea of the immense gulf in society that separates the Protestant and Catholic gentry. I think this is the first Catholic family I have been in [the Knight of Kerry's], and Lady K. is a Protestant.

After spending a few weeks in town, Milnes started for Italy to join his family at Rome, where they were now residing. Letters already given show that he felt a certain degree of reluctance as to visiting Rome. It seemed as though he regarded the Eternal City as being something too formidable and too sacred to be lightly approached. He had warned his sister of the necessity of making full literary preparation before she entered it, and this necessity weighed still more heavily upon himself. His wish had been that his father should remain at Naples for the winter—for Naples had undoubtedly greater attractions for the young man than Rome itself—but this wish was not gratified, and in December he started from London for Rome by way of Paris and Marseilles. Before leaving London he had seen a good deal of the poet Thomas Campbell, who had long been an acquaintance of his father's; and it is interesting to observe, as one of the links "which knit the generations each with each," that Campbell was indebted at this time to Milnes for a letter of introduction to Tennyson.

*R. M. M. to his Grandmother.**

Rome, January 14*th*, 1832.

DEAREST GRANDMAMA,—I find to my horror that a short letter written to you directly after my setting foot in the Eternal City has, by some domestic forgetfulness, been reposing in the blotting-book instead of passing the Alps. It was merely to announce my arrival, so I prefer writing you rather a longer one, though the post is going out in a quarter of

* Mrs. R. S. Milnes.

an hour. I cannot say I am quite well, but am still suffering something from the long shaking of my journey. The voyage after Genoa was still worse, and I think I caught a little touch of malaria in coming over the marshes at night from Civita Vecchia. The doctor here tells me that I shall not be quite well for eight or ten days, and must live very low while I remain at Rome. You may suppose that thus I have as yet seen very little—just run over a few things. St. Peter's nearly knocked me down, the Vatican blinded me with its multitude of treasures, and the Coliseum has a glory of ruin which must be grander than its first perfection. My father, on the contrary, seems much disappointed at not finding more of old Rome, and is content with nothing but the aqueducts, which he thinks stupendous. He speaks with the most shocking disrespect of the Forum, and with absolute contempt of half the temples, and declares that everybody else would do the same if they dared. The weather out of doors is most delicious, but notwithstanding the roses and oranges, it is nearly as cold in the house as in England, and I am very profligate of wood, though a full sun is shining from a cloudless sky. There was a slight shock of earthquake felt here yesterday, but we are too high to feel it. You may suppose I think myself very lucky that Mr. Spencer is to preach to-morrow for the first time. There is great interest excited about it. I found my father pretty well, but evidently not quite recovered from a violent attack of illness he had at Naples; Harriette not looking very well; and my mother much the same as usual.

The stay of Milnes in Rome during this winter was memorable in his life, because of the friendships which he was enabled to form among the English residents in the city. Cardinal Weld was at that time at the head of the British Catholics in Rome. He was, as we are told in the "Monographs," "an English country gentleman of the simplest manners, whose delight it

was to show hospitality to his fellow-countrymen who visited Rome." Cardinal Weld had long known Mr. Milnes senior, and when Richard arrived in Rome he lost no time in doing all in his power to make the young man's stay there agreeable to him. One of the first persons to whom he gave him an introduction was Dr. Wiseman, subsequently the famous Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. With Wiseman Milnes formed a warm and lasting friendship. Wiseman was then at the head of the English College, and among the students under his care was a young relative of his own, Charles MacCarthy, to whom also Milnes was strongly attracted, and with whom he formed one of the great friendships of his life.

MacCarthy was at that time preparing to take orders in the Catholic priesthood. He was, however, one of those young members of the Church of Rome who fell under the influence of the Abbé de Lamennais, and he was also an early friend of Count de Montalembert, subsequently famous in French history. The influence of De Lamennais was great over MacCarthy, and it led, in the end, to his withdrawal from his theological studies. Milnes, who took the deepest interest in MacCarthy, urged Dr. Wiseman to acquiesce in his change of profession, and, when the latter did so, he exerted himself to procure for MacCarthy a place in the public service. Thanks to Milnes and his friends, MacCarthy obtained an appointment under the Colonial Office. In his new career he attained distinction, and became eventually Governor of Ceylon.

Dr. Cullen was also then resident in Rome, as rector of the Irish college; as was Bishop McHale, who later became Archbishop of Tuam. With Dr. McHale Milnes travelled in Italy for some time. Thus he had exceptional opportunities during this winter for making the acquaintance of men of ability and distinction, and, as usual, he did not fail to make the best of these opportunities. Through M. Rio, "the graceful and pious historian of Christian art," he became acquainted with Montalembert and Lamennais, as well as with many other members of the French colony in Rome. The distinguished family of the Chevalier Bunsen were then in Rome, and with them he at once became on friendly terms. The friendship was maintained throughout his life. It followed that the months he spent in the city, in the beginning of 1832, were full of intellectual enjoyment and activity, and bore fruit in friendships which distinctly influenced his later years.

His desire to see Naples was not diminished, however, even by the attractions of Rome, and in May, when the family returned to their permanent quarters in Milan, he went southwards to make himself acquainted with Naples and Pompeii. Rio and Montalembert were his companions on the journey, and with them he saw much of the social life of the place, climbed Vesuvius whilst it was in a state of eruption, walked the streets of Pompeii, finding them to be "much what he had expected, though of greater extent," and made the acquaintance of Count Platen, the German poet.

His college friend, Christopher Wordsworth, came to Naples whilst he was there, and the two young men discussed a project of which both had long been thinking. This was a tour in Greece, at that time a much more formidable enterprise than it is at present. Wordsworth was determined to go, and Milnes resolved to accompany him, provided his father would give his consent. On leaving Naples he returned to Rome, whence he addressed his father on the subject.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Rome, June 21st, 1832.

I left the city of clamour four days ago, and am just arrived in this great cloister. The contrast is immensely imposing; you seem to have left a living city for the ghost of one. The Monte Casino road, by which I came, is a good deal of it very interesting, and is in every respect preferable to the other.

The convent of Monte Casino rather disappointed me, and the gratitude I felt for the sumptuous dinner I got hardly overpowered my anger at the practical perjury of the poverty-swearing monks. I never saw anything comparable to the fertility of the valley on entering these States, but the mountains are generally bleak and dull. Caserte I thought a bad imitation of Versailles, and not worth the detour. I am here, in the V. Belsiana, with Wordsworth, who goes to Greece early in July. Now I daresay you have anticipated the very natural desire I have of accompanying him, as so many advantages both of pleasure and instruction would be united to my anxiety to see that country. The party, besides him, are Gray, son of the Bishop of Bristol, and two German *literati*, so that, in fact, I should be learning every step I took. But, my dear father, notwithstanding the general disfranchisement of the rights of paternity throughout the world, I recognise yours far too well, and not only yours but those of my

mother and Harriette, to adopt a plan, however pregnant with delight, which would separate me from you all for three or four months and put you to some little expense you can so ill afford, without not only the consent, but the full approval of all of you individually. The money part is perhaps the least important, as the expense cannot exceed £150 at the very most, and Wordsworth expects to do it for half that sum, especially as those Germans share the poverty as well as the huge learning of their class. But whether you will consent to give up any projects you had for my employment this autumn, and whether my mother or Harriette, of whom I feel so strongly that I am bound by every sacred duty to be the sole companion, will approve of my absence, is another question. Write me word by return of post everything you wish, and I hope I shall be able to make the sacrifice cheerfully if required. I like Wordsworth better every day. He is "by himself alone;" I have never seen anybody like him. You said something in one of your last about my standing for Pontefract, if you had the money. Even were that the case, I hardly think you could wish me to come forward this next dissolution. Independently of the improbability of success to a candidate avowing, as I should feel it my first duty to do, my earnest belief that the Bill is the curse and degradation of the nation, and that every effort of mine would be exerted to neutralise its effects (for even the base Pontefract electors must now be roused to some political thought), what possible good to myself or others could I effect in the factious and heterogeneous assembly which will soon be got together? What could my boyhood do against the passion of the nation, even were it tenfold what it is, but meet with repulse and scorn?

His father was not insensible to the appeal addressed to him, and gave his free consent to his visit to Greece.

The party [he wrote to his father, acknowledging this consent] consists of Wordsworth, his friend Robertson, the two Germans, and two English persons I just know to speak to.

We leave Rome the day after to-morrow, and hope to be at Corfu in a fortnight. . . . I have spent two happy days with Bunsen, and one with the Cheneys at Frascati; the latter I did not like much at Rome, but they have something to balance their fine-gentlemanism. . . . I breakfasted with Monsignor Spada the other day. He was very civil. I think he has not yet finished Harriette's drawing; nor has Severne done his duty, but he has been so busy with Mrs. Severne, who has given him another daughter, that he ought to be excused; besides, he expects to be at Milan in six weeks, and will bring her a picture of Keats. Weld gave me a dinner to meet Mezzofanti, whom I got on with charmingly. I found him very neatly read, but perhaps only conversationally. The Cardinal has done a beautiful drawing for mamma. He says, "It is not much, but he does not think she will find another Cardinal to do it better, or, perhaps, as well." I shall send it, with some autographs for Harriette, by somebody who is going straight to Milan. Tell my mother I will pay all attention to her little-great advice, and have got all the medicines she recommended, castor-oil and quinine into the bargain. The latter is the great thing. The new Cardinals' names are all over the town, surrounded with bay. There was a talk of making Wiseman one, but the Italians objected.

CHAPTER IV.

GREECE AND POETRY.

Tour in Greece with Wordsworth—Winter in Venice—Family Affairs—Illness at Florence—Walter Savage Landor—Death of Arthur Hallam—Letter from Alfred Tennyson—Publication of First Book—A Carnival in Rome—Return of the Family to England—Wiseman—Connop Thirlwall.

THE tour in Greece which Milnes took between July and November, 1832, has found its record in his first independent literary venture, the volume of "Memorials, chiefly Poetical," in which the young man described his impressions on visiting scenes, the interest of which to the cultivated mind can never fail. It is not necessary in this story of his life to follow him throughout his tour. Travelling in Greece in the year 1832 was hardly a holiday enterprise, and Milnes and his companion, Wordsworth, had to rough it frequently, and for many weeks at a stretch, during the course of their journey. The unsettled state of the country, and the hardships through which the travellers passed, will, however, be gathered from one or two of the letters addressed by Milnes to members of his family whilst he was in Greece.

The party set out on July 7th, travelled by way of Naples and Otranto to Corfu, thence to Zante, Arta,

Larissa, Pharsala, and Thermopylæ, and then to Athens, which place they reached on October 13th. After spending a week there, Milnes returned by Ithaca to Corfu, and, landing at Ancona, spent fourteen days in the lazaretto, Venice being reached at the close of the tour, on December 21st.

R. M. M. to Miss Caroline Milnes.

Zante, August 25th, 1832.

My dear Friend Caroline,—When I set off from Italy, I expected by this time to have been able at last to send you an Athenian letter, but my party has been detained in these pleasant Ionian Islands so long, for agreeable and disagreeable reasons, that we are hardly yet set out fairly on our tour. This delay, however, has had its advantages, for had we set out earlier from the Continent, we should have arrived in Greece at the most unhealthy part of the year, and very probably instead of writing to you I might be sharing the grave of Leonidas or Epaminondas. The political state of the Morea is at this moment the most terrible. I have the hills of its coast in clear view from the window where I am writing, but I suppose you might as well put a pistol to your head as attempt to walk five miles into the country. The whole is in the hands of certain predatory chieftains, who have armed the population for their own purposes; and now these peasant armies, after having done nothing since Capo d'Istria's death but rob and murder one another, are driven by actual starvation to every possible mode of pillage and outrage. When we were at Ithaca last week, above 300 people of the better class at Missolonghi arrived with the property they had saved, the town having been sacked two nights before by one of these chieftains whom the municipality had offended; and an officer, not many days since, was robbed of everything by the Coastguard of the Gulf of Lepanto, who said their own Government had paid them nothing for nine months, and they must

live. . . . In the meantime, nothing is left for us but to go hence straight by sea to Athens, or to come down upon it through the happy and secure provinces which rest under the paternal authority of the Turks. This will, I think, be our course, for we shall not only see something of Mohammedanism and its influences in perfect security and with every advantage (for General Woodford, of Corfu, has given us letters and diplomas in abundance), but we shall take Tempe, Thermopylæ, and Thebes, in our way, three as interesting places as can well begin with the same letter. The pleasure I have derived from our tour in these Islands has been so much greater as it was quite unanticipated. It may be that most of our military men are so plagued by a long confinement in these countries, but they certainly never speak of them in a way to prepare us for anything like what we find. The first effect of Corfu is quite marvellous. I came upon the town after a beautiful ride across the country from the opposite shore on the evening of a *festa*. The Englishism and the Orientalism would under the circumstances have been each of them striking, but both of them combined were astonishing. The old red coat and the new Albanian costume, the old English and new Greek faces, the familiar language clashing with one never heard before, were all wonders; and above all, a scenery for splendour of colouring and sublimity of outline perhaps unsurpassed in the world. What took me principally was its complete difference from Italian scenery; you felt you were going to distant places "nearer to the sun." A whole fortnight has been spent, half of it at least in being becalmed or detained by contrary winds, between Corfu and this pretty place, called from time immemorial the Flower of the Levant. I could, however, have well stayed something longer at Ithaca, after having examined which Homer's Odyssey is a different book to you from what it can have been before. I hope, indeed, by the means of this town to revive to something of a more vigorous life the classical pursuits I have lately much neglected, and not to lose utterly the fruits of a very painful boyhood.

The party had the usual experiences of travellers who are thrown together without much previous knowledge of each other, and in a letter of the same date as the foregoing, Milnes congratulates himself upon the fact that by getting rid of one of their German companions, who had made himself immensely disagreeable, the pleasure of himself and the rest of the little company had been greatly enhanced. One result of his wanderings through that part of Greece which was then in the hands of Turkey, was to inspire Milnes with an affection for the Turkish character which he never entirely lost, and which enabled him in very different days, then far distant, to understand the political exigencies of the East better than many politicians of more pretentious character and fame. Certainly in those days that part of Greece where Turkish rule prevailed presented a pleasant contrast to the provinces which were independent of the rule of the Pashas. Yet the reader must not suppose that this sympathy with the Mussulman character prevented Milnes from sharing to the fullest extent in the aspirations of the Greeks after national life and freedom. In those troubled days of Greek independence during which he first became acquainted with the country itself, whatever might be his tolerant regard for the Turk, his appreciation of his undoubted virtues and his leniency towards his faults, he never wavered in his attachment to the side of freedom and of Christianity.

R. M. M. to Miss Jane Milnes.

Athens, Oct. 10, 1832.

My dearest Jane,—I don't know when I have written to you, it is so long ago. In beginning a letter to *you*, this great place and all its associations goes away, and I am what and where I was when I passed many a long night in writing what was nonsense to you but happiness to me, and I am obliged to look *very* hard at the great temple of the Parthenon with its huge broken portico up there on the citadel, and to think that I have been six weeks without a bed to sleep in or a table to dine upon, before I can bring myself back to things as they are, and believe that I am about to despatch to you an Athenian letter. Now this said letter must be as much about myself and nothing else as the conversation of the W—— T——'s about the other T——'s, and this for very good reasons. It is near two months since I have seen a newspaper, and as yet I have heard nothing here of how the old world goes on, and I have just received the agreeable intelligence that the gentleman to whose care all my letters were addressed has been for the last six months at Napoli di Romania, and has most probably got them all safe there. From our particular family circumstances this is most vexing; but I hope to get them in ten days or so. I will not, however, wait so long to write to grandmamma through you, and to tell her I am just as fond of her, and think as much about her in Greece as in Rome, in Rome as in England, and earnestly hope to find good accounts of her health and goings on in the first English epistle I lay my hands on. I wrote a murder-and-robbery kind of letter from Zante—which, however, was literally true, and I am sorry to say that things at this moment are rather worse than better. . . . There is literally no government whatever, so the wonder rather is that things are not in a still more desperate state than they are. . . . The roads in every direction are insecure, and travelling very difficult; but it is the opinion of all the National people that it will last but a short time.

One of the Provisional Government here, a merely nominal

thing, told me that the Greeks in this respect are unlike every other nation. The moment they feel themselves under a constitutionally appointed Government that understand them, they will lay down their arms and become absolutely quiet, as happened at the accession of Capo d'Istria. General Church, and indeed everybody worth listening to, says the same thing. . . . Of what I have seen, if Greece and its associations have absorbed most of the interest, Turkey and the Turks have contributed not a little to the amusement. The step that transfers you from a Christian to a Mohammedan land is wider than perhaps any other in the world. You are with people who seem to be guided by none of the motives of action which are commonly attributed to men. There they sit on their broad sofas the whole day long, never working, reading, or seeming to think, with an immense train of motley attendants standing at the end of the room, always ready to renew the pipe and coffee at the instant, with in fact no apparent occupation except the string of beads like a rosary which everyone carries in his hand for something to play with, passing the beads up and down. Their power of patience and subdual of the general passions of mankind is most wonderful; for instance, they do not entertain the slightest rancour against the Greeks for having shaken off their yoke, nor spite against those who assisted them to do it. In fact, they are now on excellent terms with the Greeks. They are most civil when you call upon them, but with few exceptions the effect is always the same. Some of the highest classes are imitating European manners with a ludicrous zeal, sitting perched cross-legged on hard chairs, and pretending to find them very comfortable, and drinking tea in the middle of the day. I can hardly say whether the impression you receive in this country of objects you have read about is as great as you expect. It is in general so very different that you can scarcely measure the two. Thermopylæ certainly surpassed all anticipation, and Negropont exceeds in natural beauty everything I have ever seen; and for Athens, even if it were not Athens, there are some points of view like nothing else in the world. The whole modern town, which is

described by Clark and others as pretty and flourishing, is now one mass of ruins, the Turks having pulled down every house. One street only is rebuilt, for the market, and the rest of the inhabitants have patched up a house here and there as well as they can. Above this desolation rise about half a dozen of ugly-shaped white and painted Italian kind of "palazzos" belonging to Consuls and other European residents, making a disgusting contrast to the few unparagoned edifices that time and the Turks have spared of the old city. Your view is thus doubly distracted from what ought to be its sole object, and it is only by taking refuge on the side of the citadel away from the town that you can limit it to the glorious remains. The Parthenon is far more a ruin than I believed. The last seven years of civil war have terribly advanced the injury the Venetians began long ago, and the chasm is not only so great between the two ends of the temple that the eye hardly takes them in as one building, but the columns themselves have been so chipped and shattered by balls and bombs that the solemn effect of their immense circumference and height is sadly diminished. It is quite painful to read the descriptions of earlier travels and feel how much you have lost.

The perfectness of the other monuments, however, is a great compensation, and their very fewness makes it the more wonderful that so many others should have gone down into the dust without a trace, and these selected ones still standing very nearly the same as when they were gazed at by old Athenian eyes. . . . There is no doubt that if a firm Government is ever established in Greece, Athens alone can be selected as the capital. Supposing this to take place soon, it will require but little money and trouble to rebuild the city, and, in a few years after, we may expect to see the city of Solon degraded into the condition of the city of Cicero, and as many silly and useless gazers on the hill of Minerva as on the Roman Capitol. Now, the solitude of the present goes well with the solitude of the past, and what little society there is, is of a very pleasant character. It is nearly confined to the families of the American Episcopalian missionaries, who

are doing worlds of good. They have schools of every kind, and for every purpose, and are assisted in all ways by the Greek Church, with which they are on the best terms, as they attempt to make no converts, but merely ask for an unlimited distribution of the text of the Bible, which it is quite willing to sanction. They do and give everything gratis, and have a printing press, whence they circulate everything they think will be useful. Their wives generally assist in the good work, which must in the common course of things meet with a just success. I was much amused at the children singing one of Watts's hymns in Greek, to the tune of "God save the King."

Deeply interested as Milnes was in the classical memories evoked by his tour, he was still more deeply absorbed in the spectacle which Greece at that moment presented, as it was emerging from its struggle with the Turks, and the old and new forces were confronting each other for the last time. The picturesque side of the rule of the Pashas had, as has been told, many attractions for him, and he bewailed the fact that their contact with the new civilisation was leading the Mussulmans to adopt European customs and costumes, to abandon the turban in favour of the tarbusch, and to introduce knives and forks at the dinners at which they entertained the passing stranger. And whilst he was thus strongly interested in watching the receding waves of the Ottoman invasion as they withdrew from the territory which they had so long submerged, so, with his quick mind and wide-spreading sympathies, he was also intensely interested in observing the first attempts of Modern Greece to form a constitutional government.

I have seen just enough of Greece [he wrote to his mother

from Athens] to make me wish to see more. I have learned enough to feel that every day I spend here brings with it its own profit. The rough travelling, though amusing for two or three days, is rather boring in the long run, but one is driven to think a good deal in self-defence.

The most noticeable incident of his return journey was his detention for a fortnight in the lazaretto at Ancona, a tedious imprisonment, which would, however, have been still further prolonged had it not been for the good offices of Cardinal Weld and other friends in Rome, through whom his liberation at an unexpectedly early date was procured.

Mr. Milnes was at this time in England. His wife and daughter had left Milan in October, for Venice, where they took up their abode in a small house which they had hired for the winter. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Venetians to the English visitors, who thus made the city their head-quarters for a prolonged sojourn.

We had seven houses [says Mrs. Milnes in her journal] open to us whenever we chose to go out of an evening for society. At the *Comtesse* Albrizzi's we met all the *literati;* she and the *Comtesse* Benzone had been in their day the great beauties of Venice, and always rivals. Madame Benzone, however, never pretended to literature, in which the *Comtesse* Albrizzi freely shone. Lord Byron had frequented these houses more than any others in Venice, and it was at the Benzones' that he first met Madame Guiccioli.

Mrs. Milnes gives a lively account of the social life of Venice during this winter; of the gambling which went on among all classes; of the amusements by

means of which the Venetians strove to drive out of their minds the recollection of their subjection to the hated Austrians ; of the Opera ; of Thalberg, who made his first appearance as a pianist during the season ; and of the *soirées*, where music, dancing, and love-making, made the hours pass pleasantly. It was into this bright and congenial atmosphere that Richard Milnes plunged immediately on his return from Greece at Christmas, and it is not to be wondered at that one so full of social sympathies and possessed of so many social gifts should at once have become a popular figure in the society of Venice. His success in theatrical performances has already been noticed, in the account of his life at Cambridge. Such performances were not much in the way of the Venetians, but it may be noted in passing that his singing of the *buffo* songs, which were at that time so much in vogue in Italy, delighted them, and gained for him more than a passing fame.

His sister, too, shared his popularity with the Venetians, upon whom her gift in singing made a deep impression. Mrs. Milnes, in her journal, mentions one incident of a dramatic character in connection with the appearance of her daughter at a large party. Miss Milnes was singing amid the dead silence of the company, her mother accompanying her. Suddenly the latter observed the guests rise in great agitation and point to the wall immediately above the spot where Miss Milnes was standing. The latter looked also, and saw a large scorpion crawling down towards her. She immediately seized it in her pocket-handkerchief, carried

it to the window and set it at liberty, amidst the screams of the Italians, who declared that none but an English girl could have done such a thing.

Amid the gaieties of the season at Venice and the enjoyments of the many hospitalities showered upon himself and his mother and sister, Richard Milnes had much at this time to cause him trouble and anxiety. The affairs of Rodes Milnes were now at their lowest ebb. Everybody liked him, and few liked him better than did his nephew. Richard Milnes and his uncle were, indeed, upon terms of intimacy somewhat peculiar considering their relationship. The younger man never spoke of the other except as "Rodes," and his manner of addressing him in his letters, "Dear Rodes," was in itself proof of the perfect equality which prevailed between them, despite the disparity in their ages. Universally popular as Rodes Milnes was, he might still have been left to come to utter ruin had it not been for the high and chivalrous sense of honour which inspired his brother.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Venice, December 24th.

My dear Father,—I have just read over for the third time all your letters, and when I think of the fearful things you have undergone I am almost unable to put pen to paper. The immediate effect of all our misfortunes upon you is so overpowering that the misfortunes themselves seem nothing in comparison, and if it were not that in your last letter there is something less painful, I don't know whether I could have dared sit down to this one. I see everything that is dark and desperate in our affairs, yet I believe I could face it all calmly enough; but to

follow you from your raised hopes to the misery you have suffered, brings life home to me with a depth of bitterness I never yet knew. In your noble conduct to poor Rodes, and the involuntary respect which even the world is obliged to pay you in your depression, I find the only source of consolation. I *hope* nothing, and I believe you do not either; and to be striving on even against hope is a blessed thing; but do not, pray do not, load yourself with the capricious pain of believing that these sorrows have a retributive meaning. . . . As soon as you safely can, come to us (neither my feelings nor yours would bid us come to you), and let us pass the next years of our existence unknowing and unknown, making our very poverty a source of our intellectual well-being through keeping us out of the noise and calls of general society. You cannot suppose that I am now in any mood to entertain you with a tale of my Grecian tour; it is as much as I can do if I get through a few leading and late facts. . . . I see that it would be perfectly impossible to go out nowhere here; the only thing is to limit it as much as possible. I shall amuse myself by throwing my tour into a legible form for you, and if it pleases me, for the world. . . . If you ever regret that our own sad fortunes put off to an infinite distance all your Parliamentary projects for me, it is some consolation to remember that in the present state of the political world, with my political feelings, even with a hundredfold my ability, my career could never be anything but one of ambitious pleasure. There is disgrace on the very threshold to come in as a nominee of the Duke of Newcastle (which I was really vexed by seeing you envied Gladstone), or by a contest with Mr. Gully,* who I see is about to take your senatorial seat. This may perhaps seem fox-and-grapish, but I feel it none the less.

This is a sad letter to come from a young man who had begun life with high hopes; but the reader will note

* Mr. Gully, at one time a professional pugilist, and subsequently member for Pomfret. In later years R. M. M. knew Gully well, and had a high respect for him.

the tone of manly fortitude and of tender solicitude for those dear to him which marks the writer's words; and reading this letter—one of many such which might be quoted here did the limits of space permit—he may probably form a truer estimate of the character of Richard Milnes, of the warmth of his affections, the strength of his sense of honour, and the underlying gravity of a mind which, on the surface, often seemed to the outsider to be essentially light and frivolous, than he can otherwise hope to do.

It was about this period also, when family affairs were of so depressing a character, that Milnes passed through one of those spiritual crises which come to most men once at least during the course of their lives, but which, it may be, few would have associated with him. Frequent mention has been made in his letters of his attendance on the sermons of Edward Irving and other preachers of eminence and renown in England. In his earliest days his family had been connected with the Unitarian body; at college a more orthodox and Evangelical form of faith attracted him; but now, through his intimacy with MacCarthy and Wiseman at Rome, he found himself drawn into close sympathy with the more enlightened section of the Roman Catholic Church. It was whilst he was in Greece that Charles MacCarthy, writing to him (Aug. 30th, 1832) said:—

> Mezzofanti, whom I often see, talks always most kindly of you, and is full of hopes that you will return to the bosom of her whom Carlyle calls "the slain mother," but who, I trust, is not

dead, but only sleepeth. I have had two or three most affectionate and magnificent letters from Lamennais, and one from Montalembert. . . . . I am writing some verses on the Pope's blessing, because you said you would write some too, and I want to see whether we shall fall into the same line of thought. . . . . What do you mean by talking about the twilight of your mind? It must surely be the morning, not the evening twilight which you feel. You have bright prospects and happy auguries flitting about your path, and the world before you where to choose. I shall always look back with delight to the few happy hours I have passed in your society. Wiseman, the only man one has to talk to, desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

It was a striking commentary upon MacCarthy's brilliant picture of Milnes's future, that at that very time Milnes himself was writing to his father, lamenting that he could see in no direction clearly before him. With the family fortunes had vanished for the present, and as he believed permanently, the hope of sitting as member for Pontefract, whilst he was too proud to listen to his father's suggestion that, like his friend and contemporary, Mr. Gladstone, he should accept a seat from some great nobleman like the Duke of Newcastle.

Even supposing [he writes] the case of the patronage of a Duke of Newcastle, do you believe that if Gladstone speaks with the tongue of angels he can ever have really any weight in the House or gain any reputation except the unmeaning one that he is the only Tory except Peel that has a word to say? I was not at all sanguine, but still hoped that the ruin of the Conservatives would not come on so immediately.

This refers to the result of the election of January, 1833, by which it seemed to Milnes and others that

something like absolute ruin had fallen upon the landed interest and the Conservative party.

Writing to MacCarthy (Dec. 27th, 1832), Milnes tells him that Hare is at Rome, and sends a letter of introduction to his college friend. At the same time he encloses to him a copy of one of his earliest poems, that which appears in the "Poems of Many Years" under the title of "Life in Death."

C. J. MacCarthy to R. M. M.

Rome, 26 *Dec.*, 1833.

. . . . Since I wrote to you last Wiseman has returned after a prosperous and successful journey; and glad as I was to see him again, I found his exalted spirits and the great interest which he takes in the active affairs of life jar very much with my present disposition. I thank you infinitely for your charming verses. Though I shun anything like comparison, I will send you some of mine, but not by the post, because I have not room in my letters, for all I have to say to you. It was not till Wednesday last that I was able to see Hare. I could not for a long time find out where he lived, and I go out so little that I was not likely to discover him. Wiseman, however, met him somewhere in society, and asked him to call. He came immediately with a Mr. Worsley, who, I think, also knows you. I gave your letter to Hare, and was most graciously received, but as we were only half an hour together, and that in Wiseman's rooms, I could not have much talk with him. I hope we shall know more of one another before long. . . . He has given great delight to Wiseman and great scandal to some other people by preaching a sermon last Sunday in the Protestant Chapel here on the "indecent behaviour of the English in Catholic Churches," which sermon he proposed printing here, but Wiseman, to whom he applied, seemed to think there would be too many difficulties in the way. . . . What an escape you have had

in not being elected for Pomfret! A boxer who has made a fortune by becoming a blackleg would have been a pretty colleague for my philosopher and friend.

During this period of much inward depression, MacCarthy seems to have been the chief confidant and friend of Milnes, and it is evidently in reply to a letter full of self-depreciation that the former writes to Milnes, March 2nd, 1833, as follows :—

I know you too well to think you are fishing for compliments in your depreciation of yourself, and so I will tell you candidly that I consider your judgment of yourself much too hard. I don't by any means believe in that frivolity of mind of which you are pleased to accuse yourself. After all, what could you do in your present situation which you do not do? Your existence and mine are yet *in embryo*. We both of us have our task to work out, and in the meantime let us wait patiently. . . . Your chosen ghostly father feels much too deeply the affectionate confidence which you place in him, and has much too high an opinion of your own judgment and power of directing yourself, to venture on a prescription for any of your mental indispositions. . . As well as I can judge from what I have seen of your fine feelings and ardent affections, I should say that you would end in some great passion, either of love or of generous ambition, which will give you that steadiness of purpose, that concentration of all your powers into one burning point, which is all you want, and for which I think you have all the seeds and elements in your mental constitution.

Early in June, 1833, the stay of Milnes at Venice came to a close. Leaving his mother and sister behind him, he started with two newly made friends, the Comte and Comtesse Circourt, for a tour through Northern Italy, which eventually brought him to Florence

towards the close of the month. Here he was attacked by intermittent fever, and was for a time seriously ill. Disagreeable as the incident was, it was not without its compensations. Through Julius Hare, Milnes had been brought into communication with Walter Savage Landor, who was then resident at Fiesole, and they had frequently corresponded with each other. They had not met, however, before this summer of 1833. No sooner did the old poet learn that the young one was lying ill at an hotel in the place, than he came to his assistance, insisted upon taking him to his own villa, and there nursed him with the almost passionate tenderness and self-devotion which were characteristic of the man in certain moods.

Mr. Landor [writes Milnes to his mother from Fiesole] was kind enough to ask me to come and stay at his beautiful villa as long as I liked, and here I have been a week. I have had two attacks of fever since I am here, and Mrs. Landor was as attentive to me and kind as if I had been at home. But now, as some days have gone by without any signs of recurrence, I really hope that this delicious mountain air and quinine have driven it away altogether. I must not, however, be in any hurry to get away, and as I have my books, and Mr. Landor's delightful conversation, and my whole day to myself, and a carriage at my orders whenever I want to drive out, I don't know how I could be better off except with you. The bother of this fever business has been not only the eight or ten napoleons it has cost me, but the state of mental lassitude into which it threw me, and which I have not yet got over. I have hardly been able to read for five minutes together, much less write anything, not even the most trifling letters.

His letters during the illness betray many signs of

this mental lassitude, and of the accompanying depression of spirits which in the circumstances was natural.

Landor [he writes to his father] is very delightful, though not in high spirits—much less paradoxical than he used to be, and therefore more instructive. He says his visit to England cured him of Radicalism and sent him back a Tory. I see Gladstone has spoken, and it appears gracefully. The "*rédaction*" of my Greek travel goes on slowly, not from inclination on my part, but from the nature of the work, which cannot be thought on too long before it is put to paper, and it is very difficult to avoid a general monotonous effect. Landor approves of some part that I have shown him, and he approves of few things. If you bring any new book from England, let it be Horace Walpole's new Letters. . . . I have hardly bought a book this twelvemonth. I also asked you to bring me the Paris edition of Anastasius; this I have re-read here, so do not get it. If Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" falls in your way, pray read it. For mere power of expression I think it is the most wonderful thing I know. Landor says it is like nothing but the Iliad. . . . . I had intended to stay a week with an Italian family at Perugia, the richest and most intelligent of the Romagna, but the Papal Government have arrested the head of it, probably for his wealth. He is now in the dungeons of Civita Castellana.

When, thanks to the kindness of the Landors, he had recovered from his illness, Milnes went to Switzerland, where he joined his family, to which his father was now added, and spent some time with them at Berne, and on the Swiss lakes. In the autumn he accompanied his father to England by way of the Rhine.

It was during his stay in Switzerland that he received from one of his college friends a welcome budget of home news.

Francis Garden to R. M. M.

Croy, September 24th, 1833.

I did not come here till near the end of July, having stayed up at Cambridge to the meeting of the British Association, then having spent ten days with Trench at Hadleigh, and then ten days more in London. The Association has, of course, no inconsiderable share of humbug, but was nevertheless very interesting. . . . The highest luxury, however, of the whole week was quietly meeting Coleridge both at breakfast and at dinner at your friend Thirlwall's; never in my whole life did I spend such a day. We got rid of the "phantom time" very soon, and had the pleasure of being made to think in Trinity; and, to use a phrase of your own, of being made to "see the invisible and touch the intangible." My ten days with Trench were precious. He is the best man and the best clergyman I ever knew, and his preaching superb, yet plain enough for his auditors. He will do great things if life be granted him. . . . Hallam either is or has been in Germany with his father. He was most absurdly gay last season, a mood and habit so unsuited to his character that I cannot believe the tendency will last long. Alfred Tennyson was here before I came down, and like a rascal would not wait for me. He saw this part of the world in the worst of weather, which was very provoking, especially as he had previously formed a theory that Scotland had no colour—a theory which, however, that particular week may have tended to confirm. It is a most unjust suspicion, as all who have seen the country in fine weather can testify. The Apostles are flourishing in high style. I had the pleasure of begetting one the other day in the person of the younger Lushington (brother to the senior medallist of the year before this). He is a glorious fellow, and I feel great pleasure in thinking that what in all probability has been my last Apostolic act should have been to introduce so excellent an acquisition to our forces. The other new names since you last saw us are Macaulay (cousin to Tom Bab), Morton Merivale,

by way of illustrating the saying, "better late than never," and Spring Rice, the last of whom is the only freshman among us.

In November we get a glimpse of him through a letter from one of his aunts in London, where he is deeply engaged with his publisher, Mr. Moxon, correcting proofs and preparing for the production of his "Impressions of Greece." "I never saw him better," says his aunt, writing to Mrs. Milnes, "and my mother is so delighted to receive him unchanged in heart and temper, not tainted by the corruption of the world."

In common with a wide circle of his college friends, he suffered at this time a grievous sorrow in the death of Arthur Hallam. Although of late years they had seen but little of each other, Milnes's affection for his gifted fellow-student had never failed, and he mourned for him as for a brother. When the "Memorials" of his tour in Greece appeared, it bore a dedication to the father of his friend, Henry Hallam the historian, and in it Milnes bore his own testimony to the worth of the young man, the light of whose life had so soon gone out. "We are deprived," he said, "not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in everything else as he is now in the way of life." There is no need to dwell upon the memory of Arthur Hallam, whose name has, through the genius of another of his contemporaries and friends,

attained a literary immortality. I may mention, however, that the lines in Lord Houghton's "Poems of Many Years," beginning,

> "I am not where I was yesterday,
> Though my home be still the same,
> For I have lost the veriest friend
> Whom ever a friend could name,"

were composed on the occasion of Arthur Hallam's death.

Soon after attending the funeral of his friend, Milnes returned to Italy.

R. M. M. to Miss Caroline Milnes.

Wednesday [*Dec.?*], 1833.

Dear Caroline,—It is decided that I am not to see you all again till next summer. I leave London for Dover to-night, and shall be at Calais to-morrow. If I was to go to Rome at all there was not a day to be lost, and an interview at Hastings would have had so much more of parting than of meeting about it that it is quite as well as it is. . . . I shall leave a parcel for you in Carter's care, containing some German books I found at Fryston, the Italian book which you must get half-bound, and two copies of my *Büchlein*, one for you all, and the other you must send to Mr. Hare by the Brighton coach. You must arrange to sell as many more for me as you can. I have not given a single copy to any of my friends, so nobody can be jealous. . . . You have never told me anything about Rodes,* though I heard he was much worse, so pray write to me, Hotel Bristol, Place Vendôme, Paris. I suppose I shall stay in Paris a week or so.

Milnes wrote to others besides his aunt on the subject of his book, and amongst those whom he addressed was

* Rodes Milnes died abroad in 1837.

Alfred Tennyson, with whom his correspondence seems to have been suspended during the interval since he left Cambridge. From Tennyson he received the following letter:—

Alfred Tennyson to R. M. M.

Dec. 3rd, 1833.

My dear Milnes,—A letter from you was like a message from the land of shadows. It is so long since I have looked upon and conversed with you that I will not deny but that you had withdrawn a little into the twilight. Yet you do me a wrong in supposing that I have forgotten you. I shall not easily forget you, for you have that about you which one remembers with pleasure. I am rejoiced to hear that you intend to present us with your Grecian impressions. Your gay and airy mind must have caught as many colours from the landskip you moved through as a flying soap-bubble—a comparison truly somewhat irreverent, yet I meant it not as such; though I care not if you take it in an evil sense, for is it not owed to you for your three years' silence to me whom you professed to love and to care for? And in the second place, for your expression "cleaning one's mind of Greek thoughts and Greek feelings to make way for something better." It is a sad thing to have a dirty mind full of Greek thoughts and feelings. What an Augean it must have been before the Greek thoughts got there! To have done with this idle banter, I hope that in your book you have given us much glowing description and little mysticism. I know that you can describe richly and vividly. Give orders to Moxon, and he will take care that the volume is conveyed to me.

Believe me, dear Richard,

Ever thine, A. T.

P.S.—Charles and Frederick are neither of them here, so that I am forced to cover their remembrances to you.

The little book had been eagerly expected by Milnes's friends, with whom his reputation stood high, and they

received it with generous appreciation. It is true that Connop Thirlwall, in criticising the volume, rebuked the author for having declared at the outset that the Greece he went to visit was the land of his own imagination rather than that of reality; but even he did full justice to the graceful and poetic fancy with which the slender volume was filled, and to the genuine enthusiasm by which it was inspired.

Rome was very full during that winter of 1833-34, and Milnes found many friends there. Doncaster in the race week he declared was an absolute void to the Eternal City as he then saw it. Its chief attraction for him for the moment lay in the fact that among those residing there for the winter and spring was his friend Stafford O'Brien.

R. M. M. to his Mother.

Rome, Jan. 22nd, 1834.

The exclusives are exclusive in the strictest sense. The Russian Ambassador will see nobody but Tories, and very few of them; and as Kestner is not here, the other ambassadors are not so easy to get to. As yet I have only dined at the Ingrams' and Hares', and been at a ball at Mrs. Hunter Blair's, who has just come into a fortune and got a splendid house. Ladies Northlands, Coventry, and Torlonia give dances next week, and balls will, I suppose, go on thickening to the end of the Carnival, which, it is said, will be very gay, as there are to be masks and moccoletti. My two Scotch friends, Garden and Monteith, whom you heard Mrs. Chambers talk about, are here, and so we have quite a Cambridge coterie. Charles Gambier is very nice, and Mrs. Botham very civil. She is quite among the fine, and delights in giving small, exclusive, stupid parties. There is certainly much beauty. Mrs. Montagu, the Pagets, Maynards,

Percys, another little Miss Claxton, a Miss Shipley I saw in Switzerland, and some Miss Parkers. Lady Coventry seems in pleasant mood, but is getting on very ill, Lady Anglesea refusing to visit her, and having all the great people on her side. People cannot imagine how she will muster for her ball. The Circourts are in great force; Lady Caroline giving up going out entirely, and leading a most cloistered life; Mr. Wingfield much better; the Wandesfords living quite secluded; Cortoni fagged to death with lessons, and his wife dying; Miss Lockhart never stirring out, but Lady L. and "Old Whity" looking very well; the Bunsens and Gerhard just the same, and—I could go on in this way for an hour. MacCarthy is, I am delighted to say, in much better health, leading the life of a monk, never leaving his college walls. He has had a dreadful letter from Montalembert, who is quite broken-hearted at the public censure which the Pope has pronounced on him for having taken the part of the Poles, calling him "juvenem plenum malitiæ et temeritatis." He seems bowed to the dust by it. The Abbé Lamennais has just finished by retracting everything he said, and submitting himself unreservedly to the Pope in everything: "thereby," Cardinal Weld said this morning, "doing himself very great credit."

The Carnival seems to have equalled the anticipations formed respecting it. It was exceptionally good, and Milnes and his friends entered into it with the spirit of their years.

R. M. M. to Miss Caroline Milnes.

Rome, Feb. 28th, 1834.

We have had here what people call a very brilliant Carnival. That is, people pelted one another with sugar and lime most assiduously for five whole days, so that if there had been a ditch by the side of the Corso all the world would have fallen into it, for they were indisputably the blind leading the blind. And there was plenty of masking foolery; for instance, I paid visits and walked about in white muslin and a blue satin toque, &c.,

&c. And there were great ambassadorial balls and suppers, and so on. The tranquillity of the Quaresima is only broken in upon by a rapid musketry of small *soirées*, which we have attempted to enliven by some charades. O'Brien gave his first evening party to a select fifty, last week, with great success. You have doubtless heard of the illness and death of Mr. Hare's brother Augustus. It was one of the most rapid cases of consumption that ever occurred. He was Julius's favourite brother, and Miss Hare's, I think, too. I fear she will have suffered from the shock very seriously. I saw him laid in his narrow bed, in that pleasant place below the old pyramid, which you no doubt visited when you were here. He died in the most beautiful calm of spirit. I wish I had brought some copies of my book here for sale; it would have gone off immensely, as there are absolutely crowds starting for Greece who would have bought, on the expectation of its telling them all the best inns, and the prices of washing, and turkeys *à la* Starke.* I suppose Louisa will be interested about the state of the Church at Rome. If there was nothing against Mr. —— but his immense popularity, it would be enough to prejudice me against him. But really the way in which he steers clear of offence on all sides, establishes him as the prince of religious navigators. . . . I heard one sermon in which he literally "congratulated himself on having so eminent and distinguished an audience," and said he believed "there was no body of Christians on the Continent so exemplary in their religious duties." It was really quite shocking to see the audience retire like the frog in the fable, actually bursting with spiritual pride, and smiling out: "Beautiful sermon!" One of the last converts to Protestant monasticism is no less a person than Lady Conyngham, who has been living here the whole winter, in such absolute seclusion that hardly ten people are aware of her existence. I believe there never was a year when Rome was

* Mrs. Starke, author of a "Guide to Rome," had excited the resentment of the Roman shopkeepers by complaining in her book of the price of turkeys.

so crowded with foreigners as this one. When I arrived no tolerable lodging of any kind was to be had, and the prices at the hotels were much dearer than in St. James's Street. The number of English was then estimated at *five thousand;* now the crowd and the exclusiveness have rather transferred themselves to Naples, but will, I suppose, return in a great measure for the Holy Week. We have quite a Cambridge coterie, which makes it very pleasant, and gives the place a sort of domesticity. If, indeed, it is like heaven in nothing else, there is still one point of resemblance—there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

From Rome Milnes went to Venice to join his family once more. He was cheered by the manner in which his volume upon Greece had been received, and his literary aspirations were evidently quickened by its success, though in a characteristic vein he wrote to one of his aunts to express the hope that his book was not selling at a "vulgar rate," but was achieving popularity in the special circle to which he had desired to appeal.

In the autumn, instead of returning to England according to his wont, he visited Munich and the Salzkammergut, meeting Bunsen, who was on his way from Berlin to Rome, and other friends on the journey. The death of the Dowager Lady Galway, and shortly afterwards that of his mother Mrs. Milnes, the widow of Mr. R. S. Milnes, had made a great change in the position of Mr. Pemberton Milnes. The long exile to which he and his family had been subjected was now happily drawing to a close, and they were preparing to resume their place in English society. Greatly as Richard Milnes had profited by it in many ways, and much as he

had learned of men and manners during his sojourn on the Continent, there can be no doubt that the necessity of spending so large a part of his time abroad had become irksome and painful to him. To his mother and sister, who had never been in England since leaving it in 1828, their exile was, it need hardly be said, still more oppressive, and they looked forward with delight to the prospect of an early return to their native land.

I need not say [writes Milnes to his aunt, February 3rd, 1835] with what pleasure my mother and Harriette look forward to the possibility of passing some months of this year in England; how earnestly they look forward to embracing you all again. To the latter the charm of the society of so many people she loves will be coupled with almost the zest of a new existence. If she only amuses as much as she will be amused, if she only pleases as much as she is sure to be pleased, all parties will be very well content.

This was written from Florence, to which place the family had resorted during the winter, as a change from their past experiences in Milan and Venice. Concerning the life of the city Milnes writes:—

Papa is delighted with the *laissez aller* of the whole thing. No one interferes with you, no one introduces him or herself to you, no one wonders that you do this or do not do that. You may live and die as domestically and in as thick an atmosphere of indifference as in London itself. Except the Sandfords, who are prodigal of all sorts of attention, we have not a single intimacy; and, until Stourton arrived yesterday, whom I knew at Venice, I had nothing but bowing or literary acquaintances. I mustered half a dozen of the latter to dinner yesterday, among whom was Mr. James, the author of "all the novels." . . . Lady Lucy Standish's theatre is shut up for the moment, she

being in a delirious fever. When she comes to herself she gives a representation of a ballet on the story of Bluebeard, which was given to a very select audience a fortnight ago—the young ladies pirouetting with a vivacity to shame Taglioni. Indeed, the only difference you could distinguish was the substitution of loose drawers for tight ones, perhaps not a sufficiently strong one to reconcile the thing *exactly* to Louisa's notions of legitimate amusement. Even *I* did not quite like to see young English girls trained up in the way they should go by dancing *pas seul* in all possible attitudes to a promiscuous audience.

Among the people of note who were in Florence this winter was Madame Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, a fine-looking and agreeable woman, with whom all the Milnes family became acquainted. Amidst the gaieties of the season there was one tragical occurrence which cast a gloom over all who witnessed it. A young Englishman, who had only arrived the same day, was dancing at one of the balls—where at that time, by the way, more English people than Italians were to be seen. The unfortunate young man suffered from heart-disease, and dropped down dead on the floor of the ball-room close to where Milnes was standing; and it was the latter who carried the dead man's partner in a fainting state from the ball-room.

As the spring advanced Milnes once more found himself in Rome, seeing much of his friend MacCarthy, as well as of Richard Trench, who was also at this time staying there.

In MacCarthy's journal there occurs this passage:—

In the spring of the year 1835 I was one day returning from one of the gorgeous ceremonies of Easter at St. Peter's, in company

with Trench and Richard Milnes. As we were sauntering slowly down the Strada Giulia, along the Tiber, Milnes in his red militia uniform and I in my black silk academic gown, Trench, who had been lingering for a moment behind, came up to us and said with his usual deep-toned solemnity of voice:—"I was just thinking that after all there are but two professions in the world worth professing—those two," pointing to our dresses. "Yes," said Milnes, "but we neither of us belong to them. MacCarthy is as much a churchman as I am a soldier, that is to say, not at all." I waited and said nothing. I think this incident worth recording as indicative of our respective characters, and the character of the age in which we live.

In the summer Milnes returned to England, preceding his family by a few months. Among the letters which welcomed him was one from Julius Hare, August 25th:—

I am glad to hear of you in England again, and shall rejoice to know that you have given up vagabondising and are thinking of taking a rest somewhere. . . . Sterling you will find at Knightsbridge in flourishing health and full of energy as ever. He will tell you what you want to hear about your Cambridge friends. Of Thirlwall I have heard nothing for months, and know not whether he has gone to his living or no.

Hare's hopes regarding Milnes were to be realised. Although he travelled much throughout his life, and subsequently took longer journeys than any he had taken down to this period, yet his return to England in 1835 might be said to mark the close of what his friend described as his vagabondising days. Henceforth when he was on the Continent, he knew it rather as a traveller than as a sojourner, and though he never lost his keen interest in the political affairs of Europe—an interest

stimulated by his own special knowledge of the great questions of Continental policy—it was to English politics and English life that from this time forward he devoted the greater part of his thought and time.

His sojourn on the Continent left, however, its indelible traces upon his mind and character by stamping both with that catholicity of taste which distinguished him above most, if not indeed above all, his contemporaries. To life and society in England he brought a mind trained and informed by close association with some of the most eminent men in Europe, and which had been familiarised with modes of thought and schools of philosophy essentially foreign to our national ideas.

One of the first letters which he received after coming to England in this summer of 1835 was one from Mr. Hallam telling him how he had retained a copy of his son's "Remains," which had been printed for private circulation in the previous year, for him.

> It is the last that I have to give [said the bereaved father], for the applications have been many, while in general I have been forced to refuse. On every account I felt that the voice of his inmost heart was not for the careless ear of the public.

Nobody who knew Milnes ever hesitated to ask a favour of him, and few who did so met with a refusal. Many stories have indeed been told of cases in which he has turned away somewhat brusquely from the petitions of his friends; but those who are best acquainted with the story of his life know that in hardly one of these cases was his refusal final. No sooner had he established himself in England than the friends he had left behind

in Italy began to load him with commissions on their behalf. Among these was his valued acquaintance M. Rio, who was just at that moment producing the first volume of his work on "Christian Art," and who lost no time in entrusting his interests in England, so far as arrangements for the sale of the book were concerned, to Milnes. The latter spent much time during the autumn in completing those arrangements and in doing his best to ensure for M. Rio's work a fitting reception by the English public. His parents and sister took up their abode at the close of the year in the family house at Bawtry, and Mr. Pemberton Milnes forthwith resumed that life of an English country gentleman which he had long before declared to be the most enviable that any man could lead. Milnes was too eager to share in this life to accept a flattering offer which he received from Montalembert to spend the winter in travelling with him in the East. Before going to Bawtry for Christmas, however, he took a short tour in Ireland in the company of his friend Stafford O'Brien, from whose father's house he writes as follows to C. J. MacCarthy:—

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Blatherwycke, Nov. 11, 1835.

DEAR FRIEND,—This letter is O'Brien's, and my part of it a mere ——; but I must thank you with my own mouth for your welcome one. I wrote querulously to Wiseman last week, fidgeting that I had not heard from you. I left the note in Golden Square, where they told me he was in Ireland. I hope, however, he will be returned by this time, and that I shall see

him before he leaves England. Trench's poems have reached a second edition, owing principally to a puff in *Blackwood*. He says he is afraid that it is the religious world that have bought them, not the poetical. He has given Wiseman a copy for you. I hear you have some bold English at Rome to defy the green insects; amongst them, I believe, the Francis Egertons (he, you know, who *did* Faust). They are very pleasant, and I should think it worth while for you to get a letter to them from Mrs. Cunliffe. I do not think you will find much likeable in Mrs. B——, though nothing the contrary. Her husband is detestable for coldness, avarice, &c. &c. Landor, they tell me, does not intend to return, but leaves his children to his wife and the devil, and intends to fix himself in some village in England where he may live and die alone. I have been the most emmarvelled [*sic*] in England by two things, the intelligence and information of the upper part of the middle class and the beauty of the women of the higher. I am going about this winter an English scatterling, as I have been a foreign one, for I wish to be as much as possible with my sister, and she is to visit every relation she has on earth. Still direct to me at Bawtry. There is a very great talking and thinking about Catholicism in England. The Protestant missionary fools have excited a sort of bull-dog enthusiasm among the Dissenters especially, but have set intelligent people considering, which, I do not doubt, will produce much good. I have a beautiful letter from Windischmann, telling me he is just going into orders and is to have a cure in the mountains near Munich. O'B. is become graver and more practical, but none the worse for that; a good faith and good animal spirits together will always keep a man well up. Would that we had them both!

R. M. M.

On the same day O'Brien wrote also to MacCarthy, and in his letter opened his heart with the frankness of youth to his friend on the subject of Milnes's state of mind. This, he declared, caused him great grief; for

whilst most of them had now got to some fixedness of faith, Milnes still remained amongst speculations and paradoxes, which gave no peace to his own mind and deprived him of any influence over that of others, "wasting his fine talents and good heart on things that win him neither respect nor love." Properly to understand this somewhat severe condemnation, it must be borne in mind that O'Brien had for some time entertained the hope of seeing Milnes brought into the fold of the Catholic Church. That he had himself entertained thoughts of this step has already been stated, and the disappointment of his friend was great, as he saw time pass without bringing the desired object nearer to its attainment. It was somewhat curious, though entirely characteristic of the man, that Milnes, who in his college days had been an earnest listener to the preaching of Edward Irving, and who was still the friend of Sterling and Maurice, should also be the associate and confidant of those who were now paving the way for that great revival of the Roman Catholic faith in England which the last half-century has witnessed. Wiseman, not yet a bishop, had just arrived in England, and on the very morrow of his return to this country he had written as follows to Milnes:—

Dr. Wiseman to R. M. M.

35, *Golden Square, London, September* 17*th*, 1835.

My dear Milnes,—Yesterday upon my arrival in Babylon I found your note, to which I forthwith reply. I had been inquiring wherever I had hopes of being able to learn your

whereabouts, and had only a short time before learned from Charles [MacCarthy] that you were still lingering about Italy. I had thus been prevented from forwarding to you the accompanying long letter from the dearest of creatures, Fritz Windischmann, whose company I was delighted to enjoy during my short residence at Munich. Perhaps, however, you may have seen him since. My projects are as follows: in a few days, after I have made some further arrangements with the "calumas" about my publication, I set out on a species of tour, or rather *progress*, through England and Ireland, having made a resolution never to sleep in an inn or hostelry the whole way; but I intend to quarter myself upon such of the nobility or gentry of these realms as can sufficiently appreciate such an honour. My first station will be in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and other Midland Cyclopean towns, where I have several short calls to make. Thence I proceed to the princely towers and enchanted gardens of Alton, and so forward to Sir E. Vavasour's, where if you are in the neighbourhood I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you. If you think this practicable, and any preliminary arrangements are necessary, you could let me know by a few lines under cover to Lord Shrewsbury at Alton, Ashbourne. I have but little news from Italy. From Rome, by some unaccountable fatality, literally none. MacCarthy writes in his usual low spirits, which I hope have more of the sentimental than the real. However, he was looking with anxiousness towards the striding march of the cholera Sienawards. Twice he had been obliged to call in the physicians in the dead of the night to cure a very ominous affection. This makes me feel uneasy; and yet there is no moving, for all ingress is forbidden into the Pope's States, and Florence is dreadfully infected. To-day I shall go to call on his mother, who is a saint upon earth. If you receive better news, pray let me have them.

Ever yours very faithfully,

N. WISEMAN.

Wiseman, as Lord Houghton himself has told in his "Monographs," achieved a distinct social success in England in those days, before the Papal aggression had stirred British feeling and British prejudice to their lowest depths. The fact that he and Milnes were already on terms of intimacy was of advantage to both in the immediate future.

Milnes spent his Christmas at Bawtry, renewing his acquaintance with the connections and friends of the family; and in January, 1836, he accompanied his father and mother to Fryston, which had now become the property of Mr. Pemberton Milnes through the death of his mother. From this time forward it became the family seat. One old college friend had recently settled in Yorkshire, and was therefore available as a recipient of those hospitalities which were traditional at Fryston. This was Connop Thirlwall, who had accepted the living of Kirby Underdale, which he held for a brief period on his way to the bench of bishops. With Thirlwall, Milnes kept up a regular correspondence, the interest of which is as fresh to-day as at the time when the letters were written. Space forbids that I should even attempt to do justice to it, but I may make a citation from one letter, if only to show how the learned author of the History of Greece bore himself in the solitude of his Yorkshire rectory.

Connop Thirlwall to R. M. M.

Kirby Underdale, Pocklington, Dec. 28th, 1835.

My dear Milnes,—I hope you will not suppose, because I wished to see you ten days or a fortnight ago, that I am the less

desirous of having your company whenever you are able to come to me; but, as the termination of one of the semestrian stages of my historical career is a matter of great self-gratulation to me, it is an occasion when the presence of a friend is peculiarly seasonable. But whenever you come I shall take the liberty of old acquaintance by leaving you to your own devices and pursuing my own for a good part of the morning. If I have any other reason for regretting the delay of your visit, it is that it might have afforded me a means of eluding one or two engagements, for the barbarians among whom I am living think that they show me no little kindness when just about the time that I should be coming in from an afternoon's walk they make me set out on a journey of perhaps seven or eight miles to dine with what appetite I may while my mind is busied with the anticipation of the νόστος and the recollection of the books and papers which I have left on my table. The most rational person I know here is my neighbour the Captain. He never goes out to dinner, and therefore never expects to receive me. He has, however, breakfasted with me once or twice; which reminds me of a little incident worth mentioning for the sake of the psychological instruction it conveys. I believe I mentioned to you that the Captain is celebrated for his stories, in a way which might keep the most unsuspicious hearer on his guard against receiving them with implicit faith. I need not observe that I am by character and habit inclined rather to scepticism than to credulity, and that my regular employment, which lies so much in sifting evidence, comparing opinions, tracing unfounded rumours to their source, and so forth, might be expected to have sharpened my sagacity so as to secure me from the danger of being grossly imposed upon by a narrative, even if related on good authority, when it is intrinsically improbable. These things premised, I proceed to say that the last time the Captain breakfasted with me, which was a week ago, he entertained me with a description of the taking of a whale, which he had witnessed while he had the command of a ship somewhere on the coast of Africa. The most picturesque feature in the description was that the monster whale, which was upwards of

ninety feet long, having been struck, leapt three times its length out of the water. A little appendix to this tale was that the morning after this adventure the Captain was informed that the whalers, in return for some assistance which he had given them, had sent him a calf found in the uterus of the whale. The Captain ordered it to be hung up, but being asked to what part of his ship he would have such an appendage fastened, he went out to view the creature, which was floating by the side of the ship, and found that, embryo as it was, it measured twenty-five feet! ! ! All this, I declare, I received not with polite acquiescence, but with most sincere and admiring conviction of its literal truth; and a day or two after, happening to have a friend on a short visit to me, an intelligent man though a bit of a poet, I regaled him with the Captain's story as a remarkable fact. He took it in with as much simplicity and earnestness as I had, but the next day as we were walking out together in a clear frosty morning he asked me in a delicate manner whether the Captain's reputation for accuracy was so wholly unimpeachable that nobody who heard him could question the exact truth of any of his stories. It turned out that we had both been reflecting on the subject, and the scales having suddenly dropped from our eyes, both viewed the matter in its true light as a portentous bounce. This, I think, must be one of the greatest triumphs the Captain ever achieved. Pray let me hear from you as soon as you are able to say when you can come to, my dear Milnes,

Yours most truly,

C. THIRLWALL.

Among the amusements at Fryston during this first winter of their home life in England were the charades, in which Milnes and his sister took so much interest. One which illustrated the principal scenes in "Nicholas Nickleby," which had just appeared, gained special popularity. In the performance Stafford O'Brien played Nicholas, whilst Connop Thirlwall made

an inimitable Squeers, whose antics were the delight not only of the residents in the house, but of the village children whom O'Brien swept into the drawing-room with an entire disregard of the fitness of their attire for the scene into which they were thus unceremoniously ushered.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRANCE UPON LONDON LIFE.

Begins his London Career—Society in 1836—Milnes's Italian Manners—"The Beating of my own Heart"—"The Tribute"—Correspondence with Tennyson—Lansdowne, Holland, and Gore Houses—Rogers's Breakfasts—The Art of Conversation—Takes Chambers in Pall Mall—Carlyle—Illness of Miss Milnes—W. E. Gladstone—Milnes returned to Parliament—Disraeli's Maiden Speech—Publishes Two Volumes of Poetry—Correspondence with Sydney Smith.

In the spring of 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Milnes took a house for the season in South Street, Hyde Park. Mr. Milnes was already beginning to suffer from a certain lethargy of disposition, which although it never dimmed his mental faculties, deadened to no small degree his personal interest in that society in which in his youth he had been so conspicuous a figure. He no longer apparently cared to make friends for himself; but in spite of their marked difference of temperament, a real affection had always existed between him and his son. He still entertained the hope that the latter would make a great name in English politics, and though he had been disappointed by the results of his University career, and had little sympathy with his literary tastes and pursuits, he was fully conscious of his brilliant abilities, and anxious to render him all the aid he could in his social career. The father accordingly, though he no longer cared for society on his own account, laid himself out

to make his house pleasant to the friends of his son; and that he succeeded in doing so is proved by many a contemporary record. Not merely in his town house, but at Fryston, he was eager to bestow the hospitality in which he delighted upon Richard's friends. A story is told of the first visit of Thackeray to Fryston, which throws light upon the relations of father and son, and upon the esteem in which the former was held by the friends of the latter. When Thackeray was introduced to the older man, who still retained the courtly manner of his youth, Mr. Milnes having ascertained that his guest smoked, said: "Pray consider yourself at liberty, Mr. Thackeray, to smoke in any room in this house except my son's. I am sorry to say he does not allow it." "Richard, my boy," exclaimed the famous novelist, slapping his friend on the back, "what a splendid father has been thrown away upon you!" As it has been my duty to say something of the serious differences of opinion between the two men, it is only right to allow their relationship towards each other to be seen in this pleasanter light.

At South Street, accordingly, in that season of 1836, Richard Monckton Milnes may be said to have been launched on that social career in England in which he achieved an almost unique distinction. He was young, he was gifted, he had already gained a certain measure of repute as a poet and a critic. He had a circle of friends, large, distinguished, and enthusiastic, who looked for great things from him in the future. The removal of the pecuniary difficulties which had weighed

upon his youth owing to the honourable conduct of his father, had placed him in a condition of ease and comfort as far as money matters were concerned, whilst the well-established social position of his father's family, and his kinship on his mother's side to more than one ancient house, opened for him the most exclusive circles of the day. Let us remember, in addition, how his prolonged residence abroad had made him familiar with some of the best sets in Continental society, and we shall understand how brilliant was the prospect which lay before him, when he thus entered upon his life in London. English society lay all before him where to choose, as both before and since it has lain before many another young man equally well born, equally well endowed by fortune, and perhaps not greatly inferior to him in mental powers. Nothing would have been easier, nothing, alas! more natural, than for a young man thus placed, possessing that love of society which unquestionably distinguished Milnes, to fall into those habits of the mere pleasure-seeker which have so often blighted the most promising careers in the ranks of the English upper classes.

Milnes's temperament must have strengthened the temptation to fall into these ways, so common with young men of his rank; but allied to his bright intelligence, and easy-going and self-indulgent disposition, there was that in him which enabled him to take a higher and a nobler line than that of the mere pleasure-seeker. In his heart there was the real fire of the poet. There was in it, too, that sympathy with noble deeds

and noble thoughts, which is perhaps, humanly speaking, the strongest of all the defences of the soul, when it is assailed by the seductions of a mere life of pleasure. However powerful to one of Milnes's temperament might be the temptations which now beset his path, he had too great a reverence for what was good and pure and true, too consuming a desire to hold his own with the best intellects of his time, and above all, too deep a sympathy with the suffering and the wronged to allow him to fall a victim to these temptations. But he was no anchorite; on the contrary, even before this period of his life had been reached, his friends spoke of him as an Epicurean; fond of the good things of this life in the common sense of the term, but happily also fond of the best things of this life in the highest sense of the words. From the first, therefore, after he had pitched his tent in the great wilderness of London, he seems to have made it his mission to combine as far as might be the two worlds with which by temperament he sympathised—the world of pleasure and the world of intellect. How he succeeded was known to all his contemporaries more fully perhaps than it can be set forth in these pages, though the reader as he proceeds will have many a glimpse of these two sides of Milnes's character, which no man combined so well as he did. He will see him moving, the gayest of the gay, in the brightest and airiest of social circles, where pleasure is apparently the one end aimed at, and he will see him also taking his part not merely in those Platonic intellectual exercises which are themselves but a form of self-indulgence, but in real and

earnest efforts to improve the conditions of English society, and especially of that section of the community which lies outside the social pale.

Above all, the subsequent pictures of Richard Milnes's life, if they are sketched aright, will reveal to the reader one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in human breast; a heart that in the secrecy of its own chamber knew no pleasure so great as that of alleviating the distress of others. Something was known during Milnes's own lifetime of the extent to which his "hand and heart, both open and both free," were at the service of men of genius in distress; but what is known is a mere fraction of that which could be told if the tale were to be made complete. Milnes, with his love of paradox, his at times almost startling self-assertiveness, his impulsive temper and acute sensitiveness, was not a man who could go through the world without making enemies; but the bitterest of these, if they could have known all the truth regarding those deeds of kindness which he wrought in silence and in secrecy from day to day, would at least have admitted that he had in his breast that love of his fellow-men, pure, and real and inexhaustible, which is the most precious of all the gifts that can be conferred upon the human soul.

Mrs. Milnes records in her journal that the dinner-parties which they gave in the house in South Street, during this season of 1836, were chiefly to the friends of her son, "some of them being very agreeable and literary"—amongst others, Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers. It may be well here to mention briefly the

leading figures in the political and literary world in that summer of 1836. In prose literature the great name of Scott was still a living factor, though the author of the Waverley Novels had been himself four years in his grave. The influence of Byron was on the wane, that of Shelley and of Keats was beginning to be felt. Men were also beginning dimly to realise the fact that in Wordsworth they had a poet who was destined to add to the imperishable treasures of our English literature. But, apart from Wordsworth, no really great name was at that time known in English poetry. Moore, Southey, Rogers, Campbell, were all still living; and to the world at large they, rather than Wordsworth, were the accepted representatives of English verse. If we except Wordsworth, it will be seen that this particular period was one in which few men of the highest literary fame were at their zenith. The greatest names belonged to those recently dead or to those who were past their powers. But almost contemporaneously with Milnes's entrance upon his social life in London, new stars were making their appearance above the horizon. Two years before the house in South Street was taken, Thomas Carlyle, abandoning the solitudes of Craigenputtoch, and taking up his abode in Cheyne Row, had set himself to the task of writing the "French Revolution;" and among the best informed in society and in literary circles much was already being said of Milnes's young fellow-collegian, Alfred Tennyson, and of the promise which his genius held out to English poetry.

Through Charles Buller, Milnes early made the

acquaintance of Carlyle. Mr. Froude gives the year 1839 as that in which the friendship between the two men began, but in this he is unquestionably wrong, and there is little doubt that very soon after Milnes became a regular resident in London he was brought into contact with the great genius for whose teaching he had so profound an admiration, and for whom personally he entertained so warm an affection. To some it may seem to be a matter scarcely worth noticing, but the biographer of Lord Houghton cannot pass over in silence the fact that in all that outpouring of Carlyle literature which we have had since the death of the author of "Sartor Resartus," not a word is to be found in any one of Carlyle's letters with regard to Richard Milnes which is not pleasant and appreciative in its character. Almost alone among the men of his generation he seems to have inspired the great writer with a feeling of unmixed regard and friendship, and accordingly almost alone amongst them he escapes that scathing satire which was at times poured forth so freely by Carlyle upon his contemporaries. The friend of Carlyle and Tennyson was of course certain of a place in the literary society of the day; but when we remember that Milnes was in addition one of the favourite pupils and the lifelong friend of Connop Thirlwall; that Landor not only cherished for him a warm personal affection, but had so great an admiration for his genius that he was wont to describe him as the first English poet of his time; and that ever since his Cambridge days he had been the associate of Sterling and Maurice, we get some idea of the advantages

under which he entered upon his social career in London. Young as he was, he had already formed an extraordinary number of friendships with worthy and distinguished men. Among those were the Chevalier Bunsen, Hallam the historian, Campbell, Moore, and Lockhart, as well as a great number of the leading politicians and men of fashion of the time. Above all, he had the inestimable advantage of being on terms of the closest intimacy with the members of that brilliant band of Trinity students of whom we have already seen something in these pages.

One can hardly wonder, remembering the social gifts by which he was to the last distinguished, that Milnes's career in London was, from the very commencement, a brilliant success; and yet it is only fair to state that he laboured under certain serious disadvantages, and had to overcome prejudices which in some cases were of no common strength. It is impossible to read the social records of the early days of the present reign, without seeing that in many quarters a violent antipathy was entertained towards the newcomer in the great arena of London. In most cases, that antipathy may safely be ascribed either to the jealousy or the stupidity of those who displayed it; but there were other cases in which no such explanation can be offered or accepted. With regard to these the truth unquestionably was that Milnes gave offence where he meant none, by a bearing which was founded upon the traditions and the manners of Continental life rather than upon those which had hitherto ruled in the capital of

England. He had not lived so much in Italy without acquiring a great deal of that vivacity of manner and naïve frankness in conversation which are so characteristic of the Italian at home. Nor could a man of his disposition have lived so much in great centres of cultured life, like Rome and Venice, without having acquired more of the air of the man of the world than was ordinarily to be found in one of his years. There was unquestionably a strong disposition in the first instance on the part of some, who afterwards were amongst those most fully alive to the genuine merits of his character, to look upon young Richard Milnes when he took his place in London society, and began his career as the friend and host of men of genius and distinction, as an interloper, who was seeking to introduce foreign ways and foreign fashions into the highly conservative fields of English life. No prejudices of this kind, however, could interfere with Milnes's social success, and even before the close of that season of 1836 —a season memorable in the annals of society as that which witnessed the great trial of which Mrs. Norton was the unhappy subject—it is evident from contemporaneous chronicles that Richard Milnes had secured a place of favour in the best social circles in London. Twelve months later, when he had secured a seat in the House of Commons, and had become the occupant of the rooms at No. 26, Pall Mall, which were during many years the scene of his London hospitalities, his position had of course been thoroughly established, and he was generally regarded as one of the important

figures in society. But even in 1836, when he was still living under his father's roof, he seems to have made a conquest of the social world. It was after a season which had been full of novel enjoyment to him, a time in which he had not only renewed his acquaintance with many old friends of his college days, but made innumerable new friendships, some of which were destined to last throughout his life, that he paid another visit to Ireland, where he was again received with characteristic hospitality, alike by friends and by strangers. It was years afterwards that he told the present writer an interesting story in connection with this visit. He was driving, he said, to the house of his friends the O'Briens in one of the national cars, and as the horse's feet beat upon the road, they seemed to hammer out in his own head certain rhythmical ideas, which quickly formed themselves into rhyme. By the time he had reached Cratloe the little poem was complete, and immediately on entering his own room he sat down and committed it to paper. It was the well-known song beginning, "I wandered by the brookside," and having the refrain,

"But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard."

When he came down to dinner he brought the verses with him, and showed them to his friends. They were unanimous in declaring them to be wholly unworthy of his powers and the reputation he already enjoyed, and they urged upon him the wisdom of committing them at once to the flames. As it happens, the little

verses, which thus met with so cold a reception when they were first launched upon the world, were destined to obtain perhaps a wider fame and popularity than anything else which fell from his pen. From the first moment of their publication they caught the ear of the public; they were set to music almost directly after they had been printed, rival composers competing for the privilege of associating their names with them; and little more than twelve months after that lonely ride on the Irish highway, when the first idea of the poem came into Milnes's mind, a friend of his, who was sailing down a river in the Southern States of North America, heard the slaves as they hoed in the plantations keeping time by singing a parody of the lines now universally familiar.*

Social life in London was not certainly in the first instance unfavourable to intellectual exertion on the part of Milnes. The years between 1830 and 1840 were those in which he produced most of his poetry. I shall speak hereafter of that poetry as a whole; but bearing in mind its character, the tenderness of feeling, and the gracefulness of fancy by which it is distinguished, it is interesting to remember that it was produced at the very time when the young man was entering upon the fullest enjoyment of the social life which he relished so keenly. Nor did his indulgence in the pleasures of society at all affect his old friendships. MacCarthy, writing to him

* Milnes was walking in London one day in later years with a friend. Passing the end of a street, he paused, listened eagerly to a wandering singer whose voice had reached him, and then darting off in pursuit of the man, reappeared quickly with a glow of delight on his face. "I knew it was my song!" he exclaimed, showing a roughly-printed broadside bearing the words of his famous song.

towards the close of 1836, after hearing something of his success in London, pours forth expressions of his joy at finding that he is still unchanged in face and heart.

I must confess to you now that I have been guilty of great injustice towards you, that I had thought you were growing old in heart and affection, and had looked on your friendship as on one of the many dreams of youth and hope, from which I am slowly awakening. . . . And therefore I need not use many words to express to you my joy at finding out that my life-dream was true after all; that you are really what you used to be, that no change has come over your features; . . and that I can gaze on them once again, and see them smile and beckon as they were wont to do.

One of Milnes's occupations during this winter of 1836, was the procuring of poetical contributions to an annual which Lord Northampton was about to publish for a charitable purpose. That, as the reader knows, was the age of annuals, when each succeeding Christmas brought forth its crop of "Gems," and "Albums," and "Books of Beauty;" for the most part vapid productions, the memory of which has long since passed away. But there were exceptions to the rule, even in the case of these Christmas Annuals, and such an exception was undoubtedly "The Tribute," the volume for the preparation of which Milnes was responsible almost as largely as Lord Northampton himself. He wrote to all his friends—Trench, Alford, Spedding, Aubrey de Vere, Julius Hare, even to Whewell himself—to solicit contributions, and there were few of them who failed to comply. Amongst those whom he thus importuned for assistance in the work of charity was Alfred Tennyson,

and the result was a correspondence both interesting and characteristic.

Alfred Tennyson to R. M. M.

December, 1836.

Dear Richard,—As I live eight miles from my post town, and only correspond therewith about once a week, you must not wonder if this reaches you somewhat late. Your former brief I received, though some six days behind time, and stamped with the postmarks of every little market town in the county, but I did not think that it demanded an immediate answer, hence my silence.

That you had promised the Marquis I would write for him something exceeding the average length of annual compositions; that you had promised him I would write at all—I took this for one of those elegant fictions with which you amuse your aunts of evenings, before you get into the small hours when dreams are true. Three summers back, provoked by the incivility of editors, I swore an oath that I would never again have to do with their vapid books, and I brake it in the sweet face of Heaven when I wrote for Lady what's-her-name Wortley. But then her sister wrote to Brookfield and said she (Lady W.) was beautiful, so I could not help it. But whether the Marquis be beautiful or not I don't much mind; if he be, let him give God thanks and make no boast. To write for people with prefixes to their names is to milk he-goats; there is neither honour nor profit. Up to this moment I have not even seen "The Keepsake;" not that I care to see it, but the want of civility decided me not to break mine oath again for man nor woman. And how should such a modest man as I see my small name in collocation with the great ones of Southey, Wordsworth, R. M. M., &c., and not feel myself a barndoor fowl among peacocks? Your account of the debate at the Union is amusing; I had never heard of it, for nobody ever writes to me. It is scarcely worth while to put the professor into a passion again. Good-bye. Believe me,

Always thine,

A. T.

Milnes was angry at receiving this refusal from his friend, upon obtaining whose aid he had set his heart, and he indulged in one of those short-lived outbursts of irritation which his warm and sensitive temperament caused to be by no means unfrequent, and which sometimes led him to use language that he afterwards deeply regretted.

Tennyson's reply to an angry epistle may justly be regarded as a model of its class.

Alfred Tennyson to R. M. M.

Jan. 10*th*, 1837.

Why, what in the name of all the powers, my dear Richard, makes you run me down in this fashion? Now is my nose out of joint, now is my tail not only curled so tight as to lift me off my hind legs like Alfred Crowquill's poodle, but fairly between them. Many sticks are broken about me. I am the ass in Homer. I am blown. What has so jaundiced your good-natured eyes as to make them mistake harmless banter for *insolent irony:* harsh terms applicable only to ————, who, big as he is, sits to all posterity astride upon the nipple of literary dandyism, and "takes her milk for gall." "Insolent irony" and "piscatory vanity," as if you had been writing to St. Anthony, who converted the soft souls of salmon; but may St. Anthony's fire consume all misapprehension, the spleen-born mother of five-fold more evil on our turnip-spheroid than is malice aforethought.

Had I been writing to a nervous, morbidly-irritable man, down in the world, stark spoiled with the staggers of a mismanaged imagination, and quite opprest by fortune and by the reviews, it is possible that I might have halted to find expressions more suitable to his case; but that you, who seem at least to take the world as it comes, to doff it and let it pass—that you, a man every way prosperous and talented, should have taken pet

at my unhappy badinage, made me—lay down my pipe and stare at the fire for *ten* minutes, till the stranger fluttered up the chimney. You wish that I had never written that passage. So do I, since it seems to have such offence. Perhaps you likewise found a stumbling-block in the expression, "vapid books," as the angry inversion of four commas seems to intimate. But are not Annuals vapid? Or could I *possibly* mean that what you or Trench or De Vere chose to write therein must be vapid? I thought you knew me better than even to insinuate these things. Had I spoken the same words to you laughingly in my chair, and with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them peradventure in a fit of indigestion, or with a slight matutinal headache after your Apostolic symposium, you subject them to such misinterpretation as, if I had not sworn to be true friend to you till my latest death-ruckle, would have gone far to make me indignant. But least said soonest mended; which comes with peculiar grace from me after all this verbiage. You judge me rightly in supposing that I would not be backward in doing a really charitable deed. I will either bring or send you something for your Annual. It is very problematical whether I shall be able to come and see you as I proposed, so do not return earlier from your tour on my account; and if I come I should only be able to stop a few days, for as I and all my people are going to leave this place very shortly never to return, I have much upon my hands. But whether I see you or no,

Believe me,

Always thine affectionately,

A. Tennyson.

I have spoken with Charles. He has promised to contribute to your Annual. Frederick will, I daresay, follow his example. See now whether I am not doing my best for you, and whether you had any occasion to threaten me with that black Anacarna and her cocoa-shod coves of niggers. I cannot have her strolling about the land in this way. It is neither good for her reputation nor mine. When is Lord Northampton's book to be

published, and how long may I wait before I send anything by way of contribution?

The poet and his brothers were as good as their word. Each sent a contribution to the "Tribute," which now holds a place of its own in English literature, owing to the fact that Alfred Tennyson's contribution to it consisted of the lines beginning:—

"Oh, that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

which formed the germ of the great dramatic poem of "Maud."

Another of his friends to whom Milnes applied for help was Landor, who was at this time in England, and the following was the response:—

Walter Savage Landor to R. M. M.

Clifton, Nov. 26th, 1836.

My dear Sir,—It always gives me pleasure to hear from you. As for my contributions of poetry, they are utterly worthless, and I seldom keep anything. What I do keep I send to Lady Blessington, having told her long ago that I would never publish anything before she had judged whether it were worth a place in any of her publications. I am sure, however, she will more easily pardon me than you will the sending of such verses as you see on the other side. I did not imagine there was anything passable in French poetry between "*Mon cher enfantilet*" (which far exceeds Simonides's ὅτι λάρναξ) and Béranger; but Madame Genlis has written what I have been trying to retrace, as you see. I will lay a wager that your verses on "my grave Walter" are better than any in the projected book. Were it not that I am set in gold there I would entreat you to publish them. Mine will inevitably be the worst in

the volume. Lest you should think I am affecting modesty, I will dash down that idea, and tell you plainly that all the poetry of all the writers unto *usque quaque* is not worth my "Death of Clytemnestra," which I wrote in an hour. The worthies of Edinburgh have been attacking me. I never read a number of *Blackwood* in my life; this was told the editor, who has ragged me in some passages which were sent to me. Within next week you will have a copy, not of my answer, for I answer no man, but of a satire on these people and others somewhat better. Southey was here last week. We walked together all the fine days, too few! Thank God that divine man bears up against his heavy calamity. Here is room for a few dry leaves.

"Suspicions fall
On great Glengall
When spite and falsehood speak ill.
When we hear wit
We attribute it
To Alvanley or Jekyll.
In whate'er matter
There is idle chatter,
At once we father't on
The luckless Fotherton
So small capacity,
So large loquacity
Has luckless Hatherton, luckless Hatherton."

Recollections of lines by Madame de Genlis.

"Another claims your altered vow;
Matilda fades before your eye.
Her only wish on earth is now
Once to behold you and to die.

Oh, hasten then, for death comes fast;
In pity too will Edmund come
While (youth's and hope's last shadows past)
Vain love still hovers o'er the tomb.

Should mortal paleness overspread
A cheek like monumental stone,
To meet the stillness of the dead,
Say not, 'Matilda, thou art gone.'

But if at your approach my ear
Mark not each footfall still the same,
Oh, Edmund, if when you appear,
I shudder not through all my frame,

When all is vanished from my view,
If 'tis not you my eyes explore,
If my weak heart beats not for you,
Say then, Matilda is no more."

About this time thirty-two years ago I was condemned to write a charade. This is not an imaginary conversation :—

S. Did you ever find out a charade?

L. I never tried—nobody shall ever induce me.

S. Could you make one?

L. I could make—God knows what—if you would help me.

S. Make a charade then. I will try to help you if you are at fault.

Charade.

The first is very near a tree,
The last my heart has done for thee.
Now solve me, never mind the trouble,
It shall repay thee more than double.—W. S. L.

Tre-bled.

It must not be supposed that Landor's expressions with regard to Milnes's poetry were those of mere flattery. He held strongly to the opinion already mentioned, that Milnes was ahead of all his living contemporaries as a poet. In Crabbe Robinson's Diary for the year 1838, he speaks of a breakfast he gave, at which Landor was present, and adds :—

A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor, who maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets, and that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England, &c.

There were two great houses in London which at that time were recognised centres of social life, and to both of them Milnes had access. One of these was Lansdowne House, to which his early friendship with Lord Lansdowne gave him constant admission. Here, if we may believe Sir Henry Taylor, literary society in London had its home. Lansdowne House must, of course, have been at the same time one of the great resorts of the Whig party; but it was its literary rather than its political side which attracted Milnes, and made him one of its constant frequenters.

The other great house was that which during more than one generation has played so prominent a part in London social life—the stately building known as Holland House, which now remains, alas! the sole surviving example of the great nobleman's country home within the sound of the streets of London. It was a great privilege to any young man to find himself admitted to the brilliant and cosmopolitan society of Holland House, where Sydney Smith was still the ruling wit, and where Lady Holland's caustic tongue added a flavour to the conversation of the place, which was at times too bitter to be altogether enjoyable.

There was yet another house famous in the social annals of the time, and frequented by many men of genius, although the reputation which attached to it was distinctly Bohemian. This was the suburban villa known

as Gore House, which stood then in the midst of pleasant gardens, long since turned into the arid streets and squares of South Kensington, and the presiding spirit of which was that eccentric woman of genius the Countess of Blessington. With Gore House three names will ever be associated—those of Prince Louis Napoleon, of Count D'Orsay, and of Benjamin Disraeli. Landor had long been one of Lady Blessington's most intimate friends, and Gore House was his London home whenever he visited the metropolis. Through him Milnes made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington and D'Orsay, and very early in his social life he became not only a frequenter of the house, but the friend of the three men whose names I have just mentioned.

A fourth house, like the others famous in society in those days, must also be mentioned—the luxurious abode in St. James's Place where Samuel Rogers lived his life of self-indulgence, and gave hospitable entertainment to successive generations of men of genius. There can be no doubt that Rogers's breakfasts, at which Milnes soon became a familiar figure, excited in the young man's breast a spirit of emulation. Rogers was even then very old, and his day seemed to be passing. When he was gone, that which had become almost an institution in the life of London would have passed away. It seemed to Richard Milnes that to succeed Rogers as the host at whose table men of all parties and creeds could meet, with no other bond of union than their common intellectual superiority, was an object worthy of his ambition; and we may, I think, fairly assume that when

he began in his chambers in Pall Mall that series of breakfasts which he continued through so many years of his life, he was distinctly following the example which had been set by the older poet.

I have already spoken of Milnes's intimacy with another set in the intellectual society of London—that of which John Sterling and Frederick Maurice were the leading spirits. By-and-by, as we shall see, this particular coterie, one in which the tone of thought was somewhat graver than it was in any of the houses I have named, formed a society of its own, a society which ultimately became known as the Sterling Club, and in which Milnes had a prominent place. It is worth while recording the fact that Milnes was thus very early in his social career an intimate member of circles differing so widely from each other as those of Lansdowne House, Holland House, Gore House, and the Sterling Club, because it throws light upon that catholicity of temperament and sympathy for which he was so eminently distinguished throughout his life. Indeed, he had hardly established himself in his bachelor apartments in Pall Mall before his fame as a host who was "always bringing out some society curiosity" had spread abroad. To be the means of making the notoriety of the moment known to the leading members of English society was delightful to him, and as he never cared to weigh too closely the moral claims of such notoriety to his hospitality, the result was at times rather startling. Sir Henry Taylor, in his Autobiography, has put on record one of the many stories which were current regarding

the universality of Milnes's invitations. It is that which tells how one day at his table someone enquired whether a particular murderer—Courvoisier, if I remember rightly—had been hanged that morning, and how his sister immediately responded, "I hope so, or Richard will have him at his breakfast party next Thursday." I only mention this story here in order to say that, like many others concerning Milnes, it was absolutely without foundation. These tales were, however, part of the penalty he had to pay for his early-acquired fame.

Carlyle, according to Mr. Froude, used to say that if Christ was again on earth Milnes would ask him to breakfast, and the Clubs would all be talking of the good things that Christ had said. "But Milnes then as always," remarks Froude, accurately interpreting the sentiments of Carlyle himself, "had open eyes for genius, and reverence for it, truer and deeper than most of his contemporaries." Years afterwards Carlyle and Milnes were talking at the Grange, the home of Lord and Lady Ashburton, of the Administration just formed by Sir Robert Peel, and Milnes was evincing some disappointment at the fact that he had not been offered a post in it. "No, no," said Carlyle, "Peel knows what he is about; there is only one post fit for you, and that is the office of perpetual president of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." There is no need for Milnes's biographer to enter into any defence of this characteristic of the man. It would indeed be a pity if any apology were needed for a characteristic which is at least not a common one in a social life so largely founded as

that of England is upon narrow prejudice and violent prepossessions. But one thing at least may be said here. Many of those whose admission into society through the hospitable door of Milnes's dining-room caused at the moment the greatest consternation among fashionable cliques and coteries, were men who have long since by universal consent secured their place in the best social circles.

In his interesting sketch of the Miss Berrys contained in his volume of "Monographs," Lord Houghton says something of one of the distinguishing features of English life, the absence of that sympathetic intercourse without which conversation as an art can never reach its highest point. "The universal reticence of all men in high political station with us, quite justifies the remark of a traveller that an Englishman refuses to speak just in proportion as he has anything to say, and there is no doubt more adventure related and more mutual interest excited in any French *café militaire* than in the United Service Club, where there is hardly a man present who has not been the witness of, or the actor in, some of the historical events or memorable circumstances of our age. Neither our language nor our temperament favours that sympathetic intercourse where the feature and the gesture are as active as the voice, and in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication. And still less are we inclined to value and cultivate that true art of conversation, that rapid counterplay and vivid exercise of combined intelligences, which bears to

the best ordinary speech the relation that serious whist bears to "playing cards," and which presupposes not previous study, but the long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect." *

Milnes himself gave practical effect to the high conception which he had thus formed of the art of conversation. How brilliant and amusing he was over the dinner-table or the breakfast-table was known to all his friends. Overflowing with information, his mind was lightened by a bright wit, whilst his immense store of appropriate anecdotes enabled him to give point and colour to every topic which was brought under discussion. But those who have enjoyed that table-talk, the charm of which will never be forgotten by those who knew him, hardly perhaps did justice to the care which Milnes bestowed upon this art of conversation. One of his intimates was his old Cambridge friend, Charles Buller, and the two men were acknowledged as rival wits for many a year at the dinner-tables of the West End. I remember Lord Houghton once telling me that when their apparent rivalry in wit and conversation was at its height, he and Buller, when they met at their club of an afternoon, and learned, as was frequently the case, that they were to be guests at the same house in the evening, would as a joke discuss beforehand the topics upon which they were to converse, and occasionally hit upon the "brilliant impromptus" by means of which the seeming rivals were to cap each other's jests.

* "Monographs, Social and Political,' p. 206.

There was one form of the art of conversation, indeed, which, about the period when Milnes began his career as a social entertainer, was practised to an almost alarming extent in certain sets in London. This was that kind of dinner-table talk which assumes the form not of a general conversation but of a monologue on the part of one brilliant and gifted performer. Milnes himself has mentioned four men who distinguished themselves in this respect—Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Carlyle. There was no man who listened with keener appreciation to the picturesque and prophetic utterances of Carlyle, or the rich outpourings of Lord Macaulay's infinite knowledge, than did Milnes; but he himself had the strongest abhorrence of this perversion of the art of conversation, and all who have heard him talk know well that, even in his happiest moments, he never sought to monopolise the attention of the dinner-table, but on the contrary was always as anxious to evoke the wit and the intelligence of others as to display his own. A rare virtue this in our social life, and one which I may fairly maintain bespeaks the possession of other virtues also on the part of the man who exercises it. As I have mentioned Macaulay's name, it may be noted that in 1836 he was still in India, and Milnes and Carlyle and the other new-comers in society knew him only by repute. Macaulay returned in 1838, and shortly after his arrival in London Milnes met him at a breakfast at Rogers's, at which Carlyle was also present. The fame of Carlyle's utterances—for, as I have shown, I can hardly speak of his talk as conversation

—was then at its zenith, and Rogers's guests had gone hoping to enjoy a rich treat. But Macaulay, his mind overflowing with the stores of knowledge which had been accumulating during his sojourn in India, seized the first opening that presented itself, and having once obtained the ear of the company, never allowed it to escape even for a moment until the party was at an end. Greatly dissatisfied at the issue of a morning from which he had expected so much, Milnes followed Carlyle into the street. "I am so sorry," he said to the philosopher, "that Macaulay would talk so much, and prevent our hearing a single word from you." Carlyle turned round and held up his hands in astonishment. "What," he said, with the accent of Annandale, "was that the Right Honourable Tom? I had no idea that it was the Right Honourable Tom. Ah, weel, I understand the Right Honourable Tom now." It was the first occasion on which the two historians had met.

It was in the spring of 1837 that Milnes took up his residence in Pall Mall. Among the letters which he received about that time, I find one from Monteith, telling him that he had met Mr. Gladstone in Glasgow, and they had five minutes' talk about him, of the character of which he had no need to be afraid. Both Gladstone and Monteith had agreed that Milnes needed sympathy more than admiration—a very just estimate, but one which only those who knew him best would have arrived at.

About the same time he was cheered by a letter from M. Rio, telling him that his lines on Venice had been

translated into Italian, and printed in every Italian newspaper, so that he had become more famous in his beloved Italy as a poet than he was in his native land.

In the month of May in this year, Carlyle, who had completed his "French Revolution," made his first appearance before the London public as a lecturer.

James Spedding to R. M. M.

Colonial Office, 4th April, 1837.

My dear Milnes,—Herewith you receive the last groan of the great poet, and I take the opportunity of writing to make you know, if you do not know already, that Carlyle lectures on German literature next month; the particulars you will find in the enclosed syllabus, which, if it should convey as much knowledge to you as it does ignorance to me, will be edifying. Of course you will be here to attend the said lectures, but I want you to come up a little before they begin, that you may assist in procuring the attendance of others. The list of subscribers is at present not large, and you are just the man to make it grow. As it is Carlyle's first essay in this kind, it is important that there should be a respectable muster of hearers. Some name of decided piety is, I believe, rather wanted. Learning, taste, and nobility are represented by Hallam, Rogers, and Lord Lansdowne. H. Taylor has provided a large proportion of family, wit, and beauty, and I have assisted them to a little Apostlehood. We want your name to represent the great body of Tories, Roman Catholics, High Churchmen, metaphysicians, poets, and Savage Landor. Come! Miss Fenwick has had a long letter from Wordsworth, resembling, according to H. T., the journal of a schoolgirl on her first visit to foreign parts. Yesterday I dined with Alfred Tennyson at the Cock Tavern, Temple Bar. We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one pint of port, and three cigars. When we had finished I had to take his regrets to the Kembles; he could not go because he had the influenza. J. S.

Milnes did his best to increase the attendance at the lectures, that famous mixture of "play-acting and prophecy," according to the lecturer himself, which did so much to make Carlyle known in London society; and it is from this period that the warm friendship of the two men must be dated. Carlyle's genius had made the deepest impression upon him. In one of Milnes's Commonplace Books I find these words: "Carlyle's writings make on me the impression of the sound of a single hatchet in the aboriginal forests of North America."

The London season, when at its height in this year 1837, was cut short by an untoward event, the death of William IV., on the 20th June. Before that event took place, however, Milnes himself was called out of London by the very serious illness of his sister, who was for some time in a dangerous condition. Just before this summons he had arranged to take part in a dinner of the Apostles, which was to be held in town, with Charles Buller in the chair. He had given up this engagement because of his sister's illness, and very soon his mind was engrossed in a new direction.

R. M. M. to Aubrey de Vere.

Bawtry, March 28th, 1837.

My dear Aubrey,—I write rather to know whether there be a chance, or anything like a chance, of seeing you in Merry England this year than for anything else. I shall be in the country, reading and hearing the birds sing (when the weary weather will let them) most of the spring and summer, unless a dissolution of Parliament gives me an occasion of busying myself. I have lately been staying with Thirlwall, and found

him much more willing to do justice to the honest men of Exeter than he was last year. Do you remember how cross you were at him for pandering to your uncle about this matter? I am in no hurry to publish my poems. I am too old to produce them as youthful exercises, so that they will have to come forward on their own merits without excuse or veil; hence the assiduous correction of them by judgment and experience is imperative; and when the world is such that Alfred Tennyson does not think it worth while to write down his compositions, there need be no rash eagerness on my part. It is more than enough if you, and others I love and honour, find pleasure in them; so on the other side I will write you a sonnet. I know no particulars of good Sir Edward's death; I suppose it was this subtle devil, influenza. I hope Augustus O'Brien will stand for Rutlandshire on a dissolution; he will be a great acquisition to the party in the House. They have no one of graceful talent among them. Have you seen Newman's new book on the prophetical character? I have sent for it, but it has not arrived. I hear he said he was conscious he was dealing a severe blow to actual Protestantism. His volume of verses is very interesting and pleasing, with nearly as much pure poetry as one wants in that kind of thing. Has De Vere married, or why are his chariot-wheels so long tarrying? How has your sister borne the ferocity of this lifeless spring? Pray come and see me here.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

On Cowper's Grave at Olney.

From this forlornest place at morn and eve
Thus says a voice imperative: "Begone
All ye that let your vermin selves creep in
Beneath the unheeded thunders of high heaven:
Nor welcome they who, when free grace is given
To flee from usual life's dominion,
Soon as the moving scene or time is gone
Return like penitents unfitly shriven.

But ye who long have wooed the memory
Of this great victim of sublime despair,
Encompassed round with evil as with air,
Yet crying, 'God is good, and sinful he,'
Remain—and feel how better 'tis to drink
All truth to madness even than shun that fountain's brink.

R. M. M. to Aubrey de Vere.

Bawtry, May 25th, 1837.

Dear Aubrey,—The chariot-wheels of your letter tarried considerably, but I should hardly have paid any attention to them if they had come on a railroad, for I have been possessed for the last month with a thought which you will believe has been as Aaron's rod to all others. My (only) sister has been balancing between life and death; and though it has seemed the same thing to her whether the great Arbiter struck the scale this way or that, it could not be so to me. At the present moment she is not what the learned call out of danger, but the tendency is toward recovery; and she is as easy in body as in mind: so sufficient for the day is the good thereof. It is surely strange that both Gospel and Church are so dumb on the matter of reunion of loving spirits after death. If the bond of affection be in itself indissoluble, there must be sameness if not a unity of destination for those souls which are thus banded; and how is this reconcilable with the adjustment of spiritual differences, to say nothing of award of rewards and punishments? Can we conceive a soul at once enjoying intellectual communion with the wise Heathen, affectionate communion with the objects of its earthly love, and spiritual communion with Christ and the saints? Is it necessary that the last should absorb the other two, or, to speak Scripturally, is there no abiding life of sympathy between two branches unless they are both grafted into the one and same Vine? Surely, the veriest Christian would hardly dare to violate our

all-human hopes so far as this; and yet it is doubtless a much fairer, a much closer deduction from the Christian category of truths than many that are every day drawn and acted upon. I do not know how it is, but when one begins to apply Christianity to anything else but the mere state of one's own moral being, one is hampered on all sides by sorrowful perplexities of this nature.

*Strafford** is like a drawing of Michael Angelo. It is odd to have to complain nowadays of a style being too broad, but this is the case here. He says himself very truly of the play that it is rather action in character than character in action; and thus there is a stiffness as of cramp about the very vigour of the piece. But read it. Also read Miss Martineau's "America;" and if you have £1 11s. 6d. to lay up in wise words, buy Carlyle's "French Revolution." It is strange these two books should have come out within a week—a threnode of the old world, a Te Deum of the new, blending in chorus. Miss M.'s treatment of the Slavery question is far more lofty than one would have expected from the school she professes. You will find yourself in company with Tennyson, Taylor, and Trench, in Lord Northampton's "Tribute," which appears next month; and now as you are less in deed than in desire as to coming to England I have a grace to ask of you. Many of my few friends have humoured me by promising me their portraits to decorate a room I am fitting up. Will you let some cunning man in Dublin do yours for me—be it in pencil, chalk, or how you please; anything except those miserable, monstrous, black profiles? Of course, I care more for verisimilitude than art; and as long as this is satisfactory, perhaps the simpler the better. I do not expect too much, feeling too strongly what Southey has so beautifully enunciated on the subject in the "Doctor." Do not refuse me.

It is, perhaps, the confessorship of the Newmanites which makes them so interesting; but, besides their great honesty, they no doubt understand the principles of Church polity much

* Robert Browning's play.

better than any people in Protestantism. Whether these principles can be practically worked in Protestantism is another question; as far as I see, decidedly not. Their spiritual bearing on the individual is quite another matter; they want that wonderful combination of firmness and plasticity which distinguished Romanism. She never forgot that her foot was on earth, though her head was in heaven. If my dear sister recovers, I shall probably print a small volume of my verses this autumn for friends only. I am delighted to hear that yours (sister as well as poetry) are going on so satisfactorily.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

P.S.—The D. in the "Lyra Apostolica" is, I believe, Newman's sign. Landor is at Clifton, eating up his own heart, with no better relish than the bitter herbs of world-contempt and self-exaltation. By-the-bye, by no means omit to get "The Kingdom of Christ," volume first, published by Darton, High Holborn. It is by Maurice, the "caposetta" of our Apostles, and will interest you exceedingly.

The death of the king was followed by the dissolution of Parliament, and Milnes came forward as a candidate for the representation of Pontefract. He stood as a Conservative, the other candidates being W. M. Stanley and Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the latter representing the Radical party. In his address to the electors, June 28th, Milnes says: "I have earnest hopes that the advent of our youthful sovereign will unite all the virtue in the nation on the side of constitutional order." In accordance with the fashion of the time he canvassed personally all the electors, and during the course of the canvass issued another address, giving special thanks to the "fair and generous wives and daughters" of the constituency for

the manner in which they had received him. It is unfair to reveal the secrets of the electioneering agent, even after a lapse of more than fifty years. Pontefract was presumably no worse than other constituencies of that day, and I shall, therefore, make no more than a passing reference to the fact that in the poll-book which was prepared for the young Conservative candidate there were certain pages devoted to the enumeration of voters who were classed under the characteristic title of "rascals," and others in which the words "head-money" recur with suspicious frequency. The fight was undoubtedly a hot one while it lasted, but Milnes threw himself into it with spirit, speaking frequently, and evidently gaining courage in doing so, delighting his father by his ease and self-possession, and fulfilling the high hopes of his friends. It was on July 25th that the poll was declared, the result being his return by an overwhelming majority. The figures were—Milnes, 754; Stanley, 470; Eardley Smith, 134. This was no dubious triumph, and it was hailed with delight by all his friends. One thing, however, is noticeable in the congratulations which were showered upon him, and that was that, until he actually came forward as a Conservative candidate, even those who knew him best had been in some doubt as to the precise character of his political opinions.

Connop Thirlwall, for instance, writing to congratulate him, says:—

It is rather odd that I should have known a good deal of you so long, and yet should have remained so ignorant of the colour

of your politics as I have always been till within about a year ago. I can hardly bring myself now to consider you as a Tory, or indeed as belonging to a party at all; and though I am aware how difficult, and even dangerous, it is for a public man to keep aloof from all parties, still my first hope as well as expectation as to your political career is that it may be distinguished by some degree of originality.

Another friend, Colville, expresses his relief at finding that he is a sound Conservative after all.

It was immediately after the king's death, but before the dissolution, that he received the following letter :—

W. E. Gladstone to R. M. M.

House of Commons, June 26th, 1837.

My dear Milnes,—I had heard that your sister was ill, but not of the extreme severity of her illness and the danger she has undergone, and I can only express my sincere pleasure at learning that her state has greatly improved, an improvement which I trust it may please God to continue. . . . We are now beginning to feel tickled by the approaching dissolution. I suppose you adhere to your intention of coming forward for Pontefract, as Pollington retires. The Ministers have, you see, pretty well surrendered their ostensible ground about the Irish Church, so I hope that you and I, should we sit in the approaching Parliament, shall not be found in different lobbies on any material divisions. At Newark I have as yet no ground to anticipate a contest; and if my engagements, but still more if your domestic circumstances, are in a state to allow of it, it will give me much pleasure to visit you.

Believe me

Most sincerely yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

. The visit proposed in the above letter did not take place, for on August 11th Mr. Gladstone writes from Liverpool to Milnes to say that he is sick and weary with his election peregrinations, and has taken his passage for "Scotland (Fasque, Fettercairn)" to see what grouse he can "persuade into his bag."

Milnes spent the autumn at Fryston entertaining various friends of his, amongst them being George Darley, a well-known man of letters of his time, whose special reason for going to Fryston was to meet Tennyson.

Among the little offices of friendship which Milnes was called upon to discharge about this time was one, the description of which is given in a letter from J. W. Blakesley, which sounds rather strangely now.

> I shall send you [said Blakesley] a letter to Harriet Martineau, who wants to get names of persons willing to purchase Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." It seems the booksellers will not reprint the work until they can be sure of selling *three hundred* copies. I should have thought the cormorants had picked enough from the bones of successful authors to allow them to take poor Carlyle's carcass for better for worse.

It will be remembered that "Sartor Resartus" had in the first instance failed to find a publisher in an independent form, and had consequently been given to the world piecemeal in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. It is evident from this letter that even after the public had been made acquainted with its wondrous treasures of wit and wisdom, and after Carlyle had gained a footing in the literary society of his day, the publishers

were still a timorous race, unprepared to burn their fingers by meddling with the light of the writer's genius unless they could get a guarantee for the sale of three hundred copies of a book, the circulation of which has since been counted by tens, if not hundreds, of thousands.

I was thinking to-day [writes Milnes to his friend MacCarthy from Fryston, October 15th, 1837] that the thing I was intended for by Nature is a German woman. I have just that mixture of *häusliche Thätigkeit* and *Sentimentalität* that characterises that category of Nature. I think Goethe would have fallen in love with me, and I am not sure that Platen didn't.

The allusion to Goethe recalls an incident in the writer's experience. One Sunday morning about the year 1879 I was staying at Fryston with Lord Houghton. I observed that he spent the greater part of the morning in writing. By-and-by he came from his library into the adjoining room where I was sitting, holding a sheet of paper in his hand. "I have been setting down," he remarked, "the names of all the celebrities I have known in my time." "You must have made a long list," I said. "On the contrary, I am amazed at its shortness, and the greatest name of all is missing—the man I might have known and did not know." "Who was that?" I inquired. "Goethe," was the answer; "and I was actually at Weimar when he was living, and never went to see him. I can never forgive myself." So in these volumes no reminiscences of the great German will be found.

On November 20th Parliament was opened by the

Queen, and Milnes posted up to town with his friend and kinsman James Milnes Gaskell, who had also been returned at the General Election as member for Wenlock. The House of which he had become a member had Lord John Russell for its leader, the Opposition being led by Sir Robert Peel. The principal persons in the Parliament of those days were Lord Palmerston, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Stanley, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, Tom Duncombe, Hume, and O'Connell. There were other young men of promise and distinction besides Milnes who came to it as new members. Among these the most remarkable was Mr. Disraeli, still known in those days as "young D'Israeli," whose fame as traveller, as novelist, and as social luminary in the Gore House set was already great.

On December 7th Mr. Disraeli delivered himself of that famous maiden speech * which must be memorable in the history of first appearances, and on the following night Richard Milnes made his own *début* as a Parliamentary orator. His father's reputation was still cherished in the lobbies, and not a little curiosity was excited by the son's performance. Despite the nervousness natural to the occasion, it was a distinct and unequivocal success, affording a curious contrast to the dismal failure of the other new member, whose temporary humiliation was, however, but the prelude to so brilliant a triumph.

* Milnes was sitting next Disraeli, and said, "Yes, old fellow, so it will," in response to Disraeli's words, "The time will come when you will hear me."

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

December 10th, 1837.

First and foremost have you got the letter I received for you from, I suppose, Mr. de S.? It was despatched the middle of this week, addressed to Hôtel Meurice, and went in a packet to Lord Canterbury. And you do not suppose that I shall now have time to write you letterets and letteroni as heretofore in the idle warm places of other years? But for this once the world must wait. "Stay there in the ante-chamber, great and political world; you must amuse yourself without me one quarter of an hour. I must write this letter." How foolish of you to send that last note, that mere portion of humour by itself! Why not tell me something about Joseph, and your plans and your and our friends? It was a miserable device to give Government a shilling, and you talk of idleness. How far have you got in the *Review?* I saw Miss Seymour the other evening at the Parkes's, who knows you a little. She is a nice-looking girl, with too much colour and a nose too aquiline, but seems, notwithstanding, a talented kind of person. She had been magnetised the day before with complete success, and I met her the day after at M. Dupotet's, the magnetiser's. She was not magnetised that day, her mamma thinking it too public. It was a pity, you know. I was magnetised the day after, having taken old Black with me for precaution. I quite received the influence, but did not let him go on long enough to lay me asleep. Some other cases we saw, particularly that of a cataleptic person, whom he attracted about the room, swaying her with his hand like a toy. There was one case of the epigastric perception; but not a convincing one. A member of Parliament placed in the somnambulist's hand a folded paper of the new workhouse diet. She held it close to her, then tore it up, but would not speak of it. The day after, when again magnetised, she was questioned about it, and gave it very exactly. This is the first instance on record of a person getting a stomachful out of the diet of the new pauper system. S. Wood

says he hopes we shall soon be able to throw the Speaker in a state of somnambulism, clap a motion on the pit of his stomach, and get him to give it to the House. In that case it will not be necessary to give notice of motions, you see. Speaking of the House, D'Israeli nearly killed it on Thursday night. You have, of course, seen his speech in *Galignani*. Can you conceive the impudence of the Attorney-General, not knowing him personally, and going up to him in the lobby, saying, "A very pleasant speech of yours, Mr. Disraeli. Will you be kind enough to tell me what Lord John held beside the keys of St. Peter?"

"The red cap of liberty, sir."*

During the performance Peel quite screamed with laughter. This failure, however, did not prevent both Acland and myself from hearing our own voices on the following night, both as extempore as possible. O'Brien puts it about that Acland went this morning in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for his successful *début*. Mine was just what I wished, good of its kind, giving promise more than anything else; an earnest, almost passionate remonstrance against something that had just been let fall, and lasting about five minutes. Stanley [Lord Derby] talked of the "powerful and feeling language of the member for Pomfret;" and Sir Robert said, "Just the right thing;" and I smiled inwardly at both of them. The latter has gained upon me last week by the dinner he gave me yesterday, not entirely for the material of it, nor the compliment of the small party, but from his free demeanour in private society. He was more genial than I should have thought possible, and told stories out of school with good grace. Stanley said he thought the case of the Archbishop of Cologne the most important and remarkable sign of our day, and likely

* "Notwithstanding the noble Lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter and—" Here the hon. member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not.—See *Morning Chronicle*, Report on Mr. Disraeli's Speech, December 8th, 1837.

to have most vital consequences. I tried my theory of the Conservatism of Popery as far as I dared. O'Brien is in town as a petitioner. If the election is declared void, he will have another chance of being murdered to prove Irish tranquillity. Unless I am on the Pension List Committee, it is not unlikely I shall go to Court on Wednesday and pay a few visits. Direct, therefore, still to Boodle's. Love to all lovable.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

Stafford O'Brien, writing on the same sheet of paper to MacCarthy, says:—

I was in the House on Friday when Milnes spoke, or rather answered a remark of Harvey's. He was excellently heard, his manner was very good, and utterly devoid of anything like mannerism or Milnesism, which I feared. Some deem—of course I need not give you the speech—that Milnes was superior to Acland, inasmuch as he showed more debating power. I do not hold with talkers like this; but both were very good, and we may both rejoice that our two young Englanders have come out so well. . . . Milnes has decidedly succeeded, *he* could not tell you that; I have.

Many and warm were the congratulations offered by his friends to the young Parliamentarian. MacCarthy naturally was one of those most eager to present his felicitations. Writing from Paris, December 15th, 1837, he says, "The first news of *the speech* was in *Galignani*, whose report most irreverently stated that 'Mr. Acland, Sir Charles Douglas, and Mr. Milnes expressed themselves briefly against the motion!' The *Times* gave a better and fuller account, and your own and O'Brien's testimony at last came to make me quite happy. I had been in a great fright before from the

tempestuous damnation of Disraeli, but he is of the *junge Judenthum*, not the young England, so may be damned."

The reader will not have failed to notice the introduction of the words "young England" into some of the foregoing letters. The party subsequently known by that name had not yet any recognised life, but some at least of the young men who were subsequently associated with it, as well as others who, like Milnes, never joined it, had evidently already fixed upon its title, and were endeavouring to accustom themselves to it.

With the opening of 1838 two subjects specially occupied Milnes's thoughts; one of these was a matter of purely domestic interest which affected him not a little, the approaching marriage of his sister to her cousin Lord Galway. The earlier letters, from which I have already given some extracts, will have afforded the reader some faint idea of the depth of the affection which Milnes entertained for his sister. Nothing that has been printed in these pages, however, can afford any adequate conception of the absorbing love which he felt for her. He was attached to his cousin, and thoroughly in sympathy with the projected marriage, yet he regarded it as the signal for something like his own bereavement. The one to whom throughout his life his own heart had been most closely bound was now to enter upon a new life, with new ties and new sympathies, and it seemed to him for the moment that with her marriage must end that perfectly frank and affectionate intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between them. Only those who

knew the sensitiveness of his nature, and the depths of his feelings, will be able to understand the emotion which he openly displayed in view of his sister's approaching marriage. For months before and after the event he was, as his letters show, the victim of an extreme depression, and it was long before he entirely recovered his spirits. Happily that recovery was accompanied —perhaps, indeed, it may have been occasioned—by the consciousness of the fact that his forebodings as to his future relations with his sister had been entirely misplaced, though he could not then know the full truth—the truth which time alone could prove—that during the half-century of life which still remained to him, he would continue to find in her at all times the kindest, truest, and most devoted of friends and confidants.

The other subject which occupied his mind at the beginning of 1838 was the publication of two additional volumes of poetry. One of these was "The Memorials of a Residence on the Continent, and Historical Poems." It was issued by Moxon, prefaced by a dedication to his sister on the occasion of her marriage. The other volume was produced during the same month, but for some reason, hardly now to be ascertained, it was in the first instance printed for private circulation only. It was entitled "Poems of Many Years." In these two volumes some of the best productions of Milnes's Muse are to be found, and their appearance excited interest not only among his personal friends, but among the reading public generally.

R. C. Trench to R. M. M.

Bottley Hill, March 3, 1838.

My dear Milnes,—I rejoice much at the prospect of your approaching volumes. Pray send me a copy of them. Moxon will give you with this note a copy of my book with your name inscribed. You will see I have stolen and used three or four times a metre which I think I first heard in a fine Moorish ballad of yours which you read me when here. Are you acquainted with Rückert's poetry, concerning which MacCarthy raves, and of which I have given three or four specimens? I am inclined to think very highly of it indeed; there is certainly no living poet (*pace tua*—but I have not yet seen your book) that comes at all near him. Do you ever see Tennyson? and if so, could you not urge him to take the field? I think, with the exception of myself and him, everybody sent to "The Tribute" the poorest, or nearly the poorest, things that they had by them. But I suppose that as it was only for a charity, it did not much signify. His poem was magnificent. Let me have a line or two from you some day or other to say how things prosper with you, and

Believe me very truly yours,

R. C. Trench.

P.S.—Moxon tells me you are going to review me in the *British*. For all praise, blame, counsel, &c., I thank you beforehand.

Milnes sent his books when they appeared to his friend and fellow-poet, and Trench wrote, April 26th, thanking him for them, and expressing his admiration of some of the poems, especially of the "very beautiful lines to a brother and sister, which moved poor Mr. Elton, Hallam's uncle, to tears, and made him carry away the book to show them to his daughter." But both Trench and his wife missed some of their greatest

favourites, and could only suppose that Milnes was reserving them for another volume.

It was about this period that Carlyle's correspondence with Milnes began.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, 20th May, 1838.

My dear Sir,—I should like greatly to come to you on Tuesday morning, but I am in so contemptible a state of health (as you may see in the Portman Square cock-pit yonder) that I dare promise nothing. Sometimes I wake at four in the morning, and breakfast as soon after *that* as possible. What shall I say? Perhaps you will let me try to come and hope to come, and, if I fail after all, will view me with due pity and tolerance, knowing well enough how it must have been in that case. I will leave it so. You ought to lend me a reading of your book, since it is not for sale. I could do very well with it at present, and will accordingly request that favour of you.

Believe me always yours faithfully,

T. Carlyle.

Now, too, it was that he entered into personal relations with Sydney Smith, for whose wit he had so great an admiration, and whose genuine kindliness of heart he understood and appreciated, though at times it was veiled under a somewhat crusty outward demeanour. Sydney Smith, indeed, does not appear in the first instance to have appreciated Milnes at his true worth. His English prejudices were to a certain extent roused by the cosmopolitanism of the young man, and more than once he took occasion to turn his peculiarities of manner into ridicule. With it all he understood and admired the warmth of Milnes's heart and the kindliness of his disposition.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

33, *Charles Street, Berkeley Square,*
June 20th, 1838.

My dear Sir,—I began years ago to breakfast with Rogers, and I must go on unless he leaves off asking me, but I must not make any fresh alliances of this sort, for it deranges me for the whole day, and I am a very old gentleman, and must take care of myself, a duty I owe to my parish, or, rather, I should say, two parishes. But you have, luckily for you, no such plea, and therefore you must come and breakfast with me on Saturday morning next, at ten o'clock precisely. Say that you will do this.

Yours truly,
Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith was not unyielding in his responses to Milnes's invitations, and though he does not appear to have been a constant frequenter of his breakfasts, he showed himself there at times, and thus made the acquaintance of younger men than those whom as a rule he met at the table of Rogers. Whether he was altogether happy in the company of talkers who, if inferior to himself, were still in a certain sense his rivals in his own field, may be doubted. Lord Houghton himself has told us in his "Monographs" that when some enterprising entertainer brought him and Mr. Theodore Hook together, the failure was complete; and he was wont to be somewhat unjust in his criticism of other wits. But whatever might be his defects, his qualities were inimitable, and no man appreciated them more highly than did Milnes. It was not merely his humour, brilliant though it was, which Milnes admired. His large-heartedness, his grasp of great principles, his

love of freedom, his sympathy with the victims of bad laws and of national injustice, his hatred of shams, were all dear to the young man's heart, and there can be no doubt that in his own political career Milnes was to no small extent under the influence of the famous Canon of St. Paul's. The friendship of the two men began so late in Smith's life that it lasted but a few years, Smith himself dying in 1845. It may not, however, be inappropriate to bring together here, without regard to date, some of the more characteristic of Sydney Smith's letters.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

June 9th, 1838.

My dear Sir,—If you want to get a place for a relation, you must not delay it till he is born. . . . The same thing with any smaller accommodation. You ask me for tickets on Wednesday to go to St. Paul's on Thursday. My first promise dated 1836. I would, however, have done my possible, but your letter did not arrive till Saturday (Paulo post). The fact is, I have been wandering about the coast for Mrs. Sydney's health, and am taken by the Preventive Service for a brandy merchant waiting an opportunity of running goods on a large scale. I wish you many long and hot dinners with lords and ladies, wits and poets, and am always truly yours,

Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

July 23rd, 1840.

My dear Milnes,—If you have really any intention of paying me a visit, I must describe the *locale*. We live six miles from Taunton, on the Minehead Road. An inn at Taunton is the London Inn. I shall be at home from the end of July to the

end of October, or rather the 20th of October. You must give me good notice, and wait my answer, for we are often full and often sick. It is but fair to add that nothing can be more melancholy than Combe Florey; that we have no other neighbours than the parsonism of the country, and that in the country I hibernise, and live by licking my paws. Having stated these distressing truths, and assuring you that (as you like to lay out your life to the best advantage) it is not worth your while to come, I have only to add that we shall be very glad to see you.

Yours very truly,

SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

Combe Florey, Feb. 14th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged by your kindness in procuring for me the *papier chimique*. Pray let me know what I am in your debt. It is best to be scrupulous and punctilious in trifles. I should be very unhappy about McLeod and America if I had not impressed upon myself in the course of a long life that there is always some misery of this kind hanging over us, and that being unhappy does no good. I console myself with Doddridge's "Expositor" and "The Scholar Armed," to say nothing of a very popular book called "The Dissenter Tripped Up." I read with great pleasure Lord Fitzwilliam's letter to Marshall, and with anything but pleasure Marshall's absurd and mischievous answer. If I had not lost the inestimable advantage of being a Yorkshireman, I would comb that flax-dresser into some comeliness and order.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

56, *Green St., May 11th,* 1841.

MY DEAR MILNES,—I am very much obliged by your reserving a place for me, but I have a party of persons who are coming

to breakfast with me—all very common persons, I am ashamed to say, who see with their eyes, hear with their ears, and trust to the olfactory nerves to discriminate filth from fragrance. Pray come to us on Thursday, and (oh, Milnes!) save the country!

Ever yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

To the following letter some words of introduction are needed. Written in 1842, it has reference to certain jocular titles given to Milnes in jest, and which long clung to him. Common report has always asserted that the author of these names was Sydney Smith. The story commonly told as to the origin of one of them was that one very hot evening in summer, when Lady Holland and a large party of friends were suffering from the stifling atmosphere at Holland House, and a general dulness had crept over the company, Milnes was seen to enter. "Ah! here comes the cool of the evening," cried Sydney Smith, and immediately everybody grew brighter, and new life seemed to be infused into the party. The letter below replies to the somewhat angry remonstrances which Milnes, on learning that this and other nicknames had been applied to him, and that their authorship was ascribed to Sydney Smith, had addressed to the latter. No one will deny that, severe though the letter may be, it is admirable in its way. But the reader who may be inclined to sympathise with Sydney Smith rather than with Milnes ought to know something of the light in which the latter, when age had increased his experience and added to his wisdom, himself regarded the reproof he had received in his youth.

One day in one of the years between 1870 and 1880, as we were looking over the crowded bookshelves at Fryston, dipping here and there into the apparently inexhaustible treasures of his library, Lord Houghton took down one of the volumes of Lady Holland's "Life of Sydney Smith." The original of the following letter had been inserted in it, and Lord Houghton himself read it to me, not only with the greatest good-humour, but with undisguised enjoyment of the wit which it displayed. "Don't you think," he said, when he had finished the perusal, "that that was an admirable letter for an old man to write to a young one who had just played the fool?" Sydney Smith, with his real regard for Milnes, would himself have been delighted if he could have seen the spirit in which his sharp rebuke was received. Indeed, it must be noted that even at the time it caused no coolness in the friendship of the two men.

Sydney Smith to R. M. M.

56, *Green Street, Grosvenor Square, April 22nd.*

Dear Milnes,—Never lose your good temper, which is one of your best qualities, and which has carried you hitherto safely through your startling eccentricities. If you turn cross and touchy, you are a lost man. No man can combine the defects of opposite characters. The names of "Cool of the evening," "London Assurance," and "In-I-go Jones" are, I give you my word, not mine. They are of no sort of importance; they are safety valves, and if you could by paying sixpence get rid of them, you had better keep your money. You do me but justice in acknowledging that I have spoken much good of you. I have laughed at you for those follies which I have told you of

to your face; but nobody has more readily and more earnestly asserted that you are a very agreeable, clever man, with a very good heart, unimpeachable in all the relations of life, and that you amply deserve to be retained in the place to which you had too hastily elevated yourself by manners unknown to our cold and phlegmatic people. I thank you for what you say of my good-humour. Lord Dudley, when I took leave of him, said to me, "You have been laughing at me for the last seven years, and you never said anything which I wished unsaid." This pleased me.

Ever yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to explain with reference to one of the names given above, that "In-I-go Jones" had its origin in the exploits of the boy Jones, who in the early years of the present reign attained a certain celebrity through the frequency with which he managed to make his way, unperceived by sentinels and servants, into the private apartments of Buckingham Palace, where he was more than once found concealed under a sofa.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST YEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

Disraeli and Milnes—Carlyle's Lectures—The Sterling Club—Charles Sumner—R. W. Emerson—Letter from Wordsworth—Growing Friendship with Carlyle—Visit to the Pyrenees—The London Library established—Reviews Emerson's Writings—A Glimpse of Beau Brummel—Milnes in Paris—Friendship with the King, Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, and De Tocqueville—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—Heine—Carlyle at Fryston—"One Tract More"—Thackeray in Yorkshire—The New Administration—Milnes disappointed—Letter to Guizot.

MILNES's Parliamentary career did not go so smoothly as might have been anticipated from his first success. Although his abilities were generally recognised, and much was expected of him, he undoubtedly did not make such an impression on the House of Commons as he had hoped to produce. Yet in his first days of Parliamentary life he was courted by not a few. Disraeli, who was then looking about for young men of good family and fine talents with whom to form an offensive and defensive alliance against the world, turned in the first instance to Milnes, and proposed to him that they should jointly do battle in the arena of politics. "No," said Milnes, "two of a trade would never agree," and the project fell through. In politics, at all events, Richard Milnes was always in earnest, whatever might be the case with regard to his private or his social life. It was upon the serious aspect of public affairs that he

alone cared to direct his attention. His father, as has been seen, was anxious that his son should achieve that success which had once lain within his own reach. Milnes himself was even more ambitious of political than of literary distinction, and very early in his Parliamentary career he began to take a line of his own upon some of those social and political questions which seemed likely to rise to importance in the future. He was troubled, however, by the comparative non-success of the speeches which he made during the Session of 1838.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

March 13th, 1838.

I wonder whether readiness and comfort in writing to one's friends is one of Carlyle's symptoms of "Health." Certainly Goethe and Walter Scott both wrote most freely and fully, and I at this moment sit down with difficulty to do what I ought to have done a fortnight ago. But then *you* write just as eloquently and pleasantly when just out of a spasm, and in as morbid a state of mind as Rousseau ever dragged through. No; there is something more in the matter than I see; and this must be so, for who has so craving an appetite for sympathy as I have? Who so fond of melancholy gossip? Good things, whether of creation or invention, are dying so fast within me that I can hardly even indite a letter. I only know I felt the other day that when my sister is married and my poems printed, my mission, such as it is, is well over, and I might as well be lost in space at once as go on *formulising* any more. I took care Carlyle should hear your objection to his "Cant." I doubt not he has grinned over it by this time. He is to give a course of lectures in May on the confined subject of the history of general literature. I get more and more nervous as to speaking in the House. It is improbable that I shall try again this Session.

Had my Canada and Ballot speeches been heard, and been successful, it would most likely have been otherwise. I go out as much as I want, and see plenty of clever and agreeable people, but somehow or other get very little good of them. The thing that has caught me most is the animal magnetism which is slowly progressing. The apostle of it is a very fine simple fellow, as fanciful and exaggerative as an enthusiast ought to be. A strong attempt is making to prove the whole thing mere bawdry, but the experiments at the hospitals defy this. My mother and sister come to town in a fortnight. The *nozze* take place the week after Easter. She is wonderfully well. A book called "Froude's Remains," just published, has produced much wonder, pleasure, and scoffing. They are the posthumous confessions of a young Oxford Churchman, detailing his ascetic practices, spiritual progress, and dogmatic difficulties. I do not suppose it will reach Paris, or be understood if it did. I go on with small "young Englands" on Sunday evenings, which unfortunately excludes the more severe members—Acland, Gladstone, &c. I really think when people keep Friday as a fast, they might make a feast of Sunday; as it is, Wood and his friends have only two Sundays a week instead of one. Miss S. is in great force, and seems to enjoy going out, though they know but few people. I am not in love, for if I was I should not be so cross and nervous. I almost fear I am in an influenza instead. . . . The best things current are that Rogers said of Lady Parke, "She was so good that when she went to Heaven she would find no difference except that her ankles would be thinner and her head better dressed;" and Sydney Smith* to Landseer, who patronisingly offered to let him sit to him for his picture, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Also Rogers of Jane Davy, "that she was so dry she would turn all the Deluge into toast and water." Bulwer has brought out an exceedingly pretty play, which, owing to the fewness of the characters, is very well acted. Charles Kean I think a sensible

* In a note to the sketch of Sydney Smith in the "Monographs," Lord Houghton states that Lockhart really said this.

and gentlemanly actor, but with no high conceptions or means of realising them. The affair between Fitz— and the C— goes lingering on. People know for a fact one night that he has been refused, and he is dancing with her the next. Poor O'B. is coming to town, foiled of his Rutlandshire seat, which he had looked forward to for years—not but that a little misfortune will be of use to him. I hardly like asking you to write on when you get no value received: still

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

The comparative failure of his speeches, to which Milnes alludes in the foregoing letter, was to some extent due to the very earnestness of purpose which he displayed in politics. In after-dinner oratory he was known to be one of the easiest and most graceful speakers of his time, but the case was very different when he addressed the House of Commons. He always seemed to do so under a sense of constraint, and as he had modelled himself upon the old style of political oratory, he gave his hearers an impression of affectation, which, though unfounded in fact, was decidedly disadvantageous to him.

R. M. M. to Aubrey de Vere.

House of Commons (? 1838).

My dear Friend,—One has no business to intrude the hurdygurdy of a London mind into the serene and graceful harmonies of your meditative life, but then friendship has its courtesies as well as its sensibilities, and to leave such a letter as yours unanswered would be not only a moral crime but a social error.

Therefore, I must write you somewhat, and you must take it forgivingly and compassionately. No one could believe that

so many wise and pleasant people as are certainly to be found in this big town could be living together so long and getting so little good from one another. The most notable things in your way have been Carlyle's lectures, but I daresay the Spring Rice letters have been transcripts of them; they have been, perhaps, more interesting than anything else, as all picturesque history must be, and he talks as graphically as his "French Revolution;" his personality is most attractive. There he stands, simple as a child, and his happy thought dances on his lips and in his eyes, and takes word and goes away, and he bids it God speed, whatever it be.

Tennyson composes every day, but nothing will persuade him to print, or even write it down. . . . I have a notion of getting to Naples for the autumn, and Rome for the early winter. That you could and would go with me! It would nearly do me as much good as all this frivolous society does me harm.

I know no interesting new books but "Froude's Remains." Wilberforce is fair reading, but requires much skipping. What a curious mixture of weakness and strength he was! It gave me great pleasure that O'Brien had courage to break out of this pleasure den into the free air of his own occupations and offices. I trust he already feels the full reward. I have seen Monckton several times; we have spoken often about you; he seems to like much all of you that he understands. People puff my poems more than enough, and now I think it would be literary dandyism not to publish them; so I shall make them saleable next spring; by that time probably the world will have forgot all about them, and hardly a copy be sold.

I see a good deal of the Spring Rices off and on; he is very good-natured to me, notwithstanding that I have abused the Government in the House. H. Taylor is said to be elaborating something, but in secret; I believe he has given up Thomas A'Becket. A Mr. Kenyon has just published some decent verses. Have you ever seen any of Blake's poetry?

I think of publishing some selections from him which will astonish those who are astoundable by anything of this kind.

All kind things to yours from

Your affectionate friend,

R. M. M.

His old friend and fellow-Apostle, J. W. Blakesley, was a candidate for election at the Athenæum Club at this time, March, 1838, and on his election he wrote to Milnes as follows:—

J. W. Blakesley to R. M. M.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
March 19th, 1838.

My dear Milnes,—I have no doubt that I owe no inconsiderable part of my success at the Athenæum on Monday last to your exertions, and if you are conscious that such is the case, draw on me for as much gratitude as you think your due; I will honour the cheque. Alfred Tennyson has been with us for the last week. He is looking well and in good spirits, but complains of nervousness. How should he do otherwise, seeing that he smokes the strongest and most stinking tobacco out of a small blackened clay pipe on an average nine hours every day? He went off to-day by the Wisbeach to Epping, where he complains that there are no sounds of Nature and no society; equally a want of birds and men. Have you seen Trench's new volume? Here we all think that the clergyman has swallowed up the poet, and also that it would have been well if the catastrophe had taken place before the latter had written his last book. We are most painfully disappointed. He seems to expect that some such impression will be produced among his own intimates, for he writes me a most deprecatory letter. Also his children have one and all the whooping-cough—a distressing spectacle, he informs me, for a father. If you see Crabb Robinson, remember me to him.

Ever yours,

J. W. Blakesley.

It was during this summer of 1838 that Sterling founded the little club which was afterwards known by his own name, though in the first instance it was styled the Anonymous Club. Milnes and most of his early friends were among the members. Spedding was the secretary. It fell to the lot of Milnes to ask Blakesley to secure some additional names for the little company.

J. W. Blakesley to R. M. M.

14, *Lansdowne Place, Brighton,*
July 16*th*, 1838.

My dear Milnes,—Of the four persons to whom I was commissioned to communicate the project of our new club, two have taken the shilling with great alacrity—namely, Lyttelton and Fielding. From Rogers I have not yet heard, although I wrote to him upon the subject before leaving town; but as I directed my letter to the Club, it is very far from impossible that it has not yet come to his hand. From Acland I had a letter which makes me fear that he will not join. At least, if it came from anybody else I should draw that conclusion from it. He says that he feels that whatever he might gain from such a society, he should contribute nothing to it. This in any other person would only be a courteous mode of declining, but Acland really is so absurdly modest, and has such an unwarrantably low opinion of his own talents and attainments, that in him such an expression need not, I think, be so interpreted. Pray set all manner of people at him who are likely to have any influence over him. . . . Neither can I at all see why Trench should not have been requested to be one of us. I do not at all agree with Sterling's view of the case, that he would have declined. But, to be sure, I should not have expected any such course from Maurice.

Rogers refused to join the club, which was probably of too heretical a character in his opinion to be worthy

of his patronage. The other eminent men mentioned in Blakesley's letter, including Acland, became members, and had to bear with their colleagues the storm of obloquy which was soon afterwards raised against the Club by the orthodox religious newspapers.

During this summer of 1838 England received a distinguished visitor from the United States in the person of Charles Sumner, who has left on record some lively reminiscences of society at large at that period, and of Milnes and his friends in particular.

"Milnes," writes Sumner, describing him, "a member of Parliament, a poet, and a man of fashion, a Tory who does not forget the people, and a man of fashion with sensibilities, love of virtue and merit among the simple, the poor, and the lowly."

From Sumner's letters it is evident that he met Milnes frequently in society at Holland House, at Rogers's, at Sydney Smith's, and elsewhere; and he tells how, as the guest of Milnes himself, he sat opposite Bulwer at dinner; Macaulay, Julius Hare, O'Brien, and Monteith being the other guests. The "incessant ringing" of Macaulay's voice on this occasion struck Sumner more particularly by the contrast which it offered to the lisping and effeminate tones of Bulwer. Sumner makes one statement, in the accuracy of which it is difficult to believe. "Young Milnes, whose poems you have doubtless read," he says, "told me that nobody knew of his (Carlyle's) existence, though he (Milnes) entertained for him personally the highest regard." That Carlyle had not yet fully established

himself and his fame was of course true, but it was hardly possible for Milnes to make such a statement as that reported by Mr. Sumner with regard to one who was even then a lion in the best literary and intellectual society in London. With regard to the second part of this statement, the high regard which Milnes had for Carlyle, there is happily no room for doubt. Curiously enough, at this very time Carlyle and Milnes were in correspondence on the subject of the works of another American writer who was then just coming into notice —Mr. Emerson. Emerson had found a warm friend and admirer in England in the person of Harriet Martineau, and by her means his name had been brought to the notice of Carlyle and other eminent men of letters. Milnes was among those who formed a genuine admiration for the gifted thinker of the New World, and he was one of the earliest among English writers to print a criticism upon Emerson's essays.

"There is another little essay of Emerson's the American, entitled 'Nature,'" writes Carlyle, July 13th, 1838, to Milnes, "I think John Sterling has it. Thank you for liking that man." Milnes was anxious to see the essay, which had not then been reprinted in this country.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Milnes,—That book "Nature," I am sorry to say, is not discoverable. Search has been made within the house and without, hitherto in vain. Somebody has it, but I know not who, and see not at present much hope of knowing. Perhaps Kenneth of York Street, Covent Garden, has it on sale; if not,

and if, as the probabilities indicate, I cannot unearth it here, what chance is there? It seems an uneducible case. I give you two fractions of an American book catalogue, where you find a notice of "Nature," and notices of one or two other things perhaps related to your enterprise. As to the immortal Revolution book, I am not altogether sure but the piece of truth I communicated to you may have given you a wrong impression of the whole truth. Come, therefore, into the centre of the business (*me duce*) since we have got within the circumference. The American edition was of one thousand, price two dollars, and, as all sold off, my share of the profit £150. American booksellers sell at thirteen per cent., that is their share of the retail price of a book you give them to sell for you. The English edition of seven hundred and fifty, price thirty-one shillings and sixpence, is also all sold off except a score of copies, my share of the profit hitherto *zero*, though the bookseller tells me he has cash for me, the colour of cash, which he hopes "will prove satisfactory were his books once balanced." English booksellers sell at the rate of forty-two per cent. or so, I find; and are generally reckoned to be knaves more or less besides. It is a commercial phenomenon, their business here at present. I prepared to print a second edition for England and America together. This is a veritable complete state of the case, more fit for a Threadneedle Street accountant than for a West End poetical critic; which, however, I impart to you in confidence, that what you do see good to say on the subject may be said with entire knowledge of it. My notion is that it is all a *misere* worthy to be left in profoundest secrecy; unless, perhaps, you will recommend one to swallow keys (like your friend Stello), and die with a pen in one hand and a crust in the other. Is not that a beautiful attitude for dying now, and one often practised in hospitals? Gilbert Sans-culotte! I will desire you also to present my compliments to Kitty Bell when you next buy buns from her. God keep you, my good friend. It is a mad world this.

Yours very truly always,

T. CARLYLE.

I find Emerson quoted in a strange, philosophical, gerund-grinder farrago of a book from Cambridge, called "The New Cratylus."* They tell me also your friend Gladstone has a page of him.

In order to understand the bearing of the foregoing, two facts must be borne in mind by the reader. First, that Emerson had befriended Carlyle in his relations with the American publishers, and had secured for him the favourable returns of which he speaks above. And secondly, that a Copyright Bill was now before Parliament, in which Milnes was deeply interested, and in dealing with which he acted as one of the accredited representatives of English letters.

William Wordsworth to R. M. M.

Rydal Mount, Kendal,
March 26th, 1838.

My dear Sir,—I am taking a step which I am all but persuaded is superfluous, by reminding you that the second reading of Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill stands for April 11th, Wednesday. You will not, I trust, withhold from it your strenuous support. The Sergeant tells me the booksellers threaten a very strong opposition, in which they rely upon the aid of the doctrinaires, among which party one of the most eminent, Mr. Hume (*lucus a non lucendo*), has as you know declared against it already in *his place*, a pretty place for such an ignoramus. I have read two pamphlets against the bill, both abounding in false statements as to the facts, and the larger especially in monstrous opinions and shallow reasoning. As to perishable literature the motion is obviously indifferent. The only argument against it that I have seen which is entitled to the least consideration lies in the fear, or rather, as some assume, the certainty that such an act would check the circulation of good books; but the

* The etymological work by Dr. Donaldson.

rapid increase of readers is making it daily more and more the interest of authors to send into the world cheap editions, while there cannot be a doubt that with men of moral minds the hope of their children and grandchildren being in some degree benefited by their labours must act as an encouragement to their industry, and a support under the present neglect. What we want is the production of good books. Authors as a body get as much as they deserve by the law standing as it now does; but how does it treat, confining myself to my own department, men like Burns, like Cowper, like Crabbe, Coleridge, Southey, and many others? Too much of this! How came Sir R. Inglis to say the other day in the House on P. Thomson's motion, that Sir Walter Scott had set an example of effectually providing against French piracy by sending his life of Napoleon over in sheets to Paris, or P. Thomson to think he had replied to this inconsiderate observation by saying that such a precaution could only avail for one edition? Why, in America a book which has been treated for with an English author has been reprinted in an inferior type in thirty-six hours. . . . Galignani told me that he wished English copyright existed in France to prevent these injurious competitions, so that piracy is in some degree undermining itself.

I remain, dear Sir,

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Whilst Milnes was thus doing his duty in the House of Commons by the order to which he was proud to belong, his social life was gradually expanding, and he himself taking an increasingly conspicuous part in society.

I had designed [writes Carlyle in this summer of 1838] to be at one of your breakfasts again this season, and see once more with eyes what the felicity of life is; and to-morrow, unless the destinies withstand, shall be the day.

Writing to his brother a little later, Carlyle tells

how at this breakfast he had met Bunsen, Hallam, and certain other celebrities of the time. Milnes had indeed taken on himself the task of making Carlyle feel at home in the great world, and he was indefatigable in compelling the fashionable personages of the day to meet the Scotch peasant whose genius had already stirred the intellectual world to its depths. D'Orsay the wit and the dandy appears to have been one of those who were thus brought within the orbit of the author of "Sartor Resartus." But there were others more worthy than he of Carlyle's friendship whom Milnes brought to the great writer's feet. Among these was Connop Thirlwall, Milnes's old friend of Trinity days, not yet a bishop, though on the eve of becoming one. Mr. Froude tells how the first meeting between Carlyle and Thirlwall took place in the rooms of James Spedding in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Those pleasant and homely rooms were a favourite resort of Milnes's, and they deserve to be held in remembrance by all the admirers of genius. Milnes himself was present when Carlyle and Thirlwall first became acquainted. The future bishop was described by Carlyle as "a most sarcastic, sceptical, but strong-hearted, strong-headed man, whom he had a real liking for." The conversation, which turned on questions of theology, was broad in its character, and if we may believe Carlyle the orthodox side was maintained by Milnes. "He gave the party dilettante catholicism and endured Thirlwall's tobacco." By-and-by an additional bond of union between Carlyle and his young friend was established.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Wednesday Morning, 1838.

Dear Mr. Milnes,—We are packing up for departure. I cannot say as to Friday morning, but I will decidedly try and hope. This morning I was about writing to you at any rate. In these days I have a horse and go galloping along through all manner of lanes and green shady and windy desert places, much to my benefit. I had set my heart on riding with you one day. To-morrow it must be if at all. Could you appear here, steed fast, without further warning between one and two o'clock, or with warning at whatever hour and place you like to name? We might be merry together under the blessed sunshine for a couple of hours.

Yours always truly,
T. Carlyle.

From that time forward Milnes was a frequent companion of Carlyle in his rides about London and its suburbs.

In the autumn Milnes went with his friend Colvile to the Pyrenees.

R. M. M. to Lady Galway.

London, August 3rd, 1838.

Dearest Harriette,— . . . . On Saturday week I start with Colvile, in Mr. Eldridge's green chariot imperial and all, for the Pyrenees. We go by Southampton, but whether by Havre or Jersey and St. Malo we have not yet decided. Pray write directly to Bordeaux, as it can be forwarded if we have got further on our way. Colvile must be back by the 1st November, so perhaps we could *combinare* to meet at Paris, which would be uncommon pleasant. I suppose you will manage to get over the Stelvio while the Emperor is at Innspruck, but I fear the old epileptic will jostle you a good deal. There has been a talk these few days of the Duke of Devonshire

going to Milan as Extraordinary. I knew he was going to the baths at Aix in Savoy for his health, and probably the report is nothing more than this. I wish you would get me any new novel of Tieck's that may have come out, and anything that Windischmann recommends. Do not make yourself sick with "knödels" at the Hirsch, but eat them by all means: they were *wunderschön*, if I remember right. A review of my poems in the *Blackwood* this month. The editor says he remembers hearing a man of that name speak surpassingly well in Parliament some thirty years ago, and wonders if he is the poet; on a little reflection, he guesses it is his son, and he is not far wrong. Both the *Westminster* and *Blackwood* quote "The Lay of the Humble." Do you remember my reading it to you in the wee drawing-room at Venice over the fire the night after I came from Greece, when you told me you didn't want to hear it at all? . . . . I expect a deal of good poems from my trip if I can only disembarrass myself of disagreeable thoughts, and let myself go quietly and in the fresh air, and be content with talking to mountains without wishing for wise or fine people to answer me. London is not at all unpleasant if one was not fidgeting to be somewhere else: in climate and society it is about February. Corky* has had parties of all kinds; I dine there to-day to meet the John Russells and a world of Whigs. She wants to give breakfasts like mine, but the one last week was quite a failure. Nobody knows when Parliament will be up; the Lords will have to sit some time after us. I don't know whether my father has written to you; he makes no great complaint about the hay, but it cannot have been well got in amid all this wet. I believe, to make an almanack, you have nothing to do but put down "Rain, rain, rain." Esterhazy has left town. Mind and ask him directly you get to Milan by word or letter to get the introduction to Metternich, and ask Zichy to introduce you to Madame Metternich. If you make great love to the old man, he may make you "*dama della croce stellata*." We have set a-going a new dining club, which

* The Dowager Countess of Cork—his maternal aunt.

promises well. Twenty of the most charming men in the universe met last Tuesday. They won't call it Young England, however.

Your affectionate

R.

To the Same.

Bordeaux, Aug. 25th.

My dear Harriette,—Your pleasant letter came safe yesterday, and glad I was to hear you are getting on so prosperously. If emperors are riding over you before you get into the Tyrol, what will it be at Milan? You certainly snub Munich too much, and ought to have spent two days on each of the buildings. The frescoes in the new palace can hardly be seen through in one. It is altogether as well that you did not go in the green chariot, though I must say that no carriage could go more easily than it has done. Two steps went one day, a brace the next, a bolt the one after, and so on—all so quietly you would never have known it. However, springs and wheels keep pretty well together, which is the essential part; but the great evil we have to complain of is the cold. The southerer we go, the colderer it gets. Last night we had to wear pea-jackets, and you hardly see a window open at noon. Chill showers meet us here; what shall we have in the mountains? The journey was not uninteresting. Brittany nobly wooded and richly cultivated, but the people and the accommodation disagreeable. In La Vendée the inns were better, though the "outs" were not so striking. The towns (Nantes, La Rochelle, &c.) were sightworthy in their way, mostly for churches and fortifications. This is a very palatial city—a sort of French Venice. The society is all in the mountains, but we have caught a Cambridge friend, who has settled here, who lionises and dines us. The latter function is finely performed here. We saw *Robert le Diable* last night in a glorious theatre, but not over-well sung. On Monday we intend starting for Pau, and thence up to the different baths. . . . . Remember to inquire for all your old friends at Milan, especially Madame

Petrarchi, and distribute my regards very liberally. . . . . We are persecuted on the road by a wild Irish heiress, who travels with a menagerie, never wears gloves, shoots with a pistol, and eats walnuts in garlic. She has taken me rather into favour, and sends me the *Morning Post*. I remember her place not far from ——'s. The astonishment of the French at her is delightful. One gets partridges for dinner without shooting them, but they have very little flavour. You say nothing about our meeting at Paris, but I hope you will not hurry away from Italy. I shall write from the Pyrenees.

Yours and George's ever affectionate

R. M. M.

To the Same.

Bagnères de Bigorre, Sept. 20th, 1838.

Dearest Harriette,—Your letter came into my hands to-day. I was very thankful for its good contents, and hasten to tell you so, though probably you have left Milan by this time, and I know nowhere else to direct to. I read the account of the Como *fête* in the French papers, and was in one of my fidgets that you might have missed it. As Sir Frederick Lamb gave you one of his dinners, which are so *renommé*, he most probably gave you tickets for everything. From the description, the Coronation itself does not seem to have been much more striking than the other spectacles. We have made the tour of the baths, and, considering the lateness of the season, have been particularly fortunate in our weather. Indeed, we have not been kept at home a single day since we reached Pau. As for my physic, I am confirmed in my opinion that air and exercise (the diseases the post-horses die of) are not sufficient to keep me well, for, notwithstanding my equitation and mountain air, I have had more indigestion and uncomfortableness than usual in the same time amid London dinners and doziness. Just now I am well enough, and recovering from a bad sprained ankle, which I got from dancing the cachuka down a green alp which was not meant for it. The scenery and all that, we will

talk about at Serlby at Christmas. On the whole, I prefer it to Switzerland: less grandeur perhaps, but far more varying and southern in its culture and outlines. There is a *bain* called San Sauveur which I shall certainly come to when I am crippled with gout and sick of the world. . . . . Pray do not hurry out of Italy, however Galway may hear the Squire hollaing for him. Make travelling so pleasant to him that we may all see Constantinople next autumn if you are strong enough. The bath season is over; so we have literally not seen a soul to speak to. I write to-day to Lucca, as you may be there, for all I know. They have taken away Dr. Hooke's chaplaincy for the sermon you heard him preach, and which I could see nothing in to talk about. We go hence to Turin, paying a visit on our way to some friends of MacCarthy's, if they are at home; thence to Paris by some road or other. Colvile must be in town by the 1st of November.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

Among the friends of this period with whom Milnes was most frequently brought in contact were the two Miss Berrys. These famous ladies, who had known and been loved by Horace Walpole, were a link between the society of the nineteenth and that of the eighteenth century. "They have been running about Europe ever since the days of Louis Quatorze," was the remark made about them by one of Milnes's friends. For a period far exceeding that of the common span of human life they had been intimate with all that was best and brightest in European society. It was no slight tribute to the character and qualities of Milnes himself that he should have been received by them as a favoured friend, should have been welcomed to their house in Curzon Street, and should, after a long interval of years, have taken up

the *rôle* once filled by Horace Walpole. After their death it was the hand of Milnes that penned a brief memoir in which their remarkable story was given to the world, as well as an elegiac poem which did justice to their many virtues.

There was a serious piece of business in which Milnes took an active part towards the close of the year 1838, in conjunction with Carlyle and other friends. Carlyle had been much troubled by the want of a really good subscription library in London. The national library in the British Museum was even then admirable in its way, but no one was allowed to remove a volume from the reading-room, and the treasures of which the library boasted were not therefore accessible to those who wished or who were compelled to study at home. Carlyle sought to enlist the sympathies of his friends in a movement for the formation of a new library, which should supply the want he had felt so sorely. He had little difficulty in rallying round him an enthusiastic band of supporters, amongst whom none was of better service than Milnes, though in the first instance he had been somewhat sceptical regarding the scheme.

James Spedding to R. M. M.

Oxford and Cambridge University Club,
January 22nd, 1839.

My dear Milnes,—What we wish Lord Northampton to do is simply this. If he be willing to become a shareholder in the proposed institution, to allow his name to be announced as a supporter of it. The reason why the proposal cannot be

circulated in its present state is that it wants the sanction and guarantee of some known and conspicuous names. People will say, who is the getter-up of the project, what security is there that it is not a job, a booksellers' speculation or a fudge? Nobody could ask such a question if the names of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Northampton, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Rogers, &c. &c., were attached to it as patrons or parties interested.

I do not think your objections very strong, though I have heard them urged by many people on the scheme being first proposed to them. A library on the proposed principle would be worth a great deal to a limited number of subscribers though it were not immense; if the number of subscribers were very large the funds would be very large also, and the library might be immensified to any extent. As for Club libraries, they are all open to the objection that the books cannot be taken out, and Clubs are not places in which one can read to much purpose. Besides, though there may be few literary men who do not belong to some Club or other, there are many literary men who have wives and families quite capable of reading books if they could get them. Consider how many houses there are in London inhabited by rational beings who can read and write, yet into which no book can find its way unless it be either bought, or borrowed from a friend, or circulated from a new public library. In some of these they make you a present at the end of the year in return for your subscription of a certain number of volumes, stipulating only that they are to be chosen from among the books belonging to the library which have "fallen out of demand." Alford got Hallam's "Constitutional History" in this way. Neither do I foresee any insuperable difficulty in making people conform to the regulations with regard to time, &c. If they do not conform you turn them out, and consider their money as your own. In short, why should it be harder to get books back in a reasonable time than it is in the Cambridge Library, for instance? The bottom of my sheet reminds me to leave off. I have not yet heard the result of Rogers's exertions. Carlyle is in hope.

Yours ever,

JAMES SPEDDING.

That it should have been necessary to address such arguments as those contained in the foregoing letter to a man like Milnes, concerning a project towards which all his sympathies must have been naturally drawn, is perhaps as strong a proof as could be wished of the inherent conservatism of human nature. Of course Milnes put aside the objections he had characteristically urged against an undertaking of which at the bottom of his heart he must have approved, and he did his best to secure substantial patronage for the scheme.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Monday.

DEAR MILNES,—I think you should certainly get the hole-and-corner people brought together some day this week if possible. Let us not waste our feeble glimmer of zeal in battling with the dull recusancy of Mr. A. and Mr. B. Let us see one another face to face, and discover whether the half-dead embers already gleaned will not kindle into red when brought together; or on the whole, what is to be done by way of fair experiment. As to that, I long to see the matter either in decided motion or else dead and ended. "If London must lie bookless, Heaven and earth will witness," &c. &c. Would not Saturday, a non-parliamentary day, answer? I thought to have seen you yesterday when I left *Lamennais*. Cannot you drive here any morning or afternoon? Till two o'clock I am here, and after five almost always. Alas! my friend, what a horrible blockhead of a world this is!

Ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

In spite of the discouragements which they had encountered, Carlyle and his friends triumphed eventually, though it was not until twelve months after the

foregoing letter was written that a meeting was held in the Freemasons' Tavern, at which Thirlwall, Bulwer, Gladstone, Cornewall Lewis, Spedding, Venables, and Milnes, together with a fair sprinkling of the peerage, joined Carlyle in forming the great and admirable institution now known to the world as the London Library.

During the spring and summer of 1838 Milnes saw a great deal of Charles Sumner, besides making the acquaintance of a still more illustrious citizen of the great Republic, Daniel Webster.

Mention has already been made of the deep interest which he took in Emerson and his writings. He had, indeed, by means of his own pen, sought to enlarge the circle of English readers of the works of the American philosopher. At that time, however, Emerson was only known to his English admirers by his "Essays," and it was to supply the deficiency in personal knowledge that Charles Sumner wrote to Milnes as follows:—

Charles Sumner to R. M. M.

Travellers' Club, March 2nd, 1839.

DEAR MILNES,—Ralph Waldo Emerson is one of three brothers, all quite remarkable persons, and he is the only survivor. The other two died young, but everybody hoped great things of them. Their father, I think, was a country clergyman, passing rich on little more than £30 a year. They all, however, received good educations, and were distinguished scholars in our oldest and best University—that of Cambridge. Ralph must be now about thirty-eight years old. He has studied theology, has been settled (that is the American word to express the idea) as pastor of an Unitarian congregation in Boston; was much liked in this character, but speculated too

deeply even for Unitarians; pushed his beliefs and unbeliefs very far; rejected much of the Christian faith; espoused much of the Swedenborgian; was disinclined to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and then parted from his congregation in Boston. This was about six years ago; he then retired to a little country house at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston, within sight of the spot where the first British soldier fell in the war of the Revolution. Here he has kept ever since—thinking, reading, and writing; still regarded as a Christian clergyman, but without any charge. During the winter months delivering lectures in Boston, in character not unlike Carlyle's here, and to audiences brought together in the same way, and for the double purpose of spreading knowledge and getting money. A series of biographies formed one of his courses, and he has several times treated of the true nature and uses of history, and of the way in which it should be written. I need give you no hint about his style or his writings, for you know as much of both as I do. As a speaker in delivering his lectures, sermons, or discourses he is remarkable. His voice is good, his enunciation clear and distinct; his manner his own, but very striking. He is always self-possessed, and his strange fancies fall upon the ear in the most musical cadences. His voice is now low and then again high, like an Æolian harp; but this is natural, not affected, and I think anywhere before an educated audience he would be deemed a remarkable speaker. In person he is tall and graceful. Some people think him slightly mad (one of his brothers died insane, and the other brother had been insane before his death), others think him almost inspired. Old men are not prepared to receive or listen to or read his thoughts. The young of both classes think highly of him. He has a great influence over many of the young minds of my acquaintance, who always couple him with Carlyle. I think him neither mad nor inspired, but original, thoughtful, and peculiar, with his mind tinged with some habits of speculation that are less practical than beautiful, and with a fearless honesty that makes him speak what he thinks, counting little

any worldly considerations. In other times he might have been a philosopher or a reformer, but he would always have been tolerant and gentle, and he would have gone into uncomplaining exile if the powers that were bade him. I have hastily dotted down some things about Emerson according to your wish. I hope I have not said too much. When we meet in conversation I can explain whatever is left uncertain in your mind. I should not forget to state that he has been twice married. His first wife died young—under twenty, I think. By her he had a small property, which is to him an independence, enabling him to gratify all those "small desires which ask but little room," and which fill the life of a retiring literary man in all countries, and particularly in America. Emerson had no children by his first wife. He loved her and lamented her much, and cherished her memory in the Swedenborgian way. He has since married again a person who sympathises with him. When his child was born, about two years ago, men and women were astonished, and inquired if the infant has wings. This is enough.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Milnes, having written his review of Emerson, was somewhat at a loss in what quarter to find the necessary publicity for it, and he applied to Carlyle for advice upon the subject. The latter willingly undertook to put his friend in communication with the editors.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, 28th Dec., 1839.

DEAR MILNES,—You are a man full of blarney and quiz, but you have done well to write on Emerson. I applied to Mill to-day; shall get his answer soon, and send it off to you straightway. Failing Mill, would you consent to Fraser? Consider this till you hear from me again. One way or other the piece must be printed. Emerson, I understand, is writing a book. I have forgotten the subject, or never knew it.

Poor Miss Martineau has not only lost her ear-trumpet, but her health. They tell me she is in a very infirm though not a dangerous state with her brother-in-law at Newcastle. In haste,

Ever truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

It was in the *Westminster Review* that the article on Emerson was printed. It was a generous and discriminating introduction of the American thinker to a new circle of friends and readers, and it elicited the warm thanks of those who were already interested in Emerson's writings.

You have, indeed, my friend [writes Carlyle], written a very beautiful article. There is a tint of poesy, courtesy, humane insight, a soft graceful coherence, an undertone of pervading melody, which I like and call good. You will write a book one day which we shall all like. In prose it shall be if I may vote. A novel, an emblematic picture of English society as it is? Done in prose with the spirit of a poet, what a book were that!

Emerson may object that he knew of your objections beforehand, that one needs in this world of antagonisms to smite only one side of a thing, while so many millions are everywhere assiduously smiting the other. To which you can answer, "You knew the objections would come. Well, here they do come!"

Another objection, that of setting up one Carlyle in the good Emerson's daylight there in that unwarrantable manner, seems to me still graver. How are you to answer that? Emerson will naturally see the article by-and-by, but a copy sent from you would undoubtedly be welcome to him; if with a small epistle from your own hand, of course, doubly so.

Milnes acted upon the suggestion thrown out by Carlyle, and in due time he received from Emerson the following acknowledgment:—

R. W. Emerson to R. M. M.

Concord, Mass., 30th May, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received by the hands of Mr. Sumner your friendly note, and the letter from the *Westminster Review*. I am very well pleased that my little tracts, now of such old date, should have been esteemed by you worthy of public criticism; and I accept it as the hint of a good genius that I fell into the hands of friends in the old Fatherland, where every American has a sort of pre-existent citizenship and a corresponding value of a good name. These essays never looked for any notice beyond the narrow precincts of the community for which they were written, and I hoped before this time to have set them aside by some more adequate statements on the great questions which engage at present all thinking men. I know they stand in need of great correction, and yet will you forgive me if I say that I hope to win your assent to bolder and broader generalisations than these which have struck you as viciously partial? I have never been able to announce my faith with fulness, and perhaps never shall be; but are we not continually, as our eyes open, shamed out of the limitations we have conceded? It is of no importance to me, even though I have not (if I have not) a glimpse of the means by which better relations are to be established in society and a higher education attained, if I can see that all means lie in the power of that which affirms the need of reform. Of course I have no expectation of any good to result from social arguments, which are only mirrors and reverberations of a few individuals. The hope of man resides in the private heart, and what it can achieve by translating that into sense. And this hope, in our reasonable moments, is always immense, and refuses to be diminished by any deduction of experience; inasmuch as our experience is always dishonest, unequal, whilst the idea is always total, accusing and inexorable to our excuses.

I am trespassing on the privileges of a letter by such grave allusions, but I please myself with conversing with a poet to whose verses I have owed some happy moments. Poetry seems

to me to conceive a vaster aim than it has yet attempted; the aim of each artist takes hold on a remoter success, and something nearer to Nature, and which more commands Nature, than the Greek beauty, we may yet realise. I derive my hope, as far as it grows, out of facts, of course only from the observation of select persons. For although the whole society is vulgar, yet one person seems to abolish all other lives; at least, makes it superfluous to take account of them.

I shall hear, my dear Sir, with joy of every accession of love and honour to your name, and am your obliged friend and servant,

R. W. Emerson.

In the autumn of 1839 Milnes revisited Scotland, one of his objects in doing so being to take part, as a spectator, in the great social event of the year, the famous Eglinton tournament, the memory of which has not yet faded away; though pouring rain made the spectacle so eagerly anticipated slightly ridiculous. He returned south by way of the lakes, and paid a visit *en route* to Wordsworth.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Edinburgh, Oct. 24th, 1839.

Dear Friend,—There is little likelihood of a letter reaching you at Paris now, and yours to Fryston has been only just forwarded to me. It was exactly what I expected and wanted from you. I have been touring about Scotland the last two months, so missed answering yours from Munich. I shall be in Yorkshire in about a fortnight, but do not press you to come down. My present intention is to be at Paris by the end of December, to remain till the meeting of Parliament.

Amongst Milnes's constant correspondents was Eliot Warburton.

Eliot Warburton to R. M. M.

Dec., 1839.

My dear Milnes,—You have got into a habit of writing to me the most inconsiderable little letters, so carelessly writ that "from," "for," "and," and "to," are ever exchanging their conventional meaning, and so unfull of anything, and so mentionless of yourself, that next to not hearing from you at all they are of the saddest. Now tell me this thing, were you of a truth of a profane party who crowned old Wordsworth in a pageant at Lowther? Are you going to do that impossible thing, to spend Christmas in Paris? Wot you not that the day will be there only the 25th of December? Why do not you make Lady Galway exchange this cruel, dark, damp climate for Italy? Did not your malignant English fogs still her rich voice, so that she was long silent in song until that one mild evening when the spell broke and the music was again free? Do you remember on returning from the Adelphi, it is now years ago? The days we fling behind us, how rapidly they change into solemn, weighty, and responsible years like the stones of Deucalion and Pyrrha. . . . Why are you only *thinking* of another volume? Is it not true that once entered on a higher career there is no step but the grave? . . . Do you ever mean to come to Ireland again? You treat my proposition with as much scorn as if steam had not shrivelled up England nor shrunken up the Channel.

I insert this letter chiefly because it throws light upon one of the difficulties of Milnes's biographer, at this period. The social engagements in which he was now absorbed seem to have left him hardly any time for correspondence with his old friends, and there is scarcely one of them who about this period does not indulge in grievous lamentations over his failure to keep up communication with them. Warburton mentions

the rumour he had heard of Milnes's intention to go to Paris for the Christmas. It was something more than a rumour. He had resolved to make a somewhat lengthened sojourn in the French capital for the special purpose of studying society and politics there. And here it may be remarked in passing that in the autumn his father and mother had made a tour in France, in the course of which they had encountered the father's old friend, Beau Brummel. Mrs. Milnes in her journal gives us a pathetic glimpse of the once famous dandy in his days of sorest misfortune.

> We went to Caen, and who should place himself just opposite to us but Beau Brummel, the miserable wreck of fallen fortunes and devotion to the world. The people told us he was quite imbecile, and that whatever *plat* they put before him, he ate. He looked well, and though his coat was threadbare, there was still a pretension about his dress, and his wig was curled and arranged most tastefully. He walked feebly, and had a look of vacancy. He gave us a smile of recognition, and said he remembered our giving him and his little dog a dinner every day while we were there before. At that time, I remember, he showed us the gold plate given him by George IV., whose intimacy and friendship for him were once notorious.

Milnes thoroughly enjoyed himself in Paris, and according to his wont went everywhere and saw everybody in whom he felt any interest; but, alas! no letters of his remain to record his impressions. Instead we have invitations from the King and the various Ministers, of whom the most important was M. Guizot, to dinners and receptions, tickets of admission to the Law Courts where sensational trials were in progress, and to Les

Invalides on the occasion of the second funeral of Napoleon; and other indications that he turned his time, according to his wont, to the best possible advantage from his own point of view. The visit was of importance because it made him the friend of Guizot and other distinguished Frenchmen of the Parliamentary *régime*, among whom the names of Thiers and Lamartine must not pass unnoticed. Happily, too, in his commonplace books Milnes jotted down sundry sayings of the distinguished men whom he met on this occasion, from which a few quotations may be made.

Among the other eminent men whose acquaintance Milnes made during this visit was M. de Tocqueville. The friendship thus begun was never broken. De Tocqueville made it his business to assist Milnes in his desire to meet the leading political celebrities of the hour, and it was by his good offices that he became acquainted with Barrot, Berryer, Comte de Tracy, Léon Faucher, and others. De Tocqueville, in the first instance, clearly regarded Milnes as a politician of importance. "I desire to make your stay in Paris," he wrote, "both agreeable and useful. I desire this—firstly, for your own sake, but also for the public cause; for the only chance of peace in our respective countries depends on our knowing each other thoroughly." As the years passed, De Tocqueville ceased to regard Milnes as an English envoy, and came to love him for his own sake alone. More than twenty years after their first meeting in Paris, in 1861, Milnes, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, written after De Tocqueville's death,

gave the world an account of the character of this eminent and most estimable Frenchman.

With the King and his family Milnes formed a friendship which was destined to endure. He was, at the same time, however, keenly alive to the anomalous political situation of the France of that period, and he noted in his commonplace book not a few expressions used by men of influence which were distinctly derogatory to the dignity, if not to the character, of Louis Philippe. Montalembert, for example, is recorded as saying, "The cruel part of Louis Philippe's situation is that he has nothing chivalrous to support him; it is putting up a grocer and his family to be shot at." "I came from the East," says Montalembert, in another place, "all anxiety to calm the King's enthusiasm about Egypt, and the first thing he said to me was, 'Whether Syria belongs to the Sultan or the Pasha, it doesn't matter a button to me."

It is only fair to append to these cynical utterances of Montalembert regarding his constitutional sovereign, a criticism upon the cynic himself by Gustave de Beaumont: "Montalembert is an English aristocrat foisted into the middle of French democracy."

Paris was at the time of Milnes's visit undergoing the process of fortification, and in the light of subsequent events it is curious to read the recorded sayings of French statesmen on the subject of the forts and the work they were meant to do. Guizot, for example, told Milnes that the "great use of the fortifications of Paris was that the Parisians might never need to make use of

them;" whilst a cabman who drove him to the scene of the work, remarked pathetically, "They are going to destroy the Bois de Boulogne—to destroy, you know, is always jolly."

Montalembert's view was expressed as follows:—"The fortifications are already begun in a most characteristically democratic manner, by cutting down the trees of the Bois de Boulogne. Whatever takes place, the Liberals will at least have had the pleasure of destroying something."

The King's opinion on the subject was different to any other. "There has always been," he said to Milnes, "and always will be in Paris, a party strong enough to overthrow any established Government, when seconded by a foreign army. This the fortifications of Paris will prevent." Again, in talking to Montalembert, Louis Philippe remarked, "The fortifications of Paris will prevent M. Nicolas from coming to say a Greek mass there."

M. Carné feared "that when Paris had got its fortifications, like a woman with a new ornament, she would never rest till she had tried the effect of them."

Of the King and M. Guizot, Milnes saw a great deal. He was entrusted by both with messages to Sir Robert Peel; and it was on his return from Paris in January, that he addressed the following letter to Sir Robert:—

R. M. M. to Sir Robert Peel.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Jan. 24th, 1841.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I had hoped to be sure of seeing you on Monday evening or Tuesday morning, but the wind to-day is so high and so adverse that no boat can start; the same may

be the case to-morrow. I think it better therefore to write to you, as both the King and M. Guizot wish that you should receive some communication from them before the meeting of Parliament. They both most strongly urge the necessity of great moderation in the expression of opinion on our side of the House.

The King said, "Tell Sir Robert Peel that I place all confidence in his declaration of the importance of the French alliance in February last, and that I trust he can prevent any of his friends from injuring my position and that of my Ministry."

M. Guizot went the length of saying, "My Ministry depends for its existence on the conduct of England." A letter from the Duke was shown in Paris, in which he expressed his feeling of the necessity of England's keeping up with France an increase of armaments, and he added, "When both are armed, then, *vogue la galère.*" This looks rather energetic from so peaceful an authority; and though the French Government have no wish that we should encourage the French war spirit by any show of weakness (and indeed this very necessity of outlay seems to me the best card we have to play off against Lord Palmerston), yet they are anxious to escape from phrases, such as Lord M.'s* "Sweep the seas," which become *forts détachés*, from which the enemy can attack them with at least momentary success.

Berryer was putting about Paris a report that "Lord Aberdeen intended to speak strongly in favour of the violent policy of Lord Palmerston, and to urge the *déchéance* of the Pasha." This would be a hard shock for Guizot's Government, which in fact rests upon the notion that the *mauvais procédé* was Lord Palmerston's own doing, and not the enunciation of the general opinion of English statesmen.

From the little you said to me at Drayton I am so convinced of the correctness of your views with regard to France, and so sure by my own experience of the impolicy of Lord Palmerston's real or pretended confidence in the tranquillity and submission of

* Lord Minto.

that country, that I have no hesitation in saying that a continuation of his policy, or more correctly of the conduct of his policy, must end in an European war. The King and Guizot both told me to tell you they dare take no steps towards disarmament, and Thiers publicly says he will make Lord Palmerston cost more to England than did ever before the support of a Minister to a nation. Peace rests in France upon Guizot and the King: without them the more material interests could not keep the people quiet, and although Guizot is unpopular to an incredible degree, even among his own supporters, and the poor King distracted between his love of peace and England, and his conviction that his throne depends upon the belief in his national feelings (he said, "If my nationality is suspected, I am lost") can hardly be depended upon in any imminent crisis; although he asserts, and I doubt not with sincerity, that if a Ministry urges him to war with England, he will break them or be broken by them.

Excuse, my dear Sir, this hurried scribble, but the discomfort and distraction of travelling, or, rather, resting when you want to get on, are very great.

Believe me,

Your obedient and obliged,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

Will you tell Freemantle I am travelling with a good pair, Hobhouse, Sir John's brother.

Those who up to this point have only seen Milnes as the poet and the social favourite may be surprised to find him thus conveying the sentiments of the Monarch and the leading Ministers of one nation to the foremost statesman of another. He had, however, the art of inviting confidence on the part of others besides the men of letters and of fashion with whom he chiefly lived. I have already spoken of the serious light in which he viewed political life and public work. It was

not as the mere lounger that he went to Paris at this period, but as the student of affairs, anxious to arrive by personal observation and communication at a true understanding of the state of things in France at a critical moment in the relations of that country with England. How well he succeeded was shown not merely by the fact that he was entrusted with confidential communications from the King and M. Guizot to Sir Robert Peel, but by the warmth of the friendships which he formed with the most distinguished Frenchmen of the day.

The letter to Sir Robert Peel given above was crossed by one from Peel himself, replying to a previous communication so far "as it was possible to do through the post-office." In this letter Peel expressed his hope that on their side of the House, at least, "every speaker would be fully impressed with a sense of the difficulties with which M. Guizot had to deal, and would do nothing to add to them."

It was not only with statesmen and royalties that Milnes became familiar during this memorable visit to Paris. It was then that he first formed a personal acquaintance with the poet Heine, for whose genius he had so warm an admiration, and who, on his side, regarded the young Englishman with true affection.

It was to Lady Duff Gordon that Milnes was indebted for his introduction to Heine. In what light Heine himself regarded the young Englishman was shown by a letter of his, written not long before his death, to Lady Duff Gordon:—

Yes [he said], I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English, and to be so spiteful towards them, but it really was only petulance. I never hated them; indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets odious. But England has revenged herself well; she has sent me most excellent friends—thyself and Milnes—that good Milnes—and others.

Years afterwards, in July, 1856, there appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* a notice of Heine's poems and life, which attracted not a little attention, not only from the sympathetic character of the criticism of his poems, but from the special knowledge it displayed of the poet's life and character. It was from the pen of the "good Milnes."

Yet another writer helped Milnes to pass his time pleasantly in the French capital. This was Thackeray, who was already his friend, their friendship dating from their college days, and who accompanied him to that second funeral of Napoleon of which the novelist has left so vivid an account.

During the spring of 1841 he was able to carry out a long-cherished intention by securing Carlyle as his guest in his father's house at Fryston. His object was not merely, or rather not entirely, hospitality, though he was delighted at being able to bring the great genius, whose knowledge of English country life was as yet chiefly from the outside, into the midst of the pleasant atmosphere of such a home as Fryston. He wished to bring the writer and philosopher into contact with his father, and to see the effect which one original mind had on another.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Friday (*March*, 1841).

DEAR MILNES,—If you really do want me to go with you, come down hither and tell me practically in reasonable words what the possibilities, limitations, difficulties, laws and conditions of the enterprise are. I will then answer you yes or no; most probably yes. I am at home to-night; I will wait for you to-morrow till half-past one. If you like neither of these dates name another. Or perhaps, incurable Hoaxer, you do not mean to go at all, even yourself.

Yours, with more regard than you deserve,

T. CARLYLE.

But Milnes was in earnest, and on April 5th he had the privilege of finding himself the companion of Carlyle in a railway carriage bound for the North. Sir Robert Peel, as it happened, was also travelling to his home by the same train, and accompanied them as far as Tamworth.

Milnes and I got on beautifully [writes Carlyle, describing the journey to his wife]. He read "Oxford tracts," &c., all the way, argued and talked in the smartest manner. . . . I managed to smoke three cigars, two of them in the railway, in spite of regulations.

This was penned from Derby, where the travellers —railway communications in those days not being so simple and easy as they now are—rested for the night. Next morning they continued their journey, and in due course arrived at Fryston.

Richard [again writes Carlyle to his wife] made me descend some two miles off our appointed goal and walk homewards by a shorter way through woods, over knolls, &c. Walking

was not my forte. However, I persevered, and did well enough, over rough-looking places some of them. We got at last to the Fryston mansion—a large irregular pile of various ages, rising up among ragged old woods in the rough, large park, also all sprinkled with trees, grazed by sheep and horses; a park chiefly beautiful because it did not set up for beauty. Ancient-looking female figures were visible through the windows as we drew nigh. Mrs. Milnes, a tall, ancient woman, apparently of weak health, of motherly kind heart, of old-fashioned stately politeness, a prepossessing woman, welcomed us at the door of the drawing-room, "in the silence of the stately hall." . . .

I am lodged in a bedroom with four enormous windows, which look out over woody garden spaces and other silent ruralities, the apartment furnished as for Prince Albert and Queen Victory. The most absurd place I ever lived in (when I look at myself and my equipment) in this world. I am charged to smoke in it, too. . . .

I have a fire in it all day. The bed seems to be about eight feet wide; a ladder conducts you to it if you like. Of my paces the room measures fifteen from end to end, forty-five feet long, height and width proportionate, with ancient dead-looking portraits of queens, kings, Straffords and principalities, &c., really the uncomfortablest acme of luxurious comfort that any Diogenes was set into in these late years.*

No such apartment as that which he describes in the above epistle is to be found at Fryston, unless it be the dining-room, where it is hardly to be supposed that the author of "Sartor Resartus" was lodged on this occasion, when other guests besides himself shared the hospitality of the Milnes's.

But at the time of Carlyle's visit there was a large bedroom on the first floor, afterwards divided into bed-

* From "Thomas Carlyle, History of his Life in London." By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans and Co. 1884.

room and sitting-room for Lord Houghton himself, where it seems probable that the visitor was lodged. It was not, perhaps, quite so magnificent as the description given above would lead the reader to suppose; it is probable, however, that this was the first occasion on which Carlyle had ever been a guest in a large house, and his imagination may have been affected by his novel surroundings. Stories still linger about Fryston regarding the great author's first visit to the place. Lord Houghton himself used to tell how when Carlyle, having been greeted by his mother, was ushered into the morning room, now the beautiful drawing-room of the house, Mr. Milnes, who was sitting there smoking, rose, and in his courtliest and kindliest manner welcomed his son's distinguished guest, apologising at the same time for his own occupation, as he indicated the cigar which he held in his hand. "Indeed, sir," said Carlyle, "I think that this is about the most sensible occupation which any man could have, and if you don't object, I will just join you in it at once," which he accordingly did. In the conversation the two men, each in his way distinguished, had over this first cigar, Mr. Milnes, on hearing Carlyle express his admiration of the prospect from the windows of the room, pointed out the single tall chimney of some manufactory on the far horizon, and expressed his regret that it should recently have been erected, and thus spoiled the rustic character of the view. "Spoiled the view!" said Carlyle; "why, sir, I think that is just the pleasantest feature in the whole bit of scenery. It shows us that somebody

is doing something in this part of the world, at any rate."

But perhaps the best account of Carlyle's doings and feelings during this visit to Fryston is to be found in the following letter to his wife, hitherto unpublished, which by a curious chance fell into the hands of Lord Houghton himself after the death of the writer:—

T. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

Fryston, 10th April, 1841.

Many thanks, dear bairn, for your brisk, kind little letter, which was handed in to me yesterday morning. The flunkey in red-quilted coat walked solemnly round the breakfast table with his silver salver, laying letter after letter on it for this and the other, and behold, at last, there was one for me too. I escaped with it into the air to read it there at leisure. Happily nothing is wrong, nothing is worse than I expected, all is rather better.

I have no time or means to-day to send you right *news* of what is going on here, it would take such a length of time to make any clear description of it. I merely write to signify that I am still swimming along in this wondrous element, and that nothing goes amiss with me as yet. That will season your slice of bread for you on Saturday sufficiently. Pour a glass of sherry for yourself, and read such news thankfully to the relish of that.

All would be well, and supremely well, with me here, *if I could but sleep*. A small faculty but an important one! You know my talent that way, especially on such lionising occasions. Ah, me! Nevertheless, after the most tumultuous watchings, shruggings, and tumblings through the night watches, I get up wonderfully cheery. A cigar smoked in the open sunshine amid the sound of trees, with one's foot on the soft grass, sets me quite up again; and I meet the household at their "half-past ten" breakfast with a cheerful heart. *We dine about eight*, and I am here acting as a *lion*—can't get out of it—*tout est dit!*

But I have had one long ride, and mean to get another this day (unless the rain return). It is above all a new kind of shatterment that I suffer, and therefore a relief from the old. I believe I am getting quieter and better in spite of the very devil. Enough of that for one time.

"Richard," I find, lays himself out while in this quarter to do hospitalities, and of course to collect notabilities about him and play them off one against the other. I am his trump card at present. The Sessions are at Pontefract even now, and many lawyers there. These last two nights he has brought a trio of barristers to dine—producing champagne, &c. Plate of Marry silver, four or five embroidered lackeys, and the rest of it, are the order of all days. Our first trio consisted of Sir Francis Doyle (a good young man whom I liked), another elderly wigsman (name forgotten), and—little Roebuck! He is practising as advocate now, that little Roebuck, as lean, acrid, contentious, and loquacious as ever. He flew at me, do what I would, some three or four times like a kind of cockatrice—had to be swept back again; far more to the *general* entertainment than to mine. He does not fly into a shriek like Maurice, that is his quality; but he is a very impertinent little unproductive gentleman, and I suppose has made many a man inclined to shriek. We parted good friends—with small wish on my part or his to meet again. Last night our three was admitted to be a kind of failure, three greater blockheads the lie lang nicht ye wadna find in Christendee. Richard had to exert himself; but he is really dexterous, the villain. He pricks into you with questions, with remarks, with all kinds of fly tackle to make you bite—does generally contrive to get you into some sort of speech. And then his good humour is extreme; you look in his face and forgive him all his tricks. The three blockheads at length made a stiff rectangular bow (protruding the hydrastisy in a very curious way) and took themselves off.

To-night we are to have Lord Wharncliffe, called hereabouts the dragon of Wantley,* a clever-looking man as I judged him

* Properly "Wortley."

yesterday by face to be. My private wish were that *I* lay some leagues off his orbit; but on the whole what ill will he do me? I have to dine at any rate.

Besides these strays and waifs, we have had, and are likely to have, certain Yorkshire cousins, male and female, from the northern dales—rosy-faced persons who "do thee neither ill nor good." Richard's *sister* (see "Poetic Memorials") is also here these two days until to-morrow. They call her Harriette and Ladyship—"Will Ladyship have fowl?"—and seem to have made a pet of her from the beginning. Even this has not entirely spoiled her. I think she is decidedly worth something. About the height of Richard, which makes a respectable stature for a gown (nay, I think she must be some inches taller), the same face as he, but translated into the female cut, and surmounted with lace and braided hair; of a satirical, witty turn, not wanting affability, but rather wanting art of speech; above all rather afraid of me: she sings, plays, reads German, Italian, &c., to great lengths, looks really beautiful, but somewhat *mooney*, with her large blue eyes, and indeed I do believe has more in her than we yet see. Her husband, the Viscount Galway, is a furious, everlasting hunter of foxes—I mean furious on the foxes, *good* to all other things and men; a cousin of her own, Monckton by surname. They live in Nottinghamshire, some thirty miles off, and "Richard will take me down thither." We shall see as to that.

With the rest of the household, dear Donaldson aunts included, I get on as well as need be. The mother is a very good woman, with a mild, high-sailing way, to which in old times her figure and beauty must have corresponded well. The old gentleman likes me better daily, since he finds *I won't bite*. He is said to be greatly altered since his accident (of breaking a limb last year), as indeed he may well be, having been a great rider, and suddenly shut out from all exercise this many months. A man's faculties would get terribly rusted in that case. He has flashes of wit, of intelligence, and almost originality. At all events, he wants not "flashes of silence." Most part of his

time he sits in his library smoking and ruminating, shrunken up, I daresay, in innumerable whims and half-diseased thoughts, though full of good nature. I like him very much. These are our *dramatis personæ*. They are all off on Good Friday to church; I alone left here, scribbling to Goody—better than Good Friday to me? I believe I shall have to go on Sunday. I will not if I can possibly escape: I have even religious scruples about it—I really begin to have.

What course awaits me after a day or two I do not at all know. The Spring Rice Marshalls (from Leeds) are invited for Monday, and the Corn Law Rhymer, none of whom I hope will come. Consider it! Of course I must stay till after Monday, but, certainly, if I do not get into the way of sleeping better I ought to be gone somewhither as soon as possible; which "whither" it shall be will gradually grow clearer. I think of the sea and Hull: it is far cheaper, and not more, but less uncomfortable for me. . . . Does Jeffrey come back to Chelsea? Tell him I am still alive. Never mind those beggarly newspaper reviews, laudatory, condemnatory, or whatever they be. What is a whole "potato basket" of them worth? *Zero*, or a minus quantity.

Shame! There is the clock striking one. A full hour and more since I began. Not another word. . . .

Enough, enough; adieu, dear good bairn. God send us both better, my lassie. It is a pity we were not.

Yours ever,

T. Carlyle.

Interesting as this picture of the Fryston household, drawn by so masterly a pen, would be in any case, it is even more interesting because of the certainty that it expresses the true sentiments of the writer, put into words the revelation of which to any other than his wife he never contemplated. From Fryston Carlyle

went to Serlby to visit Lady Galway, and then resumed his journey to Scotland.

To Milnes himself, after the conclusion of his visit, Carlyle writes in a strain of simple friendliness.

Thomas Carlyle to R. M. M.

Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, 25 *April*, 1841.

Dear Milnes,—Accept my salutations out of my mother's cottage in poor old native Annandale! They will reach you on the other side of the Cumberland mountains in a scene differing from this as green Earth differs from Hades—though this too is earth, were I not too spectrish at present! I found my mother taken suddenly unwell at a daughter's house some twenty miles off this, and had to hasten thitherward without halt. That is the reason of my delay in writing to you. Happily all is now right again, and we are here in safety, met one other time under this sun.

The moors are silent as death—a strange unwonted blessing to me. The sun shines with a kind of metallic brightness, beautifying even moors and simple furrow fields. Specks of snow still checker the blue of Skiddaw and Helvellyn—my noble friends.

Ah me! These brooks still gush along as they did thirty years ago, as they did three thousand years ago; and with me in that period, in that *latter* period especially, so much has altered. I study to live silent as the moors themselves, and feel, as I always do here, extremely like a ghost—which indeed I am and you are. Yet outside these windows larks are singing far up over their earth nests: we are *alive* withal, as I understand it. Oh, Puseyisms, Shovel-hatisms, and all *Isms* that are or were, hold *your* foolish scraggy jaw; all the jargon you can utter, is it not a kind of personal insult in the presence of that entirely unutterable Fact?

Dear Milnes, I beg you to continue to have some regard for me. Enclosed is a small money debt converted into gold; the debt of thankfulness I owe will not be soon

paid. You are upon the whole a good man—though with terrible perversities.

I shall be proud if Lady Galway and her husband will remember me at all. I desire you to offer my best regards to your good mother, to your aunts, and your father. Fryston shall be memorable to me; Fryston and the inhabitants thereof. You too, you rogue, in spite of all you pretend, have you not a faintly perceptible, but undeniable degree of kindness for me? In not many days I hope to see you again in Pall Mall.

Yours affectionately,

T. CARLYLE.

They did not meet quite so soon as Carlyle anticipated. Milnes was at this period busily engaged in writing his "One Tract More,"* that eloquent and earnest plea for toleration for the Anglo-Catholic enthusiasm, which was not without its effect upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen at a critical moment, and which at all events proved that a man did not require to be a Puseyite in order to understand and to sympathise with the aspirations of those who were seeking to bring about a great spiritual revolution within the Church of England. The pamphlet excited wide-spread interest, and among the many letters addressed to its author after its appearance there are one or two which are still worthy of being quoted.

Mr. Gladstone, in replying, said, "I read your little book after my wife's party last night with great delight and warm admiration; so much so that I would not write to thank you for it until I had this afternoon

* Cardinal Newman favourably alludes to it in a note in his "Apologia."

enjoyed an opportunity of looking over it again in cool blood, to see that I might speak plain truth to you." He went on to discuss three special parts of the tract as worthy of praise, showing Milnes to have "handled the most delicate subjects with the greatest felicity, the most profound appreciation, and the strictest adherence to truth." These special points were the sketch of the English Reformation; the statement of the true idea of toleration; and the discussion of the charge of Romanising. After touching upon one or two points, in which he was not in entire agreement with Milnes, he closed by expressing the pleasure with which he had read the tract, and his regret that it was not the alpha instead of the omega of a series.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

London, Monday (? June, 1841).

I am still here waiting for my father, who has not been at all well; the warm weather which has been a comfort to everybody else has made him ill. When I have seen him I shall know whether I can go to Brussels on Wednesday or not, as I wish to do. My little "One Tract More" has a regular and quiet sale, which shows, I hope, that it is doing good. I intend to enlarge the second edition. I would advise you to go on as well as you can with your German letters, and I have no doubt that I can get them profitably published for you in a collected form or in *Fraser's Magazine*. Do you think you could write a good review of Schlosser's History, with extracts of some of the most amusing passages? If you could do this and give it a Conservative sense, I have hopes I could get it into the *Quarterly*. Lockhart frequently asks me to write him something, and would like, I think, to show me a civility. There is a stupid article on

my poems in the *Dublin Review*, without any allusion to the religious peculiarities and tendencies of them, which is the only thing the reviewer had business with. Farewell; I will write again, and my address is always Pall Mall.

Yours affectionately,
R. M. M.

The year was an agitated one, so far as English politics were concerned. It witnessed the dissolution of Parliament, and the defeat of the Liberal ministry in the country, with the consequent formation of the administration of Sir Robert Peel. Milnes issued his address to the electors of Pontefract on the 14th of June, 1841, claiming that he had given his "strenuous opposition to Her Majesty's present Administration, not so much for any particular bad principles they held, as because they have no principles whatever." At the same time he claimed that in following the Tory party he had never surrendered the exercise of his private judgment, but, on the contrary, had voted against Sir Robert Peel in favour of a large remission of capital punishments.

As yet, you will be glad to know [he writes to MacCarthy], I have no opposition at Pomfret; my opponent Gully, the athlete, has retired after having examined the matter, and I hardly anticipate any serious contest. My virtuous constituents will, however, hardly allow me and Lord Pollington to walk over the course. They told my father they must have a third man from somewhere or other, whom they would draw into the town in triumph and then vote against. This will probably be the issue. I am much more afraid of an Election Committee. Lord John has been trying to get enacted a clause in his Bribery Bill by

which a man found guilty of giving a sandwich to a voter, is to be disqualified from serving in Parliament for the rest of his natural life; he was, however, obliged to withdraw it. . . My friend Bishop Thirlwall has made a capital *début* in favour of the Jews. The whole Bench wept over him as a renegade brother, but he took it very easy.

Whilst the election was in full progress, Milnes was called away to serve on the Grand Jury at York. He had expected to receive a visit from Thackeray, who happened to be in the North of England, and his engagement at York threatened to interfere with his reception of his friend.

W. M. Thackeray to R. M. M.

Saturday, 10th July, 1841.

Stockton-on-Tees.

My dear R. M. M.,—You have inflicted upon me the most cruel blow possible; for I had hoped to come to you on Monday, staying Tuesday, and be-offing Wednesday; for I must have two days in London, and be back in Paris on Sunday. I shall look out for you Monday at the Grand Jury room at York, and regret heartily that I am not allowed to have a couple of days' quiet talk with you in your paternal groves, after the cursed racket of this infernal election. I shall not of course conceal from you that the Tories in this Division have met with a heavy blow and great discouragement. . . . If I do not call you by your right address on the cover, it is because you persist in addressing me as John, whereas my name is

William Thackeray.

On second thoughts I won't call you Thomas Milnes, Esq., as I intended, lest mistakes should arise, and you should be deprived of this letter.

Fortunately Thackeray was able to extend his stay in England, with the result that after all he did visit Fryston, the first of many occasions on which he was a guest under the roof, the chimney-pots of which had been described by Carlyle as "the very windpipes of hospitality." Thackeray spent nearly a week with his friend. This was the occasion to which reference has already been made, when Mr. Milnes told his son's guest that he could smoke anywhere except in Richard's room. Thackeray enjoyed the life of the place, at once refined, intellectual, and free from conventional restraints. "Fryston," he remarked to a friend afterwards, "combines all the graces of the château and the tavern."

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Fryston, July 6th, 1841.

Dear MacCarthy,—I have been just as busy about my election as if it had been most hardly contested. My opponent came and went away, and came again in a very worrying way, and you know that I always look to the worst of things. I am now as much or more anxious about the County Election, which will be a neck-to-neck race. We have already a sufficient majority to make Sir Robert Peel Minister, and I trust to his wisdom and moderation to get any majority he wants afterwards; if the *ultra* Tories choose to throw him over, he cannot help that, and in that case would probably give up public life altogether. I look forward with little pleasure to the next Parliament, which will be full of stupid violence and blind party spirit, at best, at first. I intend staying in Yorkshire for the present.

R. M. M.

Milnes was duly returned once more as member for Pontefract, but as the foregoing note indicates, it was

with somewhat depressed feelings that he regarded the political future. He believed, and certainly not without reason, that he had established a claim to office, but the real diffidence which lay at the bottom of a character that on the surface was somewhat aggressive in manner, and that depression of spirits which was natural to him when he was thinking of himself and his own prospects, made him despair of receiving the recognition to which he believed himself to be entitled. It was amid the anxieties and perturbations of the hour that he again asked Carlyle to be his guest at Fryston.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, 19 *July,* 1841.

Dear Milnes,—Many thanks for your letter, and for your kind remembrance of me in the Courthouse of York. Pontefract, too, has a Courthouse, as you say; an ancient, solid-minded, wry-necked dragon, imperturbable amid cockatrice Roebucks and the sinners of the Riding. On leather seats sits many a *custos rotulorum*—sits a bright bevy of Fryston friends; ushers distributed letters on long poles; poor old Barney, with eyes wide staring in terror, "sowld him a bit of hay," but will not perjure himself: all this, and what surrounds it, stand in very lively memory with me, too.

For a fortnight and a day I have been here in the utmost extreme of seclusion; sunk in *Naturanschauung* deep as a Druid; sunk in reflections that cannot be spoken, in indolence that need not be spoken! It is very wholesome for me. Like a "chapped flute" (or scrannel pipe) which you steep in the ditch until it close again and become a whole flute or scrannel. I spent about a week in coming hither by Newcastle, &c. At Tynemouth I had a swim in the beautiful blue sea; saw Harriet Martineau; saw the North Shields election; admired the rugged energy of that

population and how completely Annandale Scotch they are. From the Humber to the Forth, still more from the Tyne to the Forth, I find no real distinction at all, except what John Knox introduced: it is all Scotch—Scotch in features and face, in character, in dialect and speech. You, too, if you behave yourself, shall be accounted Scotch! They are all Danes, these people, stalwart Normans; terrible sea-kings; are now terrible drainers of morasses, terrible spinners of yarn, coal-borers, removers of mountains; "a people terrible from the beginning." The windy Celts of Galloway you see not many miles from this, on the edge of Nithsdale. Is it not a considerable blessing to have escaped being born a Celt?

As for poor Harriet (who asked for you among other things), I found her confined to a sofa, dangerously ill, I believe, though not in immediate danger; for the rest, brisk, alert, invincible as ever. There is a kind of prepared completeness in Harriet, which does honour to nature and the Socinian formulæ. In my travels I have met with few more valiant women. Poor Harriet! She was absolutely affected, amiable, almost sublime to me there. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.* How are all human souls crushed in by this formula or that, by this good fortune or that; and hardly any formula supportably fits a man, and the most are not coats, but strait-waistcoats; very lamentable! Shall we not in these circumstances say, "One Tract More," oh, Richard Milnes?

How can you ask me back to Fryston when the smoke of my tobacco is hardly yet cleared from that sublime bedroom? I must not think of it again yet for indefinite periods of time. Meanwhile, surely I hold all things there in the liveliest remembrance. Whoever is interested in that most important fact ought to be apprised of it on occasion. From valet Frederick up to the lord of the manor and lady of the manor I can make an embossed image of it all at any time, and be very glad to contemplate it all. Good be at Fryston always!

To-morrow I go to catch my wife from the steamer at Annan, carry her up to Nithsdale—her mother's country—for a few

days. After that we proceed to take possession of a certain small furnished cottage situated apart in solitude and sea gravel on the north beach of the Solway. . . . If at the end of August any trace of a decided wish to see London again discloses itself, I will return then. . . . I believe on the whole I must by-and-by endeavour to provide myself some kind of permanent hut or inverted tub somewhere or other under the free canopy in this soil of Britain, that I may fly thither at any time out of Babylon when it is like to kill me. I grudge to leave London altogether, yet cannot afford to be killed by it just yet. Why does not a pious man like you think of founding some kind of modern priest's cell amid the rocks of Wantley, for example, but safe from the dragon; a low, sheltered tugurium, with two apartments 12 feet by 16, and an aged woman, dumb and not entirely deaf, to look after it and boil a kettle when required; whither many a half-distracted poet (modern priest if we are ever again to have priests) might run and hide himself from all living, and so save himself sane, and write, perhaps, things epical instead of things Bulwerical and Cecilical? Positively it should be thought of. It would suit you better than passing suicidal Corn Laws, you misguided man! A real Squire's bane I define these laws to be; sweet to the tooth of Squire, but rapidly accelerating all squires, as if *they* needed acceleration in their course downward. Really that is my cool judgment of it. Sir Peel is a great man; can bribe, coerce, palaver, gain a majority of seventy; but Sir Peel cannot make water run permanently upwards, or an English nation walk on the crown of their heads. I will leave him to try his hand at that!

Ah me! To-day my reading is one Herr Mone on the heathendom of the old North, a sublime thing according to Herr Mone, that old heathendom, deeper, or as deep, and rather truer than any Christendom we have now. Did I ever tell you how near I was bursting into absolute tears over your old fat-sided parson at Fryston that day? It is literally a kind of fact. The droning hollowness of the poor old man, droning as out of old ages of old eternities things unspeakable into things unhearable, empty

as the braying of an ass, was infinitely pathetic in that mood of mine. Adieu, dear Milnes; God be merciful to us all.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

From the closing passage in the above letter it will be seen that Carlyle did go to church after all during his first visit to Fryston.

Peel formed his Administration, and Milnes's forebodings regarding his own fate were confirmed. No office was offered to him, though men unquestionably his inferiors in talent and knowledge were admitted into the Government. He was destined thus early in his political career to learn the price, as he had already experienced the advantages, of that political independence of which he was proud. Still, the mortification to himself was severe, and in writing to his friend MacCarthy he did not conceal it. The latter sought to console him.

C. J. MacCarthy to R. M. M.

Chepstow, Sunday (? Aug., 1841).

DEAR FRIEND,—Your short letter gave me pain, because I thought it revealed pain in you. I was not much disappointed, though I was grieved for you. I agree with you that you will not be the worse for biding your time, though I wish it had come now. Lord Bacon says that hope is a very good breakfast but a very bad supper. You and I may console ourselves that we are at most making of it an early lunch, and may yet expect to dine on more substantial fare. How far are you going, and how long? I hope the lightness of travel will restore to you something of the chit-chat of old times, and that in the quiet of reprieved ambition you will become again what you were ten

years ago, and write me long letters, and think about art and literature and sunshine, and bask and loiter in pleasant fancies. . . . I do not know whether it is to my credit or to yours, or to both our credits, that I do not find my love for you the least changed in kind or degree by all I have gone through and all you have done for me, but can chat with you as well as ever, and think of you as fondly. A common man would laugh at my wonder at not finding my friendship diminished or changed by the benefits received from my friend, or the sufferings he has alleviated; but you are not one of these, and will know what I mean. Ever since I knew you, you have been the chief person in my life; a friend and brother and confessor, the end and aim now of all my thoughts and actions and hopes. . . . The present form of public affairs cannot, I should think, last much longer; Peel must surely in time slough away the Knatchbulls and Gladstones and such-like, and then your time will be come. You will, of course, cultivate as much as possible your political connections in France, and accustom yourself while you have the opportunity to talk and read the language assiduously. Pray do not neglect this last piece of advice. . . . You are too wise, I am sure, to let this disappointment alter your political creeds or shake your adherence to your party. I much approve of your late plan of conduct as far as I have been able to see it. Your short practical speeches and working beneath the surface . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

C. J. MacCarthy.

Milnes did not need the advice of his friend as to the desirableness of his cultivating his political connections in France. At the direct request both of the King and of M. Guizot, he had kept them informed of the state of political feeling in England, and as the reader has already seen, he had also been the medium through whom these high personages had communicated

their views to the leader of the Tory party in England. He now wrote to M. Guizot to inform him of the result of the election.

R. M. M. to M. Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paris.

26, Pall Mall, Sept. 7th, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I have always intended to give you such information as lay in my way as to the constitution and *personnel* of the new Conservative Ministry, and now that the appointments are concluded I will not delay doing so. The two most striking characteristics of the Government are no doubt its regard for former official service and its observance of aristocratic connection. All the men who took the risks of office with Sir Robert Peel in 1835 are amply rewarded. *Lord Haddington*, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is now at the head of the Admiralty, not much to the satisfaction of those who remember that Canning, his great friend and patron, never saw anything in him worthy of official distinction, and gave him a peerage without a place. His being a Scotchman is also against his popularity; the patronage of the Admiralty having taken so very palpably a northern direction in the long Administration of Lord Melville and the late one of Lord Minto. *Goulburn*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is an *alter ego* of Peel, and perhaps his most intimate friend. *Lord Canterbury*, not being able to take anything better than his pension, has got for his son, an untried and very young man, the important office of Under-Secretary of the Home Department. The son and nephew of *Lord Ashburton*, who was regarded as a sort of apostate from the Whigs to Peel, have both got places. *Lord Fitzgerald* refused to take office, but is not unlikely to accept some high diplomatic appointment, and I should be very glad if he went to Paris. I regard him as one of the most intelligent and agreeable men of the party (perhaps the most so among the Lords), and I am sure he would be very popular with all of you. *Gladstone's* appointment to the Board of Trade is not very distinguished in itself, but at the present moment when the Corn Law fills up

so large a place in public and party interests, it has acquired a great importance, and will give him great and frequent means of displaying his fine abilities. My two friends, *Sidney Herbert* (Lord Pembroke's brother) and *Lord Eliot*, are the Secretaries for the Admiralty and Ireland. This last is perhaps the best that Peel has made. I do not know a man of more noble and moderate spirit, more fully conscious of every responsibility he undertakes, more free from selfishness and almost from party ambition; he will stand nobly between the two fires of that unhappy country, and if his moral courage is equal to his good intention, he will do better than Lord Morpeth, and that is saying a good deal. His chief, *Lord de Grey*, is a nobleman of great wealth and fine temper, with some perceptions of heart, but perhaps a little too much of the *beau Sabreur* to keep all about him as quiet as he ought to do. These appointments are, however, at once seen to be good, for they are unpopular with the Orangemen. The *Duke of Buckingham* and *Sir Edward Knatchbull* do not do the harm by being in the Cabinet that might be supposed; they represent the landed nobility and gentry of England, and thus whatever modification of the Corn Law takes place, as long as they remain there, can meet with no opposition from those two great interests. As independent men they might have given a great deal more trouble than they now will do, and I myself have always applauded the prudence which places a concealed enemy as much as possible within your grasp. Peel has now got so strong a grip of the aristocracy that he must either drag them along with him in his advance or perish in the attempt. I will not admit the supposition that they can master him. Neither the high Tories, nor Stanley, nor Graham have had much to do with the distribution of offices. This Peel has kept much to himself, and you may thus be surprised that I occupy no place. But I have no right to complain, when Peel has, in fact, taken upon himself the only post I had the least desire to fill—that of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There is no Under-Secretary in the House of Commons, and he will therefore have to meet Palmerston himself, which is, I

suppose, his real desire. For my own part I cannot help thinking that he might have trusted to my discretion; but it is possible that Lord Aberdeen may have made some decisive objection, owing both to my known Liberal inclinations in foreign matters and to the circumstance that a nephew of his Lordship's was very anxious to get the appointment. Sir Robert Peel will not lose any support I have in my power to give him, as I fully appreciate the difficulties of his position, and yet cannot help wishing that he had been able to give his Administration a more popular character. Sir Stratford Canning has refused Canada (to which Sir Charles Bagot is appointed), and has taken a place about Court, to the surprise of the diplomatic world. I hope this is not a scheme of Lord Aberdeen's to get rid of the services of such a conscientious diplomatic servant. The Court is more moral and still more stupid than before, and I cannot help fearing that the Queen, who has hitherto behaved with great courage and self-possession, will find the change very disagreeable. My cousin, Mr. Gaskell, has got a seat at the Treasury Board, which will do very well for him. If it were not for my father's uncertain health I should rejoice that my independence of office gave me the opportunity of being a good deal abroad, and you would not be long without a visit from me. Charles Buller, who is sitting by me, begs me to return you his grateful thanks for your kind remembrance of him, and Gladstone would do the same if he were not a hundred miles off, managing his election.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your grateful and obliged friend,

R. M. Milnes.

The Duke of Wellington urged Peel to give places to as many as possible of the young nobility, that there might be some of them trained in habits of public life.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

The Copyright Question—The Corn Laws—The Queen's Ball—Journey to the East—Correspondence with Peel—His Friendship with MacCarthy—Tennyson's Pension—Carlyle and Milnes—Southey's Widow—Charles Buller—Milnes's Position in Parliament—Correspondence with W. E. Gladstone.

During the winter of 1841 Milnes did not, according to his wont, go abroad. He spent it in the quiet of his home at Fryston.

As I am no sportsman [he writes, Jan. 23rd, 1842, to M. Guizot], I have only my books and an intelligent friend or two. This is a great contrast to the interest of your magnificent hospitality to me last winter, but I trust not the less useful to myself.

More than ever at this point in his career he seems to have been determined to make a serious effort to gain a place of his own in the political world. The social fame of which he already enjoyed so large a share, and the literary reputation which had come to him in abundance, altogether failed to satisfy his ambition. He wished to serve his country as a public man, and above all to give proof of the fact that he was something more than a mere *littérateur* or the brilliant talker and host. The reader has already seen something of the care with which he studied foreign politics, and unquestionably if there was one object in life dearer to him

than another, it was the attainment of a position in which he might have had a leading share in controlling the Foreign Policy of the United Kingdom. To this position Milnes was never destined to rise; yet those who knew him best will bear me out when I say that he was far more completely equipped for the post of Foreign Secretary than the majority of politicians, and that so far as knowledge of Continental countries, of their leading men, of their schools of thought, and of their lines of policy was concerned, there was hardly one of his contemporaries who could have claimed to be his superior. It was his misfortune that London society, which had taken to him from his first entrance into it, was not disposed to regard him in his own light as a serious man of affairs. His brilliant social success, and the constant though ephemeral triumphs which he gained in connection with his contributions to periodical literature, added to the more solid reputation which he enjoyed as a poet, stood in the way of the political advancement to which he aspired. Again and again in later life, in discussing his own career or the career of other men, with those who understood him best, he deplored the fact that in England popular opinion always insists upon drawing a broad line of demarcation between the man of letters and the man of affairs. He himself was one of many who had suffered from this national prejudice—men whose success in one field of labour has been fatal to any attempts to win laurels in another. But the reader who wishes to know something of the real life of Milnes himself, must

at least take passing note of the serious efforts which he made to serve his country in the House of Commons. He who was so fond of the brighter and lighter side of social life, and whose time was so easily dissipated in happy conversation with his chosen friends, spared no pains, shrank from no sacrifices, in order to fit himself for a post of usefulness in the service of the public.

Among the questions which in the early part of 1842 specially engaged his attention was that of a Copyright Bill. He had laboured in the cause before, but the cause itself had not been successful; and he now proposed to make a fresh attempt to carry a measure through Parliament.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Fryston, Jan. 17th, 1842.

My dear Gladstone,—If the matter does not fall into better hands, I intend to try and get the modified Copyright Bill through Parliament early in the session. As Lord Monteagle's Chancellorship did not prevent him from taking an active part in Talfourd's, I trust your official position will not prevent you from helping me. . . .

Believe me,
Yours always,
Richard M. Milnes.

W. E. Gladstone to R. M. M.

London, Jan. 19th, 1842.

My dear Milnes,—Lord Monteagle has been interesting himself about a Copyright Bill, and communicated with some parties upon it. I would recommend you to write to him. Some time back I saw a statement, I know not whether well founded or not, that Thesiger had taken up the question. This is not meant to divert or discourage you, as I need hardly specify, but

to prevent any cross purposes. I begged Lord Monteagle to propitiate Macaulay. I trust that a moderate term dating from death might be had without violent opposition, or the "confused splutter" of the former proceedings. . . . I do not apprehend there will be any difficulty in my exercising a private judgment in favour of your Copyright Bill.

Your most sincere,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

It was Lord Mahon and not Milnes who actually brought in the Copyright Bill, that which is still in force, and which gives to the English author and his representatives the possession of his own works for a term of forty-two years as a minimum. But if the Bill was Lord Mahon's, no one supported it more strenuously than Milnes, and in the principal debate on the measure in the House of Commons, on April 6th, he replied to its chief assailant, Dr. Wakley, who, in decrying the rights of authors as opposed to the interests of the public, had so far forgotten himself as to read in a mocking manner some of Wordsworth's verses. Milnes was not the man to allow the idol of his College days to be turned into ridicule in this fashion in the House of Commons, and he retorted in a speech which at the time made a deep impression upon the public, and contributed materially to the success of Lord Mahon's measure.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Templand, Thornley, Dumfriesshire,
10th April, 1842.

MY DEAR MILNES,—Thanks for your castigation of the Vandal Wakley, which I have read this morning. The sound

to me is as that of one "whose speech is of bullocks"—a sound disgraceful to your Commons' House called Honourable. You did well to rebuke him. Nay, the "natural man" (whose thoughts indeed are enmity to God) regrets rather that instead of the whipping of polished reprimand it had not been a right leathern dog or horse whip or solid American cowskin; but this, I suppose, the forms of your Honourable House would not permit. Mr. Macaulay, too, finds that his last year's excursion was on the wrong tack; that even *at* the risk of smelling of the shop, he had better take the common one. This Bill, not so bad a one, seems likely to pass. Thanks for the day of small things.

I am here these five weeks—you know on what mournful errand.* For the last three weeks and more I have been as nearly as possible in perfect solitude, alone with my own ugly self, with my own sorrows and sins which are ugly enough, and God's universe which is beautiful and terrible ever as of old. It is long since I had a time so like a Sabbath: full of sadness; but not miserable, perhaps almost blessed rather. "Blessed are the dead:" is it not even so?

This night is to be the last of that sort of existence. To-morrow morning all bursts up into an explosion of packers, carpenters, &c. &c. In *three* days more we have no longer any habitation here. The place that once well knew us "knows us no more again at all for ever."

Often in these silent spring days have I remembered where I was last year this time,† and converted it all into elegiac figure (very beautiful even so, and perhaps *most* beautiful so), as at any time, not to speak of this time, most things turn to elegy with me. What can I do? *Unspoken* elegy; this great old earth, is she not built on silent graves over-canopied with silent stars? Perhaps in some *ten* days more I shall return to those pavements of yours; I look on them from this distance with a kind of shudder. But the end of man is not a *thought;* not a manufacture of unspoken elegies. *Allons!*

* Mrs. Carlyle's mother had just died.

† Fryston.

My poor wife has suffered and still suffers from one of the sorest wounds a human heart can experience here below. We have but one mother; no second is appointed us. If you ever went by Chelsea it might be a kindness to call for my poor Jane.

Accept at any rate my salutation from the mountains, my blessing and best wishes.

Always yours with affection,

T. Carlyle.

It was during the same session as that which saw the settlement of the Copyright question that Milnes called the attention of the House of Commons to one of the grievous anomalies that were still to be found in the English Constitution, the existence of a law under which persons might be, and within a very few years actually had been, sent to prison for non-attendance on public worship. There is nothing surprising in the fact that on such a question as this he took a strong view in favour of liberty of conscience and the right of the individual; but the fact that it was from the Tory benches that he called attention to this grievous wrong is significant, as marking the independence of his action throughout his political career.

The question of the Corn Laws was now absorbing public attention, both in and out of the House of Commons, and Milnes spoke frequently in the debates on the subject, supporting Sir Robert Peel as a rule in his measures of alleviation (such as the Sliding Scale Act), though frequently expressing his regret that those measures were not of a more liberal character. His pen was in constant requisition at this period, and it was probably the attention which had been excited by

his "One Tract More" which led him to publish his "Thoughts on Purity of Election," not as a magazine or review article, but as an independent pamphlet.

He maintained during these years a tolerably regular correspondence with Mr. Sumner, many of whose letters are of exceptional interest.

Charles Sumner to R. M. M.

Boston, Aug. 1st, 1842.

My dear Milnes,—My special inducement to write at this moment, beyond the acknowledgment of your last pleasant letter, is to let you know that I gave the Lyells for you the sheets of an article in the July number of the *North American Review* on recent English poets, which may perhaps interest you. The little group dealt with are yourself, Miss Barrett, Sterling, and Doyle. The writer of the article is a young friend of mine, Mr. George S. Hillard, a person of exquisite taste and accomplishments, and who has a most sincere admiration of your productions. . . . Tennyson's poems have been reprinted in Boston, and the reprint is a precise copy of the English edition in size, type, and paper, so that it is difficult to distinguish the two editions. It is reprinted for the benefit of the author, to whom the publisher hopes to remit some honorarium. Emerson and his followers are ardent admirers of Tennyson, and it is their enthusiastic unhesitating praise that induced a bookseller to undertake the reprint. There are some things in the second volume which I admire very much. "Locksley Hall" has some magnificent verses, and others hardly intelligible. "Godiva" is unequalled as a narrative in verse, and the little stories of Lady Clare and the Lord of Burleigh are told in beautiful measure. I am struck with the melody of his verse, its silver ring, and its high poetic fancy; but does it not want elevated thought and manliness? And yet, in its way, what can be more exquisite than Œnone making Mount Ida echo with her complaints? Was her story ever told in a sweeter strain in any language?

I understand that Emerson is afraid that Tennyson, since he published his first volume, has become a "fine gentleman," by which, I suppose, he means that his free thought and voluntary numbers will be constrained by the conventions of the world.

I enjoyed very much your clever *jeu d'esprit* on the Queen's ball,* and the joke was much enhanced in this country on the debate being received as true. It was reprinted in most of our newspapers, and drew forth many comments. I copy a sentence in a letter which I have received from a friend in South Carolina. "Have you seen that debate in the *Chambre* on the British Queen and Albert, representing Monarchists who beat the French, and Carlists, Thiersists, and all taking part in it? How despicable! The French are in politics a parcel of coquettish girls."

So grim-visaged war will smooth his wrinkled front. All our differences will be adjusted. Lord Ashburton has evinced an earnest disposition to peace, and I need not say that Webster has cordially responded to it. I am glad the Boundary question has gone now to the limbo where are

> "Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tossed,
> And fluttered into rags."

I think the whole negotiation when it sees the light will be much to the credit of both negotiators. . . . Longfellow,

* Milnes and Charles Buller had written a very clever *jeu d'esprit* in the shape of a report of an imaginary debate in the French Chamber on the question of a Fancy Ball at Buckingham Palace, at which, among other historic characters represented, were some of those English sovereigns who had beaten the French, whilst the staff of the French Embassy were to come in with ropes round their necks, like the burgesses of Calais before Edward III. The lively squib was only meant to amuse the readers of the morning newspaper in which it appeared; but, to the surprise of its authors, it was taken seriously elsewhere than in South Carolina. Sir James Graham, on reading it, rushed off to Sir Robert Peel in great agitation, saying, "There is the devil to pay in France over this foolish ball." Fortunately, Peel himself was in the secret, and subsequently told Milnes the story of Graham's alarm.

who is a most amiable friend of mine, is now at Marienberg, by Boppart, on the Rhine. I think he will pass through London in September or October. If you by any accident should be there, I trust he may have the pleasure of seeing you. Dickens was so kind as to invite him to stay with him. Lord Morpeth has shot off among the Indians, so that he lost the *Great Western* on the 10th, which he had intended to take. He has seen the country very thoroughly, and has made himself very popular everywhere. Have you seen his lines on Niagara? The best ever written on the great Fall. When shall we have yours? Let me hear from you soon.

Believe me, ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, August 17th, 1842.

DEAR MILNES,—. . . . I have made a tour in the Netherlands, of thirty hours' extent, since I wrote to you: literally a fact. Spring Rice took me in one of his revenue cutters—a voyage really worth making. The doll gods and gingerbread idolatries of that people, with the fruit of long centuries of industry and healthy victorious energy growing up beside all that, were very striking to me. *Les braves Belges!* They are a *Deutsch* people; I could read their language when I saw it printed: but the educated of them all affect to be a kind of mongrel French, and go about in moustachios and sugar-loaf hats—the blockheads! They have still a remnant of quasi-worship among them (respectabler, perhaps, than our remnant of "sincere-cant"), and crowds of the nastiest ugly fat priests, whom you could not occasionally divest yourself of a horrible passing desire to slaughter, and cure as bacon.

What a melancholy and strange thing is that Chartist hunger-insurrection in your end of the Island! What a country is it where the Governing class turns a deaf ear to all considerations,

and will hear nothing till it hear the actual alarm-bell droning; see nothing till it see Irving's fires blazing!

I declare myself made very sad with these things; it seems to me a long tract of black and ever blacker days is beginning for England. A man ought *not* to vote for Corn-Laws; hang it, no! But I will not quarrel with Richard Milnes, let him vote for what he may. O Peel, Peel!—O Carlyle, Carlyle, for it is *thou* too, and all the world!

Ever yours affectionately,

T. Carlyle.

A longer journey than any which he had previously taken occupied Milnes during the latter part of 1842 and the spring of the following year. This was a visit to the Levant and Egypt, the literary fruits of which he afterwards gave to the world in the volume of poems called "Palm Leaves." In his preface to this little volume the author explains that he would probably have written an account of his tour, which occupied the greater part of a year, but for one decisive consideration —"his ignorance of the languages of the countries he was visiting." He saw much, however, and observed much during his tour, and according to his wont, he made himself at home in the society of many different cities. At Athens, where he again found himself after an interval of many years; at Constantinople, where he was admitted to the intimate friendship of Sir Stratford Canning; at Smyrna, at Cairo, and on the Nile, he lost no opportunity of drinking-in the spirit of the local life, and of making himself familiar not merely with manners and customs, but with modes of thought which were unfamiliar to him.

All the more is it to be regretted that he confined his reminiscences of his travels to the volume of poetry I have mentioned, and to one or two letters to friends in England. He did, it is true, keep a journal of his voyage on the Nile, but it is of so fragmentary a character as to be of little use for the purposes of a biography. Nor are many anecdotes preserved regarding his personal adventures during his absence from home. His friends, it is true, assumed many things regarding him, and the character of these assumptions may be gathered from the fact that in a copy of "Palm Leaves," once the property of Harriet Martineau, and now in the library at Fryston, certain sketches, evidently from the pen of Mr. Thackeray, have been introduced, in which Milnes is depicted in the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges of an Eastern Pasha, one of the sketches going so far as to represent him in the act of removing the head of a presumably faithless spouse. Nowadays Eastern travel has become so common that those who indulge in it are free from the remarks and conjectures which fifty years ago attached to the Oriental traveller. Milnes's fame among his friends, however, and above all that happy faculty which he possessed of making himself at home everywhere and in every class of society, gave rise to a specially luxuriant crop of tales regarding his personal adventures, tales for which there is no reason to suppose that there was in his case any better foundation than in that of any of his contemporaries.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Smyrna, Nov. 27th, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND,—My sister has sent me your letter of August 28th, and I send this to her to transmit to you. . . . Before I left England I ordered some English papers to be sent you regularly, and my sister says she has speeded you some. I wrote to Colvile from Constantinople, telling him to tell you of my whereabouts. I have been in Greece again, and wrote an indignant sonnet on the little progress *ten* years had made there. The selection of King Otho has certainly been most infelicitous. I do not think him the mere duffer that most people make him out. But he seems to have no faculty for his position, and he has got a foolish little pretty wife, fond of dress and dancing, who increases his unpopularity. He has built a great stucco barrack under Hymettus by way of a palace, which has spent all his private income and disfigured the town. It will be a great mercy if his notion of playing a miniature Louis Philippe among parties and persons in Greece does not bring on him an Alibaud or Fieschi.

I had always heard that the Franks of the Levant kept themselves very much apart from the Turks, but I had no notion how absolutely apart they were. Here and at Constantinople there is nothing but an odd dress or two to warn you, you are not in some French or Italian town; and there is not only no intercourse with the Orientals, but no mention of them in conversation, no allusion to their existence. No wonder that travellers write so ignorantly. Indeed, I can't see how they are to do otherwise if they write at all. I dined with the Foreign Minister, and was talked of as if I had banqueted at the Zoological Gardens. All this makes a tour here much less interesting than it might be. I am going to Egypt to see that old lion Mehemet Ali, and then to England. The time of year compels me to give up Syria, which I do not care much about except for Jerusalem, where our new Bishopric is getting on very well, except that one of the chaplains has somewhat complicated his spiritual functions by setting up as a brandy merchant. The

English Church is rising to completion on Mount Zion. We have great news from China, not for the glory but for the peace sake. It will, however, be the death of the *grande nation* if the Emperor insists upon the English having a monopoly of the trade, and refuses the establishment of the Consulates of other nations; and even without this one hardly sees how France can come forward and ask to share the advantages of our peace after having so furiously slanged against the wickedness of the war. Now that we have got the Cabul prisoners and destroyed all the fortresses, we are to evacuate Afghanistan, thus leaving behind us a frontier exasperated against English power and delighted at any time to take part against us. But "the Duke" says it could not be occupied, and he must be right; at least, it is most comfortable to think so.

One would almost wish you a wreck once a week for something to do. Tell me whether you get any American books, or it will be absurd my sending you a hot-pressed octavo, when you get the same for twenty cents in a Yankee newspaper, especially with such a book-devourer as you are, who eat up three volumes per hour.

I have said nothing of the "stability of the Ottoman Empire," the great slang of these parts. I think it will last you and me out. When the crash comes it will probably come in some way totally different from what any of us have expected, and be attended with results that have come into nobody's head.

You can write to me to Serlby, Bawtry, Yorkshire.

It should be said that MacCarthy, who had now entered the public service, was at this time filling a post at Turk's Islands which had been obtained for him through Milnes's influence, whence he still kept up his regular correspondence with his old friend.

R. M. M. to Sir Robert Peel.

Private. *Smyrna, Nov. 28th,* 1842.

Dear Sir Robert Peel,—It is just possible you may have some Christmas leisure to read a gossiping letter; if not, pray

throw this into the fire, for I can tell you nothing that you do not know, or at least cannot know from a hundred better sources of information. I have spent the last two or three months in Greece and Turkey. The former country I had visited some ten years ago, and I felt quite indignant at the little advance which it has made since its independence, until I reflected how slow the progress of a country exhausted by revolution must necessarily be. There is security of person and property, an increase in some branches of production, such as the currant vine, and a few roads are in process of construction; but whatever good one finds cannot, I fear, be attributed to the Government. All one could hear of the acts of the King and the authorities was so stupid, or worse, that one almost felt sure there must be another side of the question, but I was sorry to be unable to find any other excuses than arise from the difficulties of the case and the incapacity of those who have to deal with them. There is no need to make out the King a monster of perfidy and tyranny to explain his conduct. Taken as a young man whose mind has been subtilised, not refined, by a Jesuit education, who carries a natural frivolity into acquired habits of industry, who tries to act a miniature Louis Philippe among the parties and persons with whom he is surrounded, with about the same proportion of ability between himself and that personage that there is between his ministers and Guizot or Thiers, and his conduct is very explicable. The great evil is in the absence of some master-mind which should control the King. I suppose Mavrocordati is the best of the Greeks, but he is always a party man, and has enemies whom the King is able to play off against him.

It is unfortunate that the Foreign Ministers have been compelled by circumstances to interfere as they have done almost with the personal expenditure of the Sovereign, so that he evidently regards them as spies upon his affairs, and derives no advantage from their presence and advice. He has built a huge palace, the design, I believe, of his father, which might look massive and imposing in the middle of a Bavarian sand-plain,

but is simply heavy and disfiguring under the shadow of the Parthenon. His pretty, dressy wife, too, does him no good, as she does nothing to please or attach the people. I think it is matter of deep regret that the form of the Constitution was not fixed at first. It may be very true that the country is not fit for representative government, but almost anything must be better than the action of indefinite desires and confused hopes on so excitable a people. If it comes into some Greek's head that the Constitution may be got by removing the King, his life is not safe an hour. The parties most to blame in the whole concern appear to me to have been the Regency, who have laid no one solid foundation, supplied no one of the national necessities, and have left to this poor young man such a task as the best head and heart would surmount with difficulty,

"The stability of the Ottoman Empire" is become such diplomatic slang that one can hardly write about it, yet after all it is the absorbing subject of one's reflections in Turkey. It is quite true that one feels at Constantinople that the Turks are only encamped in Europe, that it is to all intents and purposes a Greek town with mosques in it, and that the Turks are there to govern and to pray. This governing is carried to such an extent that every Turk not in office or public employment is in fact in disgrace, and holds himself retired from society. But it is quite true that no part of the *élément chrétien* about which the French talk so much, is fit or indeed has any inclination to assume the supremacy, and that so long as the Porte governs its Christian subjects with moderation, and abstains from capricious insolence, and is impressionable by the suggestions of Foreign Ministers on such points, there is every reason to suppose that they will prefer its authority to that of any other Government. The chief difficulty of the Porte seems to be that of affording sufficient protection against local tyranny and injustice in the more distant parts of the Empire, in which the Sultan's authority is little regarded. As regards the advantage of personal intercourse with the Turks, you have no more at Constantinople than in London, except as a matter of business. They are never alluded to in

French society, and though I dined with the Reis Effendi, I can hardly say I learned anything Oriental on the banks of the Bosphorus.

The Russians are building a most pompous palace that looks as if it expected the Emperor immediately; which, in this country of representation, contrasts sharply with the log-houses where the French and our Embassy are established. The French palace is half rebuilt, but has been stopped for the last *two* years for want of funds, which has still a worse appearance than the ruins of ours.

I had intended to go hence to Beyroot, but as that place is now blockaded by the insurgents, and the Pasha all but in their hands, I should be unable to travel about, and must content myself with visiting the "old man wonderful" in Egypt. . . . We received the Indian and China news at Constantinople, and our London friend Bourqueney evinced an affectionate sympathy which would get him stoned at Paris.

Will you present my respectful regards to Lady Peel.

Believe me, &c.,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

The friends who were amusing themselves by inventing and retailing fables as to the life which Milnes was leading in the East, would doubtless have been surprised if they had been permitted to read this letter, with its proofs of the writer's clear insight into the great political factors then at work in that quarter of the world, and his sober judgment upon men and things. In the copy of "Palm Leaves" to which I have already alluded, Miss Martineau has written on the title-page, "Worthily read only in the East or by philosophers who are at home everywhere." And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that so far had the author imbibed the spirit of the East, that the ordinary reader who knew nothing of that spirit must have been at a loss

to understand Milnes's views upon many questions. To a true-souled woman like Harriet Martineau there was nothing obscure or questionable about them, and she at least, as the annotations in her copy of "Palm Leaves" attest, believed that Milnes brought back from this journey to the East a store of golden grain.

At Cairo, Milnes was received by Mehemet Ali, with whom he had an interview of considerable interest. He did not stay long, however, in the Egyptian capital, and on the 27th December started on his journey up the Nile, on which he spent two months. The journal which he kept from day to day while in the boat unfortunately tells us little more than the state of the weather and the quarter from which the wind blew. Many Englishmen were on the river at the same time as Milnes, so that he had no lack of company, not only at Karnak and Philæ, where he meditated among the tombs and amused himself in deciphering inscriptions, but at the various stopping-places. The journey seems, however, to have been a monotonous one, and one can imagine, in spite of the impression which was made upon his mind by the almost immeasurable antiquity of the memorials of the past which he saw, that he found the time pass slowly. Here is an entry for one day:—

All day drifted down,
  Wind quite contrary;
Dined in my dressing-gown,
  And sculled when it was airy;
Smoked a new pipe-stick,
Which almost made me sick.

Mrs. Milnes notes in her diary that in March of this year, 1843, she heard a gentleman at a party in London tell how in going down the Nile he heard someone singing in a boat near him, and at once said, "That is Milnes's voice."

It was not till the close of May that Milnes himself returned to England, having travelled by way of Malta, where he had a vexatious detention in quarantine, and Marseilles.

One of the first to welcome him was Carlyle.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, May 19th, 1843.

Caro Mio, — In good hour hast thou returned. The impatience of the public was fast mounting towards anxiety. Everybody said, We cannot want our Milnes! I am here on Saturday morning entirely free, and if you came before one o'clock we could fly out into the lanes and escape the *profanum vulgus*. I am also at home, I think, every evening till Tuesday. Thirdly, I will call at Pall Mall, No. 26, the first day I pass within wind of it, and so let us meet *quam primum*.

Yours ever,

T. Carlyle.

He was quickly at home again in his social haunts, and busy as of old in the House of Commons. Such leisure as he had was given to the preparation of "Palm Leaves" for the press.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

May 30th, 1843.

My dear Friend,—I should have written to you by the last packet, but that I wished to lay before some high quarters the suggestions you had written regarding Colonial customs.

Gladstone, who is now President of the Board of Trade and in the Cabinet, wrote to me two days ago, as follows:—"The subject on which MacCarthy writes is one on which we have moved the Treasury *twelve* months ago. I took advantage of his extract to stir the matter a little, with what chance of success I do not know enough of the circumstances to judge. But at all events, I think your friend's observations on the subject will do nothing to weaken his character and claim for promotion. I much regret that I have no official influence upon the appointments in that department, but if at any time anything should be in my power you will find me willing." I only hope the vacancy at Nassau will not occur just yet, and that I may have due warning of it. . . . Sir Robert is a terrible stickler for priority of claims, and has a horror, it seems to me, of putting anybody (except a lord) in any place which can be suspected of having been obtained by favouritism. He is very civil to me, and I have no objection to asking him for anything so reasonable whenever the proper time for so doing arrives. I got back to England about twenty days ago, returning through quarantine at Malta, the Holy Week at Rome, and a few days and dinners at Paris. I went to the English College, and saw the little room where I first saw you. Dr. Baggs seemed to be managing the thing successfully, and was talked of as likely to get an English bishopric. His Holiness had lost his polypus, and was likely to live ten years, and Cardinal Acton was thought to have a chance of succeeding him. The English society had been detestable—slang lords and ladies, Russian Grand Duchesses, all sorts of blackguards and blackguardesses from London rolling about in the Borghese, and Lady Davy disgusted with the whole. Kestner had hurt his leg seriously, but it was getting better, though he said he had "still much sentiment in his chin bone." Lady Clare had turned Romanist, and had been followed by other friends of hers. Lord Chesterfield had had printed cards of the meets of the hounds:—"Monday, at Cecilia Metella; on Wednesday at the Coliseum, and on Saturday at the Ponte Molle." It was an effort to get from the Italian spring,

especially as Rio wanted me to go with him to Urbino and other out-of-the-way parts, where he was going to get materials for the concluding volumes of his *Christian Art*. But I saw that public questions of some interest were coming on in Parliament, and did not think I had a right to be away longer. At Paris, I saw M. Guizot, who is very strong in the infinite weakness of his opponents; Lamartine, who has leapt over the *centre gauche*, and declared himself all but a Chartist; G. Sand, who is *très rongée*, and writing a book I shall send you when it is finished; Tocqueville, who is in strong opposition with the Government for what he calls materialising France; and Louis Philippe, who has not got an additional grey hair for all the sorrows and troubles of his last two years. Montalembert was returning from Madeira with his wife quite set up by her wonderful pleasure. They told me in London it had been the dullest session and season ever known. I can see at once the working of a social change; the gradual pauperisation of the upper classes is distinct and tangible. I never saw so many houses to let. Barouches are turning into flies, chariots into broughams. There are fewer balls; and it is getting rather respectable than not, to have little money to spend. As long as they were rich the aristocracy preached up the indispensableness of wealth, and now they are getting poor they will declaim against the vulgar ostentation of it. Although the declination will pervade the whole rank of landed proprietors, and small ones such as ourselves are the first to feel it, I cannot help thinking the general social effect will be a good one, and that we may get something in compensation for luxury which nobody enjoyed, and pleasures which left everybody discontented. Colvile is looking well and cheerfuller. He is more *répandu* and appreciated than he used to be, and is, I think, gratified by it. O'Brien has spoken well in the House of Commons, and all the better for having been ill during winter. His mind seems somewhat less flaunty, and his self-complacency somewhat subdued. Lady James laughs as silverly as ever; her daughter not married, and her son in the Guards. . . . There is still much talk

about Puseyism. A sermon of Dr. Pusey's is actually under the examination of a Board of Heresy at Oxford. The Bishop of London has tried to steer between the two parties, and has been worried into slight paralysis in consequence; part of his diocese openly refusing to regard his instructions. I found them very full of Puseyism at Rome; and Baggs had read a discourse in which he cited largely the work of an "*intelligente laico intitulato Un Tratello di piu.*"* Carlyle has written a book which is, as Mademoiselle Déjazet says of a certain passion, "*toujours la même et toujours naïve.*" It would be very dangerous if turned into the vernacular and generally read. It is most unjust and insulting to all but the utterly ignorant and helpless, calling Peel "Sir Jabez Windbag," and every attempt at legislation or good of any kind a "Morrison's pill." It has sold very well; and the author looks a little fatter and better for it. Rogers keeps wonderfully well, though a little deafer and crosser than I left him, going on as usual, saying hard things and doing soft ones. Miss Wynn is well, and always inquires after you; there seems no more chance of her becoming Madame v. Ense. My sister is just come to town for a few weeks, and in pretty good health. I wish I could say the same of my mother, who causes us considerable anxiousness. My father is as strong as he was before his accident, and says he does not intend to give me such a chance again. He talks of shutting up Fryston for some time as costing too much to live at. Of myself I have little to tell you. I go on *piano, piano*, expecting daily less of the world—and getting less too. I am contracting my acquaintance, losing my desire of knowing and liking everybody, and becoming like other people, having got little good out of my originality—except that of letting it have its usual run. And now for yourself. I can do nothing but congratulate; go on bravely fighting against the tedious hours, and some good must come to you in the end. I must rejoice that you are in a line of decent independence of me, and of everything but your own conduct. If I can end by seeing

* [illegible] Tract More."

you fairly righted in the world, I shall not have lived in vain; but all still is in your own hands, your own mind; and again and again God bless you!

R. M. MILNES.

We are all in a great row about Factory Education. The Dissenters have shown a bitterness and fanaticism worthy of the palmiest days of the Church. The Government have acted wisely and weakly, but will, I hope, put out a little strength to carry the matter through, and not throw the whole onus on such as me, who am risking my seat at Pomfret for them.

There is a passage towards the close of the foregoing letter—that in which Milnes speaks of MacCarthy's personal affairs—which affords an opportunity for some allusion to one of the traits of the writer's character which can never be overlooked. I allude to the generous aid which he was constantly giving to his personal friends and to others who had claims upon his sympathy. As the reader has already been told, it is not my purpose in these pages to lay before the world a catalogue of Milnes' benefactions, but it is only right that I should explain the passage in the letter to MacCarthy by the statement that Milnes had not only procured for him his appointment in the public service, but had helped him to the utmost of his ability in other ways. Throughout his life Sir Charles MacCarthy never forgot his obligations to his friend; but it was rarely indeed, and only in response to the direct observations of MacCarthy himself, that Milnes ever referred to them.

Appeals of every kind were, however, constantly pouring in upon Milnes, and his purse—which was not at this period of his life, if, indeed, it ever was, a heavy

one—was ever in danger of exhaustion in consequence of his ready response to these petitions for assistance. Nor was it to his personal generosity alone that appeals were made. Sir Robert Peel had formed a habit of consulting him with regard to the bestowal of the slender pecuniary assistance which is all that the Crown reserves for men and women of genius, or those who are dependent upon them. It was about this period that a curious question of this kind was referred to Milnes by Sir Robert Peel. The friends of the great poet who had been Milnes's fellow-student at Cambridge were anxious that he should be placed in a position which would enable him to devote himself entirely to the cultivation of his muse. They accordingly resolved to apply to the Prime Minister on his behalf for a pension which, though moderate in amount, would relieve him from the necessity of entering upon any profession. It was through Milnes that they hoped to reach the ear of Sir Robert Peel. No one was more friendly to the project than was the subject of this memoir, but, as usual, he encountered the first suggestion of the scheme by a number of objections more or less cogent. It was a stage through which he always passed in his relations with any object with which he had real and hearty sympathy. His love of paradox demanded gratification in the first instance, and it was not until he had played the part of devil's advocate that he ever heartily espoused any cause.

An amusing story has been told regarding him at this stage of the movement on behalf of Tennyson.

"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing

his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response.

"Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned."

Nobody knew better than Carlyle that there was not the slightest danger of Milnes incurring the Divine wrath on this score. As a matter of fact, Peel was already in communication with him on the subject of Tennyson's pension, and very singular were the circumstances surrounding the question. Two applications had been made to Peel for a pension of £200. One was on behalf of Tennyson, a young man in whose glorious future comparatively few at that time believed, whilst the other came from the friends of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, on whose behalf age and infirmity, as well as past services to English literature, were with reason pleaded. Peel consulted Milnes as to the course which he ought to take, accompanying the appeal by the statement that for himself he knew absolutely nothing either of Mr. Tennyson or of Mr. Knowles.

"What!" said Milnes, "have you never seen the name of Sheridan Knowles on a playbill?"

"No," replied Peel.

"And have you never read a poem of Tennyson's?"

"No," was again the answer, accompanied by a request that Milnes would let him see something which Tennyson had written. Accordingly Milnes sent to Sir Robert Peel the two poems of "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," accompanied by a letter from himself, in which he gave his own opinion, to the effect that if the pension were merely to be bestowed as a charitable gift, Sheridan Knowles, infirm and poor, and past his prime, was the proper recipient of it; but that if, on the other hand, it were to be bestowed in the interests of English literature and of the nation at large, then, beyond all question, it should be given to Alfred Tennyson, in order that his splendid faculties might not be diverted from their proper use by the sordid anxieties of a struggle for existence. Peel took the public view of the question, and bestowed the pension upon Tennyson, though it is satisfactory to know that before very long he was enabled to confer a pension of the same amount upon Sheridan Knowles. The part which Milnes had taken in this and similar transactions will explain how it was that he received such a letter as the following:—

W. S. Landor to R. M. M.

Bath, April 4th, 1843.

My dear Milnes,—Doubtless you have heard of poor Southey's death—a thing desirable to himself, if, indeed, he had any consciousness—desirable, too, although sorrowful, to his

friends. His widow I have never seen, but she regularly sent me accounts of him during all his illness. Before she married him she was well aware into what a state he was hastening, and she married him because she felt certain that no other would take the same care of him as she would. What saint or martyr ever reached this sublimity of self-devotion? It is only now that I am informed to a certainty of her losing one-half of her small income by her marriage. His "Life of Dr. Bell" would have brought him a thousand pounds—quite sufficient to replace the loss by an annuity. A few weeks darkened and intercepted this view totally; but is it possible that an administration which he so zealously and efficiently supported will forget his services? I have heard that a seat in Parliament and a baronetcy once were offered to him. When we consider what worthless men have been gratified with both, there is no great virtue in his refusal. But his widow is worn out with watching and anxiety, and his slender fortune is much diminished by his long malady. She herself, as you know, has written admirable things. There is one chapter on "Churchyards," which the united faculties of Sterne and Addison would scarcely have produced. However, not her merits, but his, call upon the nation for some testimonial —a very small pension for a very few years (I fear I am over-rating its duration)—would exonerate the country from its debt of honour, and save from destitution the widow of that man who in our times has done it the most honour. Pray, my dear Milnes, exert your great and noble faculties on behalf of a man whose principles and pursuits were the same as yours—a man who defended with more vigour and consistency than any other the laws and religion of his country. Do not let my application be injurious to him. If the Whigs were in power I could make it to none of them, for Southey was their adversary, and I for my part was resolved to owe them nothing. I never gave them a vote, and never influenced one in their favour. If you cannot obtain for the widow of the wisest and most virtuous man in England what will defend her from poverty, I swear to you that I, who am obliged to live on a tenth of my income, will offer her

the fifth. You see to what an extent the Tories have the power of fining me for my misdeeds.

Believe me, dear Milnes,

Sincerely yours, W. S. LANDOR.

This letter was addressed to Milnes before his return from Egypt, and when he received it in London he found that the application had already been made to the Prime Minister on behalf of Mrs. Southey, and that it had failed. He offered, however, to renew the attempt if Landor thought it desirable.

W. S. Landor to R. M. M.

DEAR MILNES,—I was not aware of your being in Egypt when I wrote to you. Peel is an unlikely man to change a resolution when nothing is to be gained by it beside the esteem of honest men. Pray do not try him again. Southey was only the best man and the best writer of the age in which he lived, and the strongest support of Peel's administration; but Southey is dead, and no edifice can stand on a dead body. He can work no more for Church or kingdom: they owe him large wages, but, as nobody demands them, nobody will pay them.

Midst all sorts of blunders, political and military, what think you of Napier in India? What think you of this elephant in the midst of jackals and monkeys? Only one battle since the creation ever equalled his—that of Poictiers; for Clive, the most wonderful of our military men, fought against poor soldiers—Napier against men who baffled Alexander himself—the bravest men upon earth, excepting ours. They will not make him a duke; perhaps they will not make him what they made such rapscallions as Abinger, &c., &c., &c. Were I Napier, and they offered me a mere barony, I would fringe my glove with gold lace, and slap their muzzles till they bled. This is the man to make Governor of India and Duke of Hyderabad. . . .

Ever sincerely yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

26, *Pall Mall, June* 30, 1843.

My dear MacCarthy,—There has been nothing eventful in this month to write about, but you will be glad of a letter for its own sake. We are shivering through the summer as well as we can, and this will probably find you at your hottest. To me, with the sensation of Egyptian light and warmth still on me, this continual chill and damp is absolutely pain, and makes Fleet Ditch of the stream of my intellect. There are, however, certain moral heats in the atmosphere—Repeal in Ireland and Anti-Puseyism at Oxford. Colvile has written a little pamphlet he may probably send you on the analogy of the cries of the Jansenists and the Puseyites—clever enough, but rather stilted. The real meaning of silencing Pusey for two years is that Oxford found itself in an odd position towards the Government, which has declared itself as decidedly anti-Puseyite, and feared not to get its fair share of patronage if it went on in any identification with Puseyism. I and other friends of Pusey think he would do best to take the censure quietly, and not publish his accused sermon, any appeal *ad populum* being entirely at variance with Pusey's frequent preachments about passive obedience; but he will most probably print it. The "awkward squad" of Puseyism, on the other hand, have been disgracing themselves by hitting at Everett while taking his degree, because he had been an Unitarian minister. The last Sydney Smith is, "that he must believe in apostolic succession, there being no other way of accounting for the descent of the Bishop of Exeter from Judas Iscariot." O'Connell, poet as he is, believes that he can frighten us into Repeal by his gigantic meetings. He does not intend to come to blows: blows, however, may come in spite of him, but I hope not. I have mooted once more in the House of Commons the subject of the payment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland (which D'Orsay says is "impayable"), and I find a very great feeling on the question generally to prevail in the House. The real difficulty will be with the country, and especially the Dissenters, who are so cocky at having beat the

Government on the education measures that they think they have everything in their own hands. John Manners has spoken in favour of an embassy to Rome, and I do not believe Peel to be unfavourable to it. The great lion of the month is the King of Hanover, who goes about in an unwonted state of popularity—that is to say, generally unhissed. Brougham has struck up an intimate friendship with him, having insulted him all his life in both Houses. Lord Grey is dying, Lord Carlisle failing fast. The Lords will soon get the best disposable talent of the country, and there must then be an opening in the Commons of some width. I have seen your young friend, and thought him remarkably pleasant in his manner. I am sorry that I can be of so little use to him, but I will keep him in my eye. We have had Dr. Howe, of Laura Bridgman notoriety, here. He told me not of one, but of many cases he had seen of persons being blind seeing with the mesmeric sense. I wish you would see whether you have any clairvoyants in Turk's Island. . . .

Yours always,

R. M. MILNES.

Milnes' proposal for the endowment of the Catholic Church in Ireland was part of that "levelling-up" policy of which he was for many years the advocate. It had its friends and adherents in the House of Commons as well as in the country, but it was not destined to succeed.

Connop Thirlwall, now Bishop of St. David's, kept up his correspondence with his old friend.

Bishop of St. David's to R. M. M.

Abergwili, July 3rd, 1843.

MY DEAR MILNES,—I am very glad that you adhere to your purpose of coming to me this year. You have, at all events, a better chance of finding my house standing and me in it than you would have if you postponed your visit. Hitherto I have

only been a spectator of our late war.* If I am destined to take any other part in it, I can only expect that it will be that of sufferer. It is a melancholy change to find that we are to be continually under military protection. I saw your well-meant attempt, which earned you the cordial approbation of the *Morning Chronicle*. I wish the Irish Roman Catholic clergy could be endowed, for then it might be hoped that they would cease to conspire against England; but I am afraid, if such a thing was ever practicable, it would now be too late. The unanimity of the English Parliament in favour of such a measure would be only an additional objection with the repealing priesthood. Besides, they have now hopes of a perhaps equal advantage obtained in a way more congenial to their feelings, as well as more consistent with the preservation of their influence. If I did not know the strength of Anglo-Catholic faith, I should have been surprised at the confidence which Lord John Manners expressed in the purity of O'Connell's intentions. I have asked Carlyle to come and see me after next Wednesday week, the 11th. I wish you could have been here with him. I have very little doubt that the people here (who took Milman for Reginald Heber) will believe Carlyle to be the celebrated atheist, an opinion which he will probably confirm by his demeanour. Could you contrive to get Spedding to join him?

Yours ever,

C. St. David's.

Bishop of St. David's to R. M. M.

Abergwili, 21st July, 1843.

Dear Milnes,—Carlyle has been, seen, and gone this morning. He rolled away with the mail to Gloucester, where, and at Worcester, he is going to look for vestiges of Cromwell, and so to proceed to Liverpool, and thence to Snowdon, or whithersoever else the destinies and possibilities may convey him. He stayed here 3 days, on one of which he enjoyed the

* Wales was at this time in a very disturbed state, owing to the Rebecca riots.

appropriate felicity of meeting the Judge of Assize, lawyers, justices of the peace, peace-preserving warriors, and a host of equally congenial people. Otherwise matters passed off apparently very much to his satisfaction. I mounted him upon a high strong horse, and we scoured the country together, he with a cigar in his mouth and arrayed in a "gray savagery of three sacks with a hem!" expressing much compassion for all mankind, but particularly for the poor inarticulate little Welsh creatures who could only smile when he asked them the way. The sight of the gates and houses lately demolished by Rebecca did not appear to distress him in the least. As to yourself, come by all means in September rather than in October, that you may see the country still green, and the garden in flowers; but, whatever you do, avoid the last week in September, that you may not be taken for a candidate for orders (my butler described Carlyle to me as Mr. Macaulay). . . . I think the Government has some right to be out of humour with you. Out of mere hankering after popularity you make common cause against it with people who would as willingly endow the Church of Buddha, or the fetish of Ashantee, as you would be reluctant to allow a penny to the Presbyterians if they were 999 in every 1,000 in Ireland.

Yours ever,

C. St. David's.

I cannot let this packet go [writes Charles Sumner, Aug. 1st, 1843] without thanking you earnestly for your most flattering kindness to my friends—the Howes. He wrote heartily of your hospitality, and of a breakfast where he was much pleased with Charles Buller. He cannot forget your breakfasts. My friend Longfellow is a most happy married man. Miss Appleton is his beautiful wife. Have you seen his *Spanish Student*, a play?

The friendship of Buller and Milnes did not diminish as time passed, and the former was a constant guest at the breakfast table at 26, Pall Mall. He did not spare

the eccentricities of his friend, but Milnes liked him none the less because at times he sharpened his fine wit at his expense. "I often think how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct," was one of Buller's remarks which Milnes has noted in his common-place-book. Another which deserves to be quoted—not for any personal application, but because of the insight which it affords into the English character, was Buller's allusion to the "high sense of personal honour, and the low feeling of public duty, which distinguishes our political men and the English aristocracy in general."

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy,

September 12th, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I have sent you a box of intellectual food of all kinds, and which I hope you will get soon after this letter. It contains Thirlwall's "Greece," and G. Sand's "Consuelo," Mill's "Logic," and an Eton Atlas, plus sermons and poems—in fact, everything you ask for, and everything I could lay my hand on, and the chinks are filled up with *Débats* and old reviews. . . . I earnestly hope there will be no mistake about it; but since I have lost all my carpets and pipes and rugs, which I shipped from Smyrna and have not since been heard of, I hardly believe anything can cross the sea securely. I hope you will like "Consuelo" very much. I think it first-rate. I am at this moment with the Bishop of St. David's near Carmarthen, and shall be about in Wales and Cornwall till the end of October, then to Fryston till Parliament meets. My sister is in Scotland, and well. This country is on the brink of becoming as bad as Ireland. The serious fun of breaking the turnpike gates has ended in fire and bloodshed. People are shot at most nights, and whatever magistrate makes himself offensive to the Rebeccaites has his farms burnt. There is real severe poverty at the bottom of the affair, and, I

should fear, not much sympathy for the poor on the part of the squireens, who seem to rule the land. I should not be surprised if some districts had to be put under martial law during the winter, for under the present system the marauders elude police and military. No one will inform, no one will resist, and, more than all, no juries will convict. Ireland pauses during the harvest. It is always a perilous thing for O'Connell to take a fresh step, and this extra Parliament will be a hard one to manage. When I was at Neuilly last year, I asked Louis Philippe whether he had ever thought of inviting our Queen to France. He seemed pleased with the notion, and put many questions as to the feasibility of it, and lo! the end of my suggestion—she has been there. The visit seems to have gone off admirably, and the anti-Anglican party quite taken aback. The articles of the Opposition papers about it are charming, the *National* especially asserting that Victoria's chief object is to wheedle the old king into a commercial treaty to aggrandise England and ruin France. I have been much shocked by the tragedy of a clever, amiable young artist, who travelled in Egypt with Sir T. Phillips of Newport and myself, going mad and murdering his father. The poor fellow got to France, but, I see, has just been taken up in the act of murdering some one else. A strange world we live in! I saw Bunsen in the country a week or two ago. He is busyissimo with "Ægyptiaca," two volumes of which are all but published. He knocks over the Jewish history implacably; makes Moses the father of modern history, and the ancient history before his time to fill up considerably more than six thousand years. Abraham ceases to be a person, and Moses and Joseph turn out to be the same, and such like invasions on orthodoxy. I should think even his diplomatic character will not save him from Anglican excommunication. I would have sent you Dr. Pusey's sermon, but that it is hardly worth while. It deserved to be condemned for its length, and if the sentence was interpreted in this way it might do good. . . .

Yours affectionately, R. M. MILNES.

Although the season was at an end, and Milnes, as the reader has seen, was out of town, passing the recess in visiting his friends or in entertaining guests at Fryston, he did not lose his touch with the literary society of London. In all his wide circle of acquaintances there was no one to whom he remained more faithful than to Mrs. Procter, the wife of the distinguished poet known as Barry Cornwall. Of Mr. Procter's place in literary history there is no need to speak. He and his wife were the intimate friends of Thackeray, Dickens, John Forster, and the other prominent figures in the literary world of that period, and it was inevitable that Milnes should be brought much into contact with them. Mrs. Procter outlived her husband and her gifted daughter Adelaide for many years. She outlived, indeed, most of her contemporaries, including Lord Houghton; but so long as Milnes lived, she was one of his dearest friends and most welcome guests. The letters from her pen which I shall quote from time to time in these pages will not only furnish interesting glimpses of the literary society in which she moved, but incidentally will throw light upon Milnes's relations with it.

Mrs. Procter to R. M. M.

13, *Upper Harley Street*, 9 *Oct.*, 1843.

My dear Mr. Milnes,—Many thanks for your note. It is very kind and very like you to think of me when I am ill. I am really very poorly, although I have no complaint. I am so thin that my shadow can never be less, and I can only manage to sit up for a few hours during the day. I am going into the country, and mean to get well if I can. It makes me very

happy to hear of your merry party. There is no real enjoyment of one's friends' company equal to living in the same house with them. Emily and my second daughter Agnes leave me for Chambery on Saturday. Of Eliot Warburton I hear nothing. Thackeray wrote to Forster a few days since, and says that he will give a guinea for a note from Mrs. Procter. This is the first offer that has been made for any literary work of mine. Mr. Kinglake is in Switzerland, reading Rousseau. I saw Carlyle some time since—indeed, the day after his return home. He was, as usual, very like himself, and totally unlike any other two-legged animal. To speak with him is like opening some rare and rich book. One is the better for it for some days. His society is a fine antidote against London life, which you tell me makes all people alike. This I deny. You are exactly what you were when I first knew you. Believe me, that what is real remains, and that fifty years of town life will do you no harm. I am sadly in want of books; tell me of something to read, or never mind that if you will only write to me again.

Yours very truly,

A. B. Procter.

Mrs. Procter to R. M. M.

"Star and Garter," Richmond, Oct. 17th, 1843.

My dear Mr. Milnes,—I am a complete convert to the saying that there is good in everything. I perceive the advantages of illness when you are so good as to write to me. . . . I rejoice that ——— was black-balled. The nonsense he talked one day alone at Lady Galway's about Addison ought to condemn him. He will be a bishop; his cat-like creeping qualities will secure the mitre; besides, his "sweet wife," whom every one praises, will help him on. Did you ever see his book about the Jews, which was suppressed? This speaks well for it. I return your portrait; if it had been like, I should certainly have kept it, and stood the chance of a suit at law for its recovery. I read of you at Sir John Hanmer's, where Severne

also was, I hear. I hope that amongst "Palm Leaves" you will reprint your scattered poems. I saw only yesterday some lines on the Railroad, and you must reprint the lines on Fanny Elssler. The only way to treat the world is to trample on it, and then it respects you. Thank you again and again for writing to me.

Carlyle was at this time in town, engrossed in the preparation of his "Cromwell."

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Oct. 19th, 1843.

Dear Milnes,—Wherever on the face of this earth you are, let me have a word from you once more. The sound of your voice is become very desirable, even the picture of the sound of it. Ah me! I did design to send you tidings of me long ago, but I have been unfortunate—a weary, forlorn, most sickly wanderer, and could only sit silent, looking grimly into the Infinite of Black and Bright—an inarticulate Infinite! What "can be" said of it? You remember Cowper's crow perched on the top of the weathercock, and therefrom taking "general views." He looks abroad, too, into the general sum of things,

"And says—what says he?—'Caw!'"

I, too, might have written "Caw!" could the post have carried such a syllable with due intonation, but it would not. Some six weeks ago I returned home, the weariest man on all the earth, lay down on sofas to read and other inanity till the mud whirlpools should subside again, which now at length, thank God, they begin to do; and so once more I address myself to the Honourable Member for Pomfret, and say, "Oh, Hon. Mem., speak to me."

To Thirlwall's for three days I did go. Memorable days! Saw myself kneeling in Laud's chapel, not without reflections, not without amusement; found the Bishop a most lovable man; then emerged into secular life again, to Cromwell's battlefields, bare Welsh wildernesses and innumerable visions;

and on the whole will give you no history of myself at present, my time being brief.

For, in fact, the cause or excuse for my writing is a question I have to put. In one of the chaotic volumes I am reading there turns up a trace, not indubitable, yet of some promise, that a certain Henry Darley, member two hundred years ago for Malton, "took notes of the Long Parliament." Notes of the Long Parliament—why, it were almost as if we had a *Times* report of the debate between Agamemnon and the divine Achilles. That was the flower of all Parliaments. The greatest that ever had been, and also the greatest that ever will be; the notes of it are worth hunting like books of the Sybil! Well, this Darley, as I laboriously make out, was the son of a Sir Richard Darley, Kt., whose place was Buttercrambe, some ten miles or so to the north-east of York; but Sir R. had another son, Richard, who at a later period of the Parliament was member for Northallerton. He himself had "suffered losses" for the Covenant's sake, and he at the end of the war got £5,000 allowed him for compensation of the same. This is all I can dig out as yet that has essential reference to the Darleys. Now the question is, Do you know who at present holds that same Manor of Buttercrambe? Can you ask him if he got it, by descent or otherwise, from the Darleys; and, above all, what in heaven's name has become of the Darley papers? I really wish you would make a little inquiry about this affair. It strikes me you may fall in with some Yorkshire antiquary, failing him of Buttercrambe, who could throw light on it, not without advantage, for, as I say, the Long Parliament is a *for ever* memorable one. Let me add, however, that I have another trace of Long Parliament notes, and that this Darley one is not an indubitable, but only a high or almost highest probability. And so, my good friend, adieu again. One never meets but to part; it is the law of living here below, and true good souls are wrapt in such swathings and casings, each in his own wrappage up to the very eyes, and cannot kiss and embrace with souls! God pity us!

T. CARLYLE.

At the very time when Carlyle addressed this letter to Milnes, the latter was thinking seriously—not of the Long Parliament, but of his own position in the Parliament of the day. He had been doubly disappointed in his career in the House of Commons. Knowing so much as he did of foreign affairs, and feeling a just confidence in his own powers—confidence which was certainly never overweening—he had felt it as a bitter disappointment when Sir Robert Peel, in forming his Administration, failed to offer him the post of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—the one office which he coveted. Peel, it should be said, was on terms of warm friendship with him, and was an ardent admirer of his talents as a poet and a writer, but, as has already been pointed out, it was this very fact which stood in the way of Milnes's political advancement. Sir Robert Peel could never believe that a man of letters was likely to succeed as a man of affairs. The two classes, in his opinion, stood apart, divided the one from the other by an impassable gulf. Whilst therefore he appreciated not only all that was bright and lovable in the character of Milnes, but his undoubted abilities, and whilst he was quite ready to profit by his peculiar knowledge of foreign affairs, his intimacies with the leading statesmen of France and other countries, he apparently never so much as thought of admitting him to his Administration. This was the first and perhaps the keenest disappointment of Milnes in his Parliamentary career; but hardly less severe was the disappointment occasioned by the fact that, in pursuing a career of honourable

independence, and in speaking his own opinions and well-matured sentiments on the public questions of the day, he should fail not merely to win the applause of the House of Commons, but even to secure the approbation of his own constituents. It was about this time that he received a memorial, signed by many of the most influential of his supporters at Pontefract, dissenting in strong though respectful language from his proposals for the endowment of the Catholic Church in Ireland.

With another section of the same party he had been brought into collision by his votes and speeches on the Factory Bills, so that he had some reason for the discouragement which he unquestionably felt, and his desire to quit Parliament and find a more congenial sphere of work was by no means surprising. He communicated with Mr. Gladstone on the subject.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Private. *Carclow, Penryn, Oct. 20th,* 1848.

My dear Gladstone,—I could not come and invade your Scottish leisure, but I am going to ask you to give me a few moments out of your busier time. I am anxious for your advice on a matter of some importance to myself, though probably of none to anyone else. I see Henry Bulwer is going to Spain, and I am thinking of applying to Sir Robert Peel to allow me to occupy his late post of Secretary of Legation at Paris. I am inclined to do this for the direct reason that I believe such an office would suit my capacities, and that I have been in some degree fitted for it by a very long and varied residence on the Continent. I have also given more attention to Foreign Affairs than is usual with young Englishmen, and I heartily coincide with all I know of the foreign policy of the present Government. But I own that I am chiefly guided by an indirect feeling that

my present situation in the House of Commons is most uncomfortable, I may say painful, and yet I am unwilling to altogether abandon public life. Constituted as I am, I cannot take Parliament as a mere amusement, or even as one of many occupations, and therefore I am always in the dilemma either of officiously obtruding my support on a Government (thank God) too strong to want it, or of following out an independent line of action. The former position I feel to be almost ridiculous, and the latter brings me into full conflict of sentiment. My sense of public duty and my loyalty to (I will not say affection for) Sir R. Peel will not permit me to go along with the energetic and enterprising portion of my own party, as I have frequently shown during the last session, so that I am necessarily stranded on uneasy insignificance. I am anxious therefore to escape into some occupation for which I am more apt. I happen to want neither position nor money, but I do desire to satisfy an ambition of usefulness, unless I am to retire entirely into my books. Do you think, then, that such an application as I have mentioned would be a proper one for me to make, and that my motives in making it would be fairly judged and understood? I can promise the return of a Conservative at Pomfret, and I can reassume my seat whenever it might be convenient. You will not grudge me a line of counsel, and will believe me

Your faithful and obliged

RICHARD M. MILNES.

W. E. Gladstone to R. M. M.

Private. *Whitehall, Oct. 23rd,* 1843.

MY DEAR MILNES,—Your letter is dated the 20th, but it only reached me this morning. I sent at once to the Foreign Office in order to learn whether the post at Paris is still open; but Mr. Addington, who alone is in town, does not know. He thinks, however, that it has been filled up. This, however, even if it be true, does not remove the occasion for my writing, which I should still be inclined to do, even if

I had learned that you had yourself acted without hearing from me.

I am so little acquainted either with our foreign policy or with diplomatic life that I should give but a very bad opinion upon the subject of any man's suitableness for any post connected with them; but I feel confident that on this score your proposal *cannot* be open to objection. It appears, however, that a repulsive rather than an attractive force has been that which is mainly operative in disposing you to apply for the Secretaryship of Legation at Paris, and I cannot help expressing the hope that you will not on any such ground carry your half-matured intention into effect. I see nothing in the character of your Parliamentary position which should make your friends rejoice in your being removed from it. "Uneasy," in my opinion, must be the position of every member of Parliament who thinks independently in these times, or in any that are likely to succeed them; and in proportion as a man's course of thought deviates from the ordinary line, his seat must less and less resemble a bed of roses; but I see nothing of insignificance belonging to you in or out of the House of Commons; and I certainly am one of those who think that in point of significance those whom you term "an energetic and enterprising portion" of the party have gained nothing by their late erratic movements. By "significance," however, I mean, not the notoriety of the moment, but permanent weight and the promise of power to be useful. And in this sentence I do not include Lord John Manners' philanthropic efforts: these appear to me quite distinct from the political errors of himself and his friends. To me, certainly, it seems that even you have some opinions about Irish matters that are not fit for practice; but I am the last man who has a right to make this a charge, or to urge or acquiesce in it as a reason for departure from Parliament. I should, however, say that, in some points of view, your position is a very happy one. Whereas in none, as I conceive, ought it to prompt you to desire a change of the nature which you are inclined to contemplate. It would be very like a surrender of Parliament for good, and,

much as you are qualified to appreciate foreign travel, I doubt whether you would find it so congenial a lot, on the whole, as that which you now possess if your sphere of public employment should remove you altogether from English life.

As to the question with which you wind up, I can see no impropriety in your application. I am sure your motives in making it would be rightly construed; but I mistrust it, because it is avowedly founded in the main on a dissatisfaction which I think unjust.

Believe me

Your attached friend,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Private. *Carclow, Oct. 25th*, 1843.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,—I am grateful for your friendly interest and counsel, and I am in the uncommon case of desiring to follow the advice I asked for. I have all but determined to make no application to Sir Robert Peel on the subject of the diplomatic appointment in question, and chiefly, I own, because I see little chance of getting it. It is so probable that Mr. Wellesley has already received it that I should lose whatever advantage it may be to one in the way of Parliamentary independence to have never applied, directly or indirectly, for any Government employment, and this with very little use or corresponding advantage. I cannot, however, conceal from myself that your letter has strongly suggested to me that I may be performing, almost unconsciously, a humble duty in remaining in the House of Commons at the present moment. Although feeling, as I before expressed, my insignificance very acutely in the failure of my efforts to turn to what I believe good purposes the ambitious activity of other members who are about my Parliamentary contemporaries, and vexed as I am continually at my inability to divest their schemes of the personal animosity which I believe to be most ardent, I may, perhaps, be exercising some

infinitesimal influence for good which I ought not to abandon on mere ground of personal discontent. I have, too, little right to complain of isolation in opinion when I find that the grievance is common to most thoughtful men of my own generation, and when, perchance, even you suffer from it as much as I can do. . . .

I am

Yours always obliged,

R. M. MILNES.

Mr. Gladstone hailed with pleasure Milnes's determination to remain for the present in Parliament, though, in accordance with a request from the latter, he spoke to Sir Robert Peel on the subject of his friend's desire for a release—at all events, temporarily—from Parliamentary life. The "Young England" party was now pushing itself to the front, and its members had made overtures to Milnes for his support; but his views upon many important questions were widely at variance with theirs, whilst there was nothing in the position of the party to attract his personal sympathy, and, as the reader of the foregoing letter has seen, he held resolutely aloof from the combination.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

October 27th, 1843.

. . . . I have been staying the last two months in Wales and Cornwall. After I left Thirlwall's, whence I wrote to you, I went to see Venables, an old Cantab, and thence to James Stewart's, or rather Lord Bute's, at Cardiff. They keep the Marquis's house there, and seem on the whole on very good terms with him. It is said he always talks of their boy as his heir; but as he is little above forty and all but blind, it will be a great act of self-denial if he does not marry again—indeed, much

greater than a Marquis is likely to be capable of . . . . Nothing new in the way of books, except an article on Puseyism in one of the Reviews, attributed to Gladstone. I should think Peel must wish to shy the book at his head.* The great minister has been just presiding at an agricultural dinner to his tenants, where he said that if any of them would find a bull of great merit in their part of the country, he would purchase it, totally regardless of the price, for the benefit of his tenants. He also averred that if any one of his tenants-at-will applied to him for a lease, "he should hesitate long, he did not hesitate to avow, before he refused the application." There is a general notion that the prosecution of O'Connell will fail; the informations are most meagre, and the prosecutor, the Irish Attorney-General, most incompetent. Perhaps Peel after all does not care much about the success of the affair, as after such an issue he can either say, "I have tried the ordinary course of law; this has failed, therefore give me extraordinary powers;" or, "I have done all the law permits in the way of coercion, therefore nothing remains but to try further measures of concession, such as paying the priesthood, increasing the franchise," &c. I have been so out of humour with politics of late that I have thought of applying for a diplomatic post, but Gladstone has urged me so strongly to remain in Parliament at present, that I mean to try another Session; and if I cannot "orienter" myself a little better in the political wilderness, I shall try and get out of it—at least, for a time. My sister has just returned from Scotland after a successful tour, and is pretty well. I return to Yorkshire in a week, to remain there till Parliament meets, except perhaps a jaunt to Ireland about the time of the great Celt's trial. I think I met the Lady B. you mention on the hustings with Father Mathew, whom I much patronised in London. He

*Lord Houghton used to tell how he was staying at Drayton when Mr. Gladstone's famous essay on Church and State reached the hands of Sir Robert Peel. Peel turned over the pages of the book with somewhat scornful curiosity, and after a hasty survey of its contents threw the volume on the floor, exclaiming as he did so, "That young man will ruin his fine political career if he persists in writing trash like this."

seemed to me to be quite the stuff avowed saints are made of—a man so full of his idea that it overflows on all around him.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. MILNES.

Milnes stayed at Bawtry and Fryston during the winter, writing an article on Russia for the *Edinburgh Review*, and completing the preparation of "Palm Leaves."

Writing early in January to MacCarthy, he tells him of the failure of the O'Connell trial, and adds—

I spent last Sunday at Oscott. The Bishop (Wiseman) much thinner, and looking all the better for it. He seemed in excellent spirits, and the whole affair very prosperous. He has got a capital man with him, quite the cream of converts whom I have seen, a Dr. Logan, in whom he appears to place implicit confidence. He is a charming companion, and quite up to the great question of our time. Delabarre Bodenham dined with O'Connell in his "dungeon" last week. One day they were twenty, the next near thirty, and had a magic lantern and cards and music in the evening. They were delighted in the success of the French at Tangiers, and Mr. Barrett of the "Pilot" called out, "God bless the French; there are 20,000 Irish ready for them whenever they choose." I rather think of six weeks of Berlin this winter, to rub up my German and see whether the King is a humbug.

CHAPTER VIII.

POLITICAL AND LITERARY LIFE.

"Palm Leaves"—Reviewing Disraeli—Maynooth—Wordsworth and Milnes—Letter from De Tocqueville—Thomas Campbell—Relations of England and France—Disraeli at Fryston—His Sketch of Milnes—Milnes visits Berlin—Extracts from Commonplace Book—Assists Thomas Hood—A Political Storm—Another Disappointment.

It was not until the winter of 1844 that Milnes was able to pay the visit to Berlin to which we have seen him looking forward. The spring of the year brought him once more prominently into notice in his character of author and poet, inasmuch as it witnessed the appearance in the *Edinburgh Review* of his article upon Custine and the publication of "Palm Leaves," in which are gathered up the impressions made upon his mind during his sojourn in the East. The article on Custine excited considerable attention, and the editor of the *Edinburgh* —Mr. McVey Napier—in transmitting to the author a liberal honorarium, expressed his warm appreciation both of its style and of its substance. As for "Palm Leaves," it was hailed with delight by his friends, and though it was not destined to attain the popularity of his earlier poems, there was much in it which received the commendation of the critics, and which deserved to live. The spirit of the book, as I have already pointed out, was hardly that familiar to the ordinary English

reader; and it is not surprising that on the copy belonging to Harriet Martineau that eminent woman wrote upon the title-page the lines I have already quoted.

Another contribution to the press during the spring of 1844 was an article on the famous political novel of Mr. Disraeli, which Milnes contributed to *Hood's Magazine*. The reader has seen that between Milnes and the "Young England" school, of which Mr. Disraeli had constituted himself the literary mouthpiece, there was a distinct antagonism. In early days Milnes and some of his college associates had dreamt of a "Young England" of another type, and inspired by a different man; and he had never yielded to the solicitations of those who were anxious that he should now cast in his lot with the little group of idealists who were trying to make the "Young England" party a reality in the State. His criticism upon "Coningsby" was not, therefore, one of unmixed approval, although it did full justice to the sincerity of its author and the excellence of the intentions which he shared with his political associates.

Among those who read it with appreciation was Miss Berry, of whose house Milnes was now a constant frequenter.

Well, dear Real England [wrote Miss Berry], you owe Mr. Disraeli much for giving you such an opportunity of avowing and leading the national Liberal ideas of government and of our political situation which you have so well expressed. I am sorry you cannot give me an opportunity of talking over this with you to-morrow. . . . But I could not so long delay telling you how much I like it, and how I wish to see more of a *real* England in her *real* tone of feeling.

Nor was it Miss Berry alone who approved of the article; a more important person, under the circumstances—the author of "Coningsby" himself—was pleased to give similar expression to his feelings.

Mr. Disraeli to R. M. M.

Grosvenor Gate, June 2nd, 1844.

DEAR MILNES,—I cannot tell you how I regret that when you called at Grosvenor Gate yesterday we had not read *"The Few Remarks,"* which only reached me last night. Had I done so, I would have thanked you for one of those criticisms which honour alike the critic and the criticised, and we could have discussed together the points of controversy, assisted by Mrs. Disraeli, who has several puissant arguments for you in store, though she, as well as myself, appreciates comments that at the same time indicate the thoughtful mind, the cultivated taste, and the refined pen. Thank you very much.

Ever yours faithfully,

B. DISRAELI.

The Session this year was an uncomfortable one for men who had opinions of their own on such questions as those of the relations between the Government and the Catholic Church in Ireland. Milnes, who, in spite of the lukewarmness of his friends and the open disapprobation of his constituents, was still eager to press upon Parliament his scheme for the endowment of the Catholic clergy, was, it need hardly be said, a warm supporter of Peel's proposal for a grant to Maynooth College, a course on his part which, as we shall see, brought him again into collision with some, at least, of the electors of Pomfret.

I have never voted blindly and subserviently with the Government [he wrote to one of his supporters, who happened at the time to be Mayor of Pomfret]; but I do not deny that the fact of this Bill (the Maynooth grant) emanating from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel (who opposed Catholic emancipation till Ireland was on the brink of civil war), from Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham (who gave up office rather than touch the Protestant Church in Ireland), and from the son of the Duke of Newcastle, predisposed me in its favour, especially when coupled with the certain knowledge that, if defeated in this measure, Sir Robert Peel would abandon office to a party pledged to great changes in the Protestant Establishment in Ireland.

It is not necessary to repeat the arguments which he urged in vindication of his action in the matter, but his closing words to the Mayor of Pomfret may fitly find a place here:—

The whole truth of the matter [he wrote] is in this distinction, that this and similar questions must be regarded from an *Irish*, not an English point of view, just as we make concessions and regulations in our colonies which we would not do at home. Ireland is there, and we cannot get rid of her without ruining the Empire. She is governed by Roman Catholic priests, whom we cannot convert and must not persecute. She compels us to keep up an immense army in time of peace, and prevents us from going safely to war. I have voted money to give those priests as good an education as I can get them to take, and, unless you can tell me some better, wiser, and cheaper way of improving Ireland and its government, I believe I have done right.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Pall Mall, Feb. 29th, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I am now settled in town for the Session, which has opened very strong for the Government, a

nine days' debate having closed with a majority of 100, and the Opposition unable to make any head against them. It was the most brilliant debate I have heard in the House of Commons, and satisfactory on higher grounds. No single Orange speech; and I alluded to the possibility of seeing *purple* stockings in the House of Lords some day soon. So I hope we may get some toleration for you poor Papists at last. . . . O'Connell excites a good deal of interest just now. He was partially cheered as he entered the House of Commons, has had a most passionate reception at the Anti-Corn Law League at Covent Garden, and is to have a grand dinner on the 12th. He looks worn and ill, and his best friends speak despondingly of him. He made an excellent gentlemanly speech in the House of Commons, but with little animation. The "base bloody Whigs" are in a great quandary how to behave towards him, having tried to convict him themselves and failed. They are furious at the present Government's success, but at the same time are afraid to pledge themselves to too much friendship for the future. Colvile is not looking well—a good deal thinner than he was. . . . Old Rogers lives, and goes on breakfasting, but is a good deal estranged from me; I rather think he is the loser by it. I have a little volume of Oriental poems in the press called "Palm Leaves"; I doubt their success, and am not sure of their merit. I find impressions require so much more *working up* with me than they used to do in the fair old times of Italy and Greece; and though, perhaps, they come out more plastically correct, I am conscious that they are less true and genial; but I write better and easier prose (more like yours); that, perhaps, is the compensation. . . . You may have got from America some translations of Frederica Bremer from the Swedish. They have had immense success here. Prescott's "Mexico" has also pleased much. What think you of "Consuelo"? A continuation, giving Albert's second life, is nearly ready. God bless you, my dear friend. Be of good heart.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, March 17th, 1844.

Dear Milnes,—There came last night a second copy of the "Palm Leaves," which also, by a kind of *droit d'aubaine*, may I not crave your leave to keep, having already in view a good use for it? I hope, moreover, you have sent a copy to Emerson, whom intrinsically and extrinsically it will much gratify. The way to him is by one Green (or the successor of Green), a bookseller in Newgate Street. One of my copies I read through after tea, which feat of itself, either after or before tea, is a very surprising one for any kind of poetry with me in these days. Truly, I feel called upon to say that I like this volume better than any of your others, and indeed well; that I find a real voice of song in it, breathings of genuine mild wisdom, uttered musically under the palm-trees of the East by a Western man. You recognise my friend Mahomet, and say and sing things audible and heart-affecting concerning him. Thanks for such a book in my own name and that of all.

And now, recognising Mahomet, good heavens! why do we not set about emulating him? Life with us is not a dilettantism, any more than it was with him. We are born servants, bound to be ready with blood and life, to what he called Allah: we too, every soul of us. One of the things I like in this book is the visible increase of earnestness. May it go on increasing! On the whole, if Young England would altogether fling its shovel-hat into the lumber-room, much more cast its purple stockings to the nettles, and, honestly recognising what was dead, and, leaving the dead to bury that, address itself frankly to the magnificent, but as yet chaotic and appalling, Future, in the spirit of the Past and Present, telling men at every turn that it knew and saw for ever clearly the *body* of the Past to be dead (and even to be damnable if it pretended still to be alive and go about in a galvanic state), what achievements might not Young England perhaps manage for us! Whatsoever was noble and manful among us, in terrible want of a rallying-point at present, might rally then and march. But alas, alas! Well, I wish

you every felicity, and pray that the end of idol worship (wood idols and logic idols) may be swift. And with thanks for such graceful melodies, whispering "Palm Leaves," and many other things, am

Ever yours,
T. CARLYLE.

Factory legislation shared with Maynooth the attention of the country during the Session.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

26, *Pall Mall, March 24th*, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND,— . . . . We have had some curious political workings since I wrote last. Lord Ashley, in his proposition to limit the labour of women and young people under eighteen in the factories to ten hours *per diem*, has twice beat the Government, who persist in a limitation of twelve hours. This question is convulsing the country, and dislocating parties in the strangest way. We Humanitarians have Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, Charles Buller, Sir R. Inglis, T. Duncombe, &c., with us; and the Government have all the pure political economists, including the League. The final row is deferred till after Easter, when, it is said, the Government mean to make it a question of resignation. I hardly see how they can do this on so very special a matter, but time will show. I shall oppose them to the utmost; that is all I know. . . . I am uncertain whether I go to Paris or not at Easter; it is hardly worth while for a fortnight, but I should like to hear what they think of my review of Custine, and to felicitate M. Guizot on having settled himself and France at least for another year. He has got a good majority on his Secret Service motion—I think, 56; and though Louis Philippe has been snubbed by the return to the Chambre of the Legitimist deputies whom he declared to be *flétris*, I don't think Guizot minds it much. The Duc d'Angoulême is not dead, as was reported, but cannot live long, which will put Henri de France in the disagreeable position of being Henri V., or nobody. By-the-bye, I hear that Custine's

abuse of Russia has had the effect of restoring him to society in France, and that now he is visited and invited by everybody. What a curious complication of moral and intellectual valuation! . . . . The book "Palm Leaves" is selling well.

Milnes did not go to Paris at Easter, as he had thought of doing. He explained his reason for not doing so in a letter to M. Guizot.

R. M. M. to M. Guizot.

26, *Pall Mall, April 5th*, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I find myself so hampered with business, private and public, that I have no hope of paying you a Paschal visit, and thus I send you, what I meant to have brought, my article (in the *Edinburgh Review*) on Custine, which I should be flattered by your liking. My Eastern book you will read some ten years hence, when you are "*defunctus officio.*" Since I wrote to you, we have had the agitation of the Ten Hours Bill; as I am an aide-de-camp of Ashley's, I am probably one-sided; but I own I much regret that the Government, having gone so far as their Bill does go, did not advance a little farther, and take the ten hours for women and young persons. . . . The Government will probably have a majority after Easter, wrung from the House by the threats or the persuasions common to all Governments; but on the whole they will no doubt suffer much on the question in public consideration. One of the best jokes is that Ashley is to form an Administration; but whether it will last ten hours or twelve, nobody can decide. . . . You have got Lord Brougham at Paris; he is furious about the factory system and our interference. It is curious how he now takes all the sides opposed to popular sympathy. You will have seen our good friends—the Grotes; he is going to give us a really great history. I do not like to take the liberty of sending my Russian article to the King, but you perhaps might mention it to him, as I have heard he has interested himself a good deal about the book. Macaulay's article on Barère, in the same

number, is well worth reading. I trust your King will be able to come here at least before the Emperor Nicholas; the latter told one of our diplomates that he would come here, though with a single aide-de-camp.

The State Fancy Ball was one of the features of the season. Milnes went to it dressed as Chaucer, in an attire the details of which were superintended by Macready. It was "grave and simple"—dark green cloth, amber satin, and squirrel fur being the components of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Gally Knight [he wrote to his aunt] go to the ball as remains of Saracenic architecture. When the Duchess of Sutherland was told Lord W. was to be her partner for the quadrille, she said, "How dull it will be for him to be so long with some one of a decent character!"

Wordsworth, as Mr. Aubrey de Vere has told us, having heard of the character in which Milnes meant to appear at the ball, remarked, "If Monckton Milnes goes as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, all that is left for me is to go as Monckton Milnes."

Charles Sumner to R. M. M.

Boston, May 1st, 1844.

My dear Milnes,—Many thanks for the new volume of poems, which are graceful and refined, and full of beautiful truth and sympathy. Longfellow has the copy which you were good enough to send him, but I have not seen him since I heard of his wife reading it to him. I like much your gentle and pleasant dealing with Custine. It gave repose after the clangour of Macaulay's article. It seems that he followed you in the debate on Ireland—you follow him in the *Review*. My special object in writing now is to ask your countenance for the publication of a volume of your poems in the United

States. I have long hoped to see an American edition of your poems, but untoward circumstances have interfered till now; among these was the considerable importation of English copies, which was thought to have drawn off part of the American market. The same publishers, Ticknor and Co., who have recently brought out Barry Cornwall, now propose a selection from your four volumes. . . . Now, my dear Milnes, if you take interest enough in this reprint, pray send me a list of the pieces which you would prefer to see in a collection of one or two volumes. . . . You will see that Pennsylvania has at last resolved to tax herself to find the interest already accrued, and to pay interest after August next. I regret very much that Sydney Smith sold out at 40 per cent. "The drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania" have done their duty, but why have they been so dilatory about it? . . .

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

A. de Tocqueville to R. M. M.

(On receiving a copy of "Palm Leaves.")

Clairain près Compiègne, May 29th, 1844.

It would be unpardonable on my part, my dear Milnes, not to have thanked you yet for what you sent me, if since then I had not been as much overwhelmed with work, with difficulties and annoyances, as a Prime Minister—a misfortune from which a member of the Opposition ought, in all justice, to be free! But the reason thereof is that I have been made a Reporter of the Prison Laws. I fancy you have nothing similar in your Parliamentary machine. The Reporter is, in a measure, a responsible editor of the law; all criticisms are sent to him—he has to deal with these, and settle all points of opposition and disagreement. And when such discussions take up a whole month, as they did in this case, it is no joke, I swear to you, to be a Reporter.

However, here I am, safely out of the fray, and with a

majority of a hundred voices—a result which helps me to forget and forgive all bygones. After the voting, I came away to the country for a little relaxation, where I have at last found time to read you. You know that what is most difficult to understand in a language that is not one's own, is poetry. It will, therefore, be but poor praise if I say that I think your "Palm Leaves" very remarkable, and that they deserve the special attention, not only of those who like beautiful verses, but who look on poetry as the true, though coloured, reflex of real objects. One seems to be inhaling an Oriental atmosphere in reading you. I wanted to tell you of this impression, as I think that praise in itself. Madame de Tocqueville, who is much better able to judge than myself, shares my impression, and wishes me to tell you so.

The only thing is that you appear to me, like Lamartine, to have returned from the East too much the Mussulman. I cannot make out why in these days so many distinguished minds evince this tendency. For my part, my contact with Islamism (you know that through Algeria we are brought into daily relations with Mohammedan institutions) produces the very opposite effect on me. The more I see of that religion, the more convinced I am that from it springs the gradual downfall of the Mussulman. Mahomet's mistake, which was to weld together a code of civil and political institutions with a religious belief, in such a way as to impose on the former the immovability which is in the nature of the latter, was in itself enough to doom its followers to inferiority first, and then to unavoidable destruction. Christianity derived its grandeur and sanctity from never having entered any paths but those of religion, leaving the rest to follow with the progress and free development of the human mind. But here I am beginning a chapter, and forgetting that I am supposed to be writing a letter. Having happily recollected in time, I will now close and beg you to believe me, &c. &c. &c.,

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

P.S.—The day of our departure from Paris Madame de Tocqueville received a letter in which you introduced Mr.

Warburton to her. I immediately wrote and expressed our regret at leaving Paris without seeing him. But on my return I shall hasten to look him up.

The month of June, 1844, proved fatal to the poet Campbell, between whom and Milnes a friendship of very long standing existed. Mention has already been made of the fact that Campbell's sister had been a governess in the house of Mr. R. P. Milnes during the early years of his sisters, the aunts of R. M. Milnes. In Campbell's correspondence an interesting letter is to be found, describing his first visit to the house of Mr. Pemberton Milnes. Justly jealous of the position which he had achieved for himself by his own genius, he appears to have gone to the house of his sister's employer somewhat fearful of the reception with which he would meet; but his fears had been dispelled in the most delightful fashion by the friendliness of the greeting he had received both from Mr. Milnes and his wife; and from that time forward a warm friendship had subsisted between Campbell and the Milnes family. It was immediately after the death of Campbell himself that Milnes appealed to Sir Robert Peel to obtain for Campbell's nearest surviving relative (a nephew) an appointment in the Civil Service. The appeal was successful, Sir Robert giving expression to the pleasure with which he found himself able to do anything for the relative of so distinguished a man of letters as Campbell; and yet, though Milnes was thus eager to do anything in his power to assist the connections of his old friend, he was not among the more ardent admirers of Campbell's genius.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

July 1*st*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Thomas Campbell is to be buried in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday. On the whole, he has got Poets' Corner cheap: "le coin retiré des reveurs de l'empire" holds few men who have not done more. What would the "Pleasures of Hope" be written now? "Hohenlinden" and "Ye Mariners of England" are very good, but not better than "Sir John Moore," by some Irish parson who sleeps quietly amidst his bogs. . . . We have had a sort of Ministerial crisis, which made a little row for three days. The Government were beat on a matter of detail by a combination of the High Protection party and the Whigs, and were only saved on a revision of the vote by eleven ultra-Radical Leaguers voting with them. Sir Robert lost both tact and temper, and, it is said, resigned for himself and Gladstone, but was begged to reconsider it. The row, however, was no sooner over than a tremendous hubbub was raised against Sir James Graham for having issued a warrant to open the letters of Mazzini, an Italian refugee, who has been organising a "Young Italian" descent on Italy from Malta. Graham foolishly owned to the warrant, and then shut up, and refused to utter a syllable. You will see the papers are full of nothing else—the *Times* particularly. What makes the injustice the greater is that the affair, right or wrong, must rest with the Foreign Office, and can have nothing to do with Graham. My family are all tolerably well, my father devoted to his rurality. Sir F. Doyle is going to marry the younger Miss Wynn, and they are to begin with £500 per annum and the hope of a place. Wiseman has been indoctrinating the Lords with Roman law on the case of the Duke of Sussex's marriage. They say he did it remarkably well.

I remain yours always,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

R. M. M. to his Father.

June 21*st*, 1844.

The whole state of things is very worrying. Peel is absolutely indefensible; he is asking from his party all the blind confidence the country gentlemen placed in Mr. Pitt, all the affectionate devotion Mr. Canning won from his friends, and all the adherence Lord John and the Whigs get from their "family compact," without himself fulfilling any one of the engagements on his side.

They will get over this Session, from its lateness and a vague despair of doing anything better; but, without some internal change, another Session must finish them. Peel's speech was the oddest compound of candour, ill-temper, humiliation, menace, and a hundred other motives; it gave you the impression of a petulant woman crying, "I can't and I won't stand this any longer." It was a bad speech, too, in manner and diction.

Lord Stanley pleased me excessively; it was as good as possible, and really, I think, won votes; its temperate and reasonable tone came with the sort of advantage that an ill-tempered man has when he chooses to be good-humoured; the House were flattered that Stanley thought it worth while to be conciliating. R. M. M.

The same to the same.

All your suggestions are excellent, but with this defect, that it is exactly those qualifications which have prevented me from being more attended to and regarded. How can the Duke of Richmond, who states that one of his tenants pays more in rates than the whole of the League, or Sir Robert Peel, who asserts that the price of food has no effect on wages, care for a man of guarded assertions and careful declarations? That is exactly what G. means by not keeping one's nose to the ground.

Two Lordships of the Treasury and the Clerkship of the Ordnance are vacant to-day and more expected, all, except Mahon's, requiring re-election; this must embarrass the

Government. When Peel spoke about patronage, &c., he looked so markedly at me, that both Buller and Charteris, who were on each side, burst out laughing. My answer would have been, "In this case you had no right to select at all."

It is impossible not to feel that, whatever the issue may be, Peel, as a leader, is done for. He may coalesce with Lord John, or retire into private life; but as to holding men together after this, it is impossible. He has forfeited the only kind of confidence left him, viz., that in his practical management of affairs.

The same to the same.

I have your political diatribe. Peel, of course, knows all you can tell him, but does not choose to say it—that's all. He evidently won't argue the case, but is determined to make the most of difficulties, and to force the measure down the throat of the country. I never saw him more haughty and uncompromising. You see, he won't even yield the Factory Bill, which would have enabled him to take Ashley into the Government. Lord Courtenay is not a bad appointment—if true, and Devonshire returns him. . . . . I never knew till the other day who was the author of the article on Lords Grey and Spencer, which came in quite late, and forced me to cut mine short. It was Lord John's, and is abominably written. I go to town on Tuesday, but have written to Mr. Graely to-day to present the petition. What say you to John Manners's letter? It would not have done for a less conspicuous person, but suits him, I think, very well.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

The same to the same.

My *accident*, which prevented me from voting, was being very late at Dickens's dinner—nothing more unfortunate. Pray take care what you write to me, as the Government read

everybody's letters. A young lady undertook to convert Mazzini to Protestantism, and is dreadfully disgusted on Graham having studied all her controversy. Mrs. Carlyle, too, is in a great way at all her letters to him having been overhauled.

I think I shall keep in the south during August, and come to Yorkshire the middle of September. I expect the Scientifics at Fryston the first week of October, and perhaps "Groter Grandi Glover" to lighten them. Duke* will tell you all about me. This thunderous weather has made me very nervously electrical; I could see the sparks coming out of my fingers in the dark. I am going to see the somnambulist Alexis this afternoon.

Yours affectionately,
R. M. M.

The relations between England and France were at this time somewhat troubled, owing to the Tahiti affair, which had excited the strongest indignation in the minds of Englishmen. It had been hoped that the visit which Louis Philippe was about to pay to the Queen, in return for that which she had paid to the French monarch, would help to allay the popular excitement; but so strong was the feeling on both sides that it seemed likely the visit would be indefinitely postponed.

R. M. M. to M. Guizot.

Fryston, Pontefract, Aug. 31*st*, 1844.

My dear Sir,—I cannot express to you with what deep regret I have read this morning in the papers that your King is not coming to England this year, and it is not only vexatious because it will be taken as a triumph by your war faction and

* Mr. Marmaduke Wyvill, cousin of R. M. Milnes.

our Palmerston party, but because it frustrates the hope that you and Lord Aberdeen would have been able to come to a better understanding by a week's mutual conference than you can possibly do by diplomatic correspondence. Lord Palmerston came down upon the House with his slave trade speech quite unexpectedly, or else you would have heard from far more important persons than myself the expression of how unsatisfactory we regard the present state of the right of search question to be, and how ready we should be to come to some other arrangement. I am sure, too, from Sir Robert Peel's manner when Mr. Shiel brought forward the question of Algiers, that he and Lord Aberdeen were only looking out for an opportunity to settle the affair of the "exequatur." It is quite true that a strong feeling against what they call French aggression is rising up in the House of Commons, particularly among the country gentlemen; and if matters go on in an irritating direction, I fear Sir Robert will have a very hard struggle with Palmerston and such friends of his as Watt and Macaulay next Session. I don't think anybody cares much about Tahiti except the Dissenters, and they are in such an inconsistent position in raising a war-cry that they will exercise but little influence. Morocco is a different matter, and the threat of the French Lake is continually before our eyes. With all your hard experience of African colonisation, we conjecture the sole object you (not individually, but the country) could have at present in occupying any Moorish possessions would be to bully England. The Queen is going to Scotland for the air; she is to travel as nearly *incognita* as possible, and will not pay many visits. The young prince is to have the old English name of Alfred.

With all regards to your excellent and amiable family

I remain

Yours always and obliged,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

Fortunately, M. Guizot and Louis Philippe were as anxious as any Englishman could have been to restore the good understanding between the two countries, and the Tahiti difficulty was accordingly settled in September, with the result that the French King came over to England on his promised visit in October.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

September 7th, 1844.

Dear Gladstone,—Do you happen to have a loose copy of your review of "Ellen Middleton"? and if so, could you send me one to Serlby? I and others want much to see it, and they had lost theirs at Hagley. I had a very pleasant visit there, and am now at Hanmer's, previous to entertaining "scientifics" at the York meeting. I had never any fear about the French matters; the grievances were much too complicated not to be settled by a skilful diplomacy: it is your simple fact which is the hard thing to compromise.

It is to me a new jurisprudential consideration that our Court of Ultimate Appeal, which is to overrule the decisions of all those judges whom we are authorised to believe as far denuded as men can be of political partialities, is to consist of five or six gentlemen who, however pure-minded they may be, are submitted to the inevitable, though perhaps imperceptible, influences of party conflicts, and whose opinions must thus be coloured, as certainly as is the stream by the soil over which it runs. I do not see that you will get over this difficulty by extending the jurisdiction to the whole House, who would be still more subject to party ties. The evil lies in the constitution of the House itself, in having a political tribunal as ultimate judge in political trials.

Yours always,

R. M. Milnes.

The latter part of the foregoing letter refers to the

well-known difficulty which arose from the appeal of O'Connell against the sentence passed upon him in the lower Courts to the House of Lords. Five Law Lords heard the appeal; and whilst two (Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham) were of opinion that the sentence of the Court below should be affirmed, three (Lords Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell) thought that the sentence should be reversed, and the conviction quashed. At that time every Peer had a right to vote in the Court of Appeal, whether he happened to be lawyer or layman; and, but for a strong appeal addressed to the House by Lord Wharncliffe, it is probable that on this occasion the country would have witnessed the scandal of a solemn political trial being decided by a purely and avowedly partisan vote. Happily, better counsels prevailed, and the decision was left to the Law Lords alone; the result being the reversal of the sentence upon O'Connell and his associates. Mr. Gladstone's reply expressed his general concurrence with Milnes as to the probable issue of the French questions, and admitted the force of his remarks as to the House of Lords and the O'Connell trial.

In October Mr. Disraeli and his wife visited Fryston as the guests of Mr. Pemberton Milnes. During their stay Milnes himself delivered a lecture at Pomfret on the history of Pomfret Castle. There were amateur theatricals, too, at the house, in which Milnes distinguished himself by his performance of Mrs. Gamp. Years before, he had been one of the most popular members of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club, and

his assistance was at all times eagerly sought by those of his friends who were engaged in amateur performances. As he grew older he retained his liking for acting, and never lost his interest in the dramatic art or in dramatic artists, whether amateur or professional.

The present may be a suitable point at which to quote one of the many sketches of Lord Houghton with which Mr. Disraeli enlivened the pages of his novels. It is the portrait of Mr. Vavasour in "Tancred," and is Mr. Disraeli's conception of Milnes about the period in his life with which I am now dealing.

Mr. Vavasour was a social favourite, a poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of Parliament; travelled, sweet tempered and good hearted, very amusing and very clever. With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything, which is certainly amiable, and perhaps just, but disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice. Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or merit—one might almost add, your character—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. Individuals met at his hospitable house who had never met before, but who for years had been cherishing in solitude mutual detestation with all the irritable exaggeration of the literary character. He prided himself on figuring as the social medium by which rival reputations became acquainted, and paid each other in his presence the compliments which veiled their ineffable disgust. All this was very well in the Albany, and only funny; but when he collected his menageries at his ancestral hall in a distant county, the sport sometimes became tragic. A real philosopher, alike from his genial disposition, and from the

influence of his rich and various information, Vavasour moved amid the strife, sympathising with every one; and perhaps, after all, the philanthropy which was his boast was not untinged by a dash of humour, of which rare and charming quality he possessed no inconsiderate portion. Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his Yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving bell, gone up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, Jacobin and Carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc.

The reader who has followed this narrative is already able to correct some of the exaggerations into which the novelist has fallen in this description. True it undoubtedly is, but it does not contain the whole truth; whilst in one important particular it is essentially false. Mere celebrity was never the key to the attentions of Milnes; merit of some kind, distinction, perhaps singularity, certainly originality, all these were claims which he cheerfully recognised; but I have told my story so far in vain if the reader has not already learned that Milnes' sympathies were as easily bestirred, and his kind heart moved, on behalf of the obscure as on behalf of those who had already achieved fame, and who had no need of his patronage. For the rest, the brilliant

picture drawn by Mr. Disraeli of the social favourite welcomed in every land and in every circle, the friend not only of classes the most different, but of individuals and orders the most antagonistic, is one the accuracy of which cannot be questioned.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Oct. 14*th*, 1844.

. . . Louis Philippe is here for a day or two; does not leave Windsor, and sees nobody but dukes and courtiers. He went, however, over his old house at Twickenham, full of memories indeed for him! The Emperor of Russia is doing his very best to get up a war between England and France, offering us "*tout le corps de son empire*," and promising to stick by English interests as long as he has a ship or a soldier. God grant this Cossack Satan may not seduce us! But people—foolish people who make public opinion—certainly talk much more glibly of war than they did. You must have been amused at the name of "Young England," which we started so long ago, being usurped by opinions so different and so inferior a tone of thought. It is, however, a good phenomenon in its way, and one of its products —Lord John Manners—a very fine promising fellow. The worst of them is that they are going about the country talking education and liberality, and getting immense honour for the very things for which the Radicals have been called all possible blackguards and atheists a few years ago. It is just the unfairness of the parable of "wages" which so shocks the young Christian political economist. Montalembert has published his three speeches in a little book, and has written a swinging letter on Puseyism, for which he has neither mercy nor sympathy. He denounces it as an insolent imposture.

I should think you could get "Lord Eldon's Life" from America. It is a capital piece of political gossiping. Stanley's "Life of Arnold" is a good book, too. There is a delightful

Voltairean volume on the East, called "Eothen," which I will send you some day if you do not see it before. You will by this time have got over the hot weather, and are starting, I hope, for a healthy winter. If all goes well with my sister,* I shall confront the cold of Berlin, and hope to see a good deal of Varnhagen, who promised me much intellectual hospitality. I have a notion I shall find the King what the Yorkshiremen call "a little soft," but very good. Bunsen is in higher favour with him than ever. Colvile has seen a good deal of Comte de Senfft at Munich, and has been delighted with him.

Your affectionate,

R. M. Milnes.

In December Milnes at last carried out his purpose of visiting Berlin, and, arriving in the Prussian capital, he was immediately received with the greatest cordiality and hospitality by many of the leading celebrities of the city, among whom Baron Humboldt was conspicuous.

One of the attractions of the Prussian capital to Milnes at this time was the presence in it of George von Bunsen, the son of Baron von Bunsen. Young von Bunsen was a mere youth at the time; but he was the son of a friend whom he greatly respected, and Milnes made it his business to see as much as possible of him during his stay in Berlin. The friendship which then began was continued to the end of his life, and thenceforth George von Bunsen took his place in that circle of inner friends to whom Milnes opened his heart with a freedom of which the world had no suspicion.

It is unfortunate that comparatively few of his letters

* Lady Galway had just given birth to a son.

from Germany are extant, for his observations of Prussian society and German politics at that critical period in the history of Europe, when the revolutionary forces that came to a head in 1848 were already beginning to show themselves above the surface, would have been peculiarly interesting. I have spoken of the "Commonplace Books" which Milnes kept during many years, and a few extracts from that which was written about the time of his Prussian visit will give the reader some idea of the varied subjects which engaged his attention whilst residing in the Prussian capital. I shall give these extracts exactly as I find them in Milnes' handwriting, nor will they lose any part of their effect from their terseness.

From "Commonplace Book."

King of Prussia, taking leave of King of Bavaria: "My dear brother, do promise me to make no more verses." Answer: "My dear brother, do promise me to make no more promises."

I like the town of Brunswick—the curious gabled houses in the broad streets, the handsome palace, with the people passing freely through its gardens and by its windows, the tame crows pecking about in the quiet spaces, and the strange old churches, with their two towers united by huge florid windows. Of the princes, too, in the Cathedral vault, eight have fallen in brave battle. Few Royal houses, if any, can say as much.

The solitude of Hanover is such that Zimmermann himself could not stand it—and died there.

In Germany all the books are in sheets, and all the beds without.

Humboldt to myself: "*Moi qui suis le père éternel de tous les voyageurs.*"

Princess Radziwill saying they had got to ask one to dinner such an immense time before—sometimes even five days.

Extreme rarity of notes or letters in Berlin society, probably originating in the fear of not writing good French and a sharp spirit of criticism of language.

The Princess of Prussia the best princess *on any stage*.

Horses covered with leopard skins to protect them while standing out.

The window frames covered with green moss outside.

Had capital dinner at the Baron de Renduffè's, Portuguese Minister. Jambon d'ours au vin de Cypres, gelinottes (haselhuhn), gâteau au crême de noix, Maharaca, a Brazilian sweetmeat like quince.

The droschky drivers give you a lottery ticket for every jaunt you take, and these are drawn at the end of the month with considerable prizes. The Berlin people delight in all kinds of lotteries.

When there is a regular "hof," none of the Royal family are supposed to take any part except the King and Queen. It is strictly the Queen's reception, and thus the other princesses follow her in procession, and stand along the wall of each room while she is going round, but not even speaking to one another.

Madame de Liegnitz had no pages to hold her train, which was of a cometary length.

The wonderful Vaudeville figure of the Countess de Roede, the "Hofmeisterin," with a black or purple ribbon across her bosom as a badge.

At a "Trauercour" the Queen sits on the throne veiled in a half-dark room, and the company pass with muffled swords and epaulettes.

The late Prince of Schwarzburg Sondershausen, hearing that a deputation was coming to ask for a Constitution, telling them he would address them from a window, appearing with a double-barrelled gun, and declaring he would shoot whoever said anything to displease him. (They have one now under his son, which met the other day, and dispersed in three days, having voted money to build a new palace.)

The wives of the bourgeois ministers, though bearing the title of Excellency, never go to Court, nor their families. The King made Bunsen sit at a table with the Excellencies, which made an immense indignation.

Neander and his sister have lived inseparable all their lives; when he has been ill, she has been sleeping on a mattress at his door, to be ready if he wanted anything. She is said to be the author of a great part of the Church History, and to have inspired the whole. Her health is always drunk by the students on his *Feiertag* (Jan. 16). In the answer to them, I heard he warned them against substituting any letter for the spirit of God, and told them not to believe in, or follow any man, or any man's work, but God's spirit, as shown in and through men. A congratulatory letter was read from some Scotch students of the Free Church, thanking him for the "intellectual and religious life which they had learned as German students under his direction and counsel."

Beier, who is revising the "Wunderhorn," saying, when I had left the room, "Is it possible an Englishman can be so lovable?"

Bettine to me: "You write about the beating of your heart, so it never really beats, you old bachelor, you!"

At two dinners I went to in Berlin the lady of the house was sent for to make fourteen.

I dined at Berlin with Renduffè (Portuguese), Dalmatie (French), Antonini (Neapolitan), Meyerndorff (Russian), ambassadors; Redern, Werther, Arnim, V. Radowitz, Pentz, the King, the three Princes, Gudin, Elliot, Ward, and Lord Westmoreland.

Parties at the King's, two Princes', Bulow's, Leucterfeld's, Werther's, Arnim's, Savigny's, Cornelius's, Raikes's. I could not stay for the Austrian Ambassador's.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Berlin, Jan. 17th, 1845.

All thanks for your long, chatty letter. It arrived in the midst of a cold fog which wanted much warming. My present intention is to leave this the middle of next week, and go

leisurely home by Frankfort, so as to arrive in town for the next debate after the Address, whatever it may be; so do not forward any more letters here, but send them to Köln, which I must pass anyhow. Lord Westmoreland has been the last week with his friends of Hanover, and my lady ill, so that the house has been quite shut up. The anti-Bunsenites have been quite successful—one way or the other—in preventing the King from having any talk with me. As I have done all that was civil, and Lord Westmoreland always shown his good-will to me, I cannot care about this politically or socially; and am only worried that two such men as Bunsen and Humboldt should have put themselves in a false position for me. The former was evidently anxious that the King should quite win me over; and I am not sorry that I am now left to speak or write whatever I please, without any fear of a charge of Custinism. For a stranger, the etiquette of society here is very *gênant;* you cannot dance opposite a lady in a quadrille without being introduced to her. The learned people, on the contrary, are simple and unpedantic, and very good company; they are, however, too busy to have much time to give to mere talk. The tendency of things here is eminently practical, as we shall soon find by an increase of the duty on our twist. Everybody speaks of the industrial development of the country, which means nothing more nor less than Protection. I believe the Ministers would be Free Traders if they could, but public opinion is too strong for them. The most important arrival here is that of Lord Lichfield's horse Elis, bought by a Silesian count for about £10,000. He came by railroad the day before yesterday with a lot of other English horses. M. Gudin, the French painter, who married a daughter of Lord James Hay, is one of the pleasantest foreigners. There was a great hitch about her presentation at Court, having married a painter, but she was let in by a side way. The wives of Ministers who are not noble, such as Bunsen, cannot go to Court, nor their families; and the Court here does not only mean the King's parties, but those of all the Princes, making at least half the society. . . .

I rather think Gladstone's railway policy is the right one; you may have to pay a little more for a monopolising line, but it would be much better managed than a series of small independent ones, which after all are just as likely to be made monopolies themselves.

Whilst Milnes was in Berlin, from which he did not return until the middle of February, the *Quarterly Review* appeared with an article upon his "Palm Leaves" that attracted considerable attention. The article was not so much a criticism of his poetry as an attack upon his principles, which were handled with a severity that was only to be justified by the writer's ignorance of Milnes's love of paradox and startling assertion. Among his friends the criticism, coming from so influential an organ of opinion, caused both uneasiness and indignation; and Milnes came back to find that in his own set a small storm was raging over the merits of himself and his critic.

Eliot Warburton to R. M. M.

Kildare St. Club, Dublin, Feb. 12th, 1845.

My dear Milnes,—Receive a hearty welcome home! I rejoice to hear that you are in England, and desire much to see you. I have just had the most pained letter from a man who reviewed you in the last *Quarterly* on finding, he says, that his article was considered an attack on you, and that his unlucky pen seemed to have a curse on it, for his heartfelt praise was considered irony, while his bantering was taken to express real bitterness. I confess, though the writer did not appreciate you as much as the rest of the world, I know, do appreciate you, I think that the fair impression derivable from the article in question is on the whole tributary to your fame. I think I should feel as jealous of this as any man may well be

over another's; but if I knew nothing of you—except what is apparent in this *Review*—I should picture to myself a combination of Beckford, Sheridan, and Alfred Tennyson—characteristics and powers that few, if any, have ever attained to. Moreover, of one too much talked of, and too well known not to have his name upon the oyster-shell, yet should I not take this to be an oyster-shell.

I hope you will soon be in town. Pray write to me soon, and

Believe me ever yours faithfully and affectionately,

ELIOT WARBURTON.

The writer of the article himself addressed a mutual friend on the subject of his unlucky strictures, telling him how much he had been distressed at finding that he was supposed to have written a bitter attack upon a man from whom he had never received anything but kindness, and for whom, on his part, he entertained a warm affection. "If I found that I had hurt Milnes's feelings, I should be inclined to vow that, except for political purposes, I would never again use the public press."

The episode is of interest because the critic who was thus misconceived by Milnes's enthusiastic friends was none other than Mr. Kinglake, the author of "Eothen." That Milnes himself did not feel aggrieved by the criticism—which, if somewhat too serious, was still entirely fair—is proved by the fact that we find him corresponding in the friendliest manner with Mr. Kinglake himself immediately after the discussion to which I have referred. The subject of this new correspondence was the condition of Thomas Hood the poet, and of

his family. Hood was dying in circumstances which say little for the public appreciation of a great genius. Long before this his wants had been made known to Milnes by one of his friends, and for months no man had done more to relieve Hood's distresses and to soothe his mind than the author of "Palm Leaves." The help which he gave was not the easy benevolence of a mere gift in money. Money was provided when required, but Hood's independence of spirit was carefully respected. He was at that time the editor and proprietor of the magazine known as *Hood's Own*, and Milnes found that the distressed poet preferred to receive assistance in the shape of gratuitous literary work for his magazine rather than in money. Cheerfully and zealously he laid himself out to render all the help he could in this manner to the author of "The Song of the Shirt." None but those who are themselves engaged in literary work can fully appreciate the extent of the sacrifice which he thus made. Nor was it only his own pen which was freely placed at the service of the dying poet; he canvassed right and left among his friends for contributions to the magazine.

Mr. Kinglake to R. M. M.

Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 21*st*, 1845.

DEAR MILNES,—Poor Hood! It is most painful to refuse such a request as that which your note contains, and especially, if I may say so, when it comes through you. Could it not be contrived to buy an article from some competent *littérateur?* If so, I would gladly send £10 for that purpose. Of course, poor Hood would not know but what the article had been given him. I am ashamed to be driven to this coarsely English trick of

offering money (you ask for a stone, and I give you bread); but it would be seriously injurious to me if the author of "Eothen" were *affichéd* as contributing to a magazine. My frailty in publishing a book has already, I fear, hurt me in my profession, and a small sin of this kind would bring me into still deeper disgrace with the solicitors. The moment I know from you that I can contribute in the way that I have mentioned without giving offence I will send my cheque. I shall see you on Sunday morning.

Always truly yours,
A. W. KINGLAKE.

Hood's painful struggle with death lasted for some months, and during the whole of that time Milnes did what he could to sustain his spirits and to surround his family with comforts. He was once more in the thick of the social and political life of London. His breakfast tables had begun again, and he was engaged by his attendance upon Parliament; but he was ready at any moment to withdraw himself from any engagement in order that he might either cheer Hood by a visit or help to support him by the use of his pen. Some of the letters of Mr. F. O. Ward, who acted on behalf of Hood's family, may be cited because of the picture they afford of the gloomy close of the poet's life, and because also of the light which they throw upon Milnes's character.

Mr. F. O. Ward to R. M. M.

DEAR MILNES,—Thanks for your note, as prompt and as kind as usual—a real service instead of an elegantly turned excuse. I sat up all last night trying to write, but very unsuccessfully. My mind is overwhelmed with harass about Hood and his family (who are weeping around him) and the magazine,

the position of which is, of course, most precarious; but I feel bound to try to do myself what I ask others to do.

Very faithfully yours,

F. O. WARD.

12, *Cork Street, Burlington Gardens,*

May 5th, 1845.

MY DEAR MILNES,—Poor Hood has gone at last—released from sufferings the most protracted and terrible I ever witnessed. He died on Saturday afternoon at 5.30. I want exceedingly to speak to you, and called yesterday, but you were out. Will you give me an appointment? . . .

Very faithfully yours,

F. O. WARD.

Some question was raised as to where and how the poet should be buried. Milnes was consulted in the matter, and urgently recommended his burial at Kensal Green. His death had excited no small measure of public sympathy on behalf of his family, and there was every desire, now that he himself was beyond the reach of human aid, to render him an abundant degree of posthumous honour.

Mr. F. O. Ward to R. M. M.

12, *Cork Street, May 7th*, 1845.

DEAR MILNES,—Mrs. Hood perceived the justice of your remarks, and it is resolved to adopt your suggestion and bury him in the Kensal Green Cemetery. It is arranged that the funeral train shall be there at 12 o'clock on Saturday exactly, so that those who come to pay respect to his memory by following him to the grave may not be inconvenienced. I am very anxious that he should receive proper honour, and I regret exceedingly that Sir R. Peel is too busy to come. When his scattered works

come to be collected and finally appreciated, they will justify the enthusiasm of his warmest admirers, and make it a pleasant remembrance to have paid him this last respect. I hope you will mention the time and place fixed among your more eminent friends, that they may have the opportunity, if they wish, of attending. I should have called, but have been occupied all day in discussing and completing the arrangements for the funeral. I am shocked with the manner of the undertakers—dilating on their "finest velvet," their "double row of nails," their "best burnished glory." They advised a brass name-plate on the coffin, because it would "wear better"! What an epigram on human pride!

Faithfully yours,

F. O. Ward.

A subscription was raised for Hood's family, and Milnes took a leading part in the work, which happily resulted in the collection of a sum sufficient to place Mrs. Hood in comfort for the remainder of her days.

How this distressed family [writes Mr. Ward to Milnes], how all their friends, how I, how every one who is concerned in the fate of literary men and their surviving relatives, will ever be able sufficiently to acknowledge your quiet, continuous, and most successful activity on their behalf, I am sure I cannot tell. The extent and facility of your influence astonishes me; and I am sure it will be a happiness to you through many years to reflect that, chiefly through your freely given, disinterested efforts, the family of so great a poet, and so excellent a man, are enjoying—if not such a position as in a juster state of society would have been assured to them—at least a modest competence. I sometimes think that there will, perhaps, come hours at the end of life when we shall look back upon our writings and speakings and toilings, much doubting whether after all they were not laborious trifling, and only happy and secure in this conviction—that whenever we did kindly, we did well.

The incident of Milnes's connection with Hood in the time of his distress was only one of many such experiences in the course of his busy and sparkling life; and there were many names besides that of the author of "The Song of the Shirt"—some of them names still held in high reverence among living English authors—which, in those hours of reflection at the close of life alluded to by Mr. Ward, must have called up in the breast of Lord Houghton the most soothing of all the memories that can attend advancing age and declining strength.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Serlby, March 26th, 1845.

My dear Friend,— . . . . . We are here, a large family party, assembled for the christening of my sister's son and heir,* a fine *bambino*. Colvile read me your pleasant letter. It rejoiced me to hear you had so much to do as to have hardly time to think. If I am to be imprisoned at all, let it be with hard labour. Pray let me know whenever you hear of a probable vacancy in your part of the world, which you would prefer to being where you are. The Chairman of the Board cannot last long, and I am pretty intimate with his probable successor. Let me know whether you can get an American edition of Thiers's History; if not, I must send it you whenever any of these Turks return. It is, without exception, the most mischievous of books, for not only does it claim for the violent aggressions of the counter-Revolution all the indemnity that the most ardent Democrats have allowed to the propaganda of the Revolution itself, but by holding out the right of search and the occupation of Egypt as the two most sacred causes for which France can engage in war, it does its utmost to keep the belligerent feelings in that country awake, and to encourage

* The present Viscount Galway.

suspicion of and animosity to England. It is coloured throughout with allusions to the present and future state of France, which give it a pamphleteering look, and detract from its historical dignity. Even in his battles he never hovers observant over the field, as a great historian should do, but is always himself in the French lines, and generally in the thickest of the fray. Disraeli has got a new book in the press. His Philippics of late have been capital, most artistic and *telling*. It is the fashion to say he only injures himself by them, and this may be true for the moment; but he must take a long *range* (like Captain Warner), and twenty such speeches must tell in the country. I am so angry with Peel for passing over out-and-out the best speaker among us younger men for a pack of illiterate lordlings, that I am not sorry to see the consequences. Disraeli has no Christian sentimentalities about him; none of your forgiveness of injuries; he is a son of the old jealous implacable Jehovah; a regular "hip and thigh," "root and branch" sort of *Urmensch*. Goethe would have delighted in him. . . . Peel brings in a Bill next week to make Maynooth a great seminary, and to establish two colleges like the London one in Ireland. There will be a huge Protestant row for a month or so, and we pro-Protestants will be threatened with the loss of our seats. O'Connell is very low; this ecclesiastical schism has let many persons behind the curtain, and the Irish Church turns out to be no more united than any other. Strange to see the English Government taking an Ultramontane line and supporting the Jesuits. The Italians know how long ago this ought to have been done. Young Ireland would separate from Rome to-morrow if they dared.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

Did you ever meet Kinglake (Eothen) at my rooms? He has had immense success. I now rather wish I had written his book, which I could have done—at least, nearly.

Considering the views entertained by Milnes on the

question of Catholic Education and the treatment of the Catholic Church in Ireland, it is not surprising that the reawakening of theological passions occasioned by Sir Robert Peel's action on the question of Maynooth should have brought a storm about the ears of the member for Pomfret. He had already given proof of his resolute independence; he was now once more called upon to withstand the attack of an important section of his own followers.

We have the less reason to be surprised at the anger of his ultra-Protestant constituents, because at the very time when their fury on the question of Maynooth was at its height, Milnes, with that calm disregard of times and seasons so far as they affected his personal interests, which distinguished him, put forth his pamphlet on the "Real Union of England and Ireland." In this pamphlet he called upon the Conservative party to do justice to Ireland, and to avert the repeal of the Union, which he feared must otherwise come, by endowing the Catholic Church. His proposals, which were stated with all his accustomed force and clearness, won for him the approval of not a few independent thinkers; but met with an absolute rejection at the hands of the political party to which he more particularly appealed.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

May 30th, 1845.

My dear Friend,—I have not written for some posts, having been busier than usual. We have been in a state of religious tumult—worse, I fancy, than anything during the Catholic Emancipation squabble. My constituents have been

especially savage. The whole electoral body, headed by parsons (from Episcopal to Ranter), raged against me for six weeks, pledging themselves never to support me again, and ending by asking me to resign. The storm seems, however, to be blowing over wonderfully; and by this time next week the Maynooth Bill will be law, and the English people, submitting with their usual good sense to absolute necessity, will probably forget all about it. I have, however, done the worst against myself by writing a libretto you shall have as soon as I can send it without ruining you. The Duke de Broglie has been in London some time, and has made himself so much pleasanter than he does in Paris, that his mission has been as successful socially as politically. M. Guizot is getting all right. Thiers talks of coming here; but I fancy it is all talk. We are amazingly proud of all our mechanical civilisation, and yet could not prevent six persons being burned to death in a hotel in the West End before twelve o'clock a few nights ago. It was full of persons, come up for the Drawing Room, and was next door to my publisher, Moxon. I was at his house the morning after, when a milliner came with the Court dress of one poor lady who lay in cinders. . . . My family are going on well, though my father is easily knocked up. As for myself, I am shut up in a Railroad Committee all day, and likely to be till the end of the Session. Although a great number of railroads will be thrown out, yet an enormous number, say one hundred, will pass; and from the employment of capital and labour we may anticipate some prosperous years, after which, in all probability, we shall have a frightful reaction. Did I tell you Sir Francis Doyle, who married Miss Wynn, has got a hard-working place of £1,000 per annum, after an immense amount of asking from all his friends? The spring has hardly begun here.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

The storm at Pomfret blew over, though Milnes continued under suspicion on the part of his ultra

Protestant constituents. Next to the burning question of the Corn Laws—the agitation against which was now at its height—the question which most largely occupied the attention of the public at this period was that of the extension of the railway system—a work that was now advancing by leaps and bounds. Milnes, as the heir to a considerable estate, the value of which could not fail to be affected by an increase of the railway accommodation, had his own personal interest in this question, which engaged a large portion of the time of Parliament, and distracted the attention of its members from matters of more purely political interest.

R. M. M. to Lady Galway.

1845.

Papa seems much better and in good spirits. He prowls about the committee-rooms, and seems to amuse himself. He has been once or twice to play whist at Boodles. The Duc de Nemours comes over to dance the Minuet with the Queen.* The King of the French has lent all the Crown jewels to the duchess, so she will quite cut our Queen out, and even Lady Londonderry, who goes as Maria Theresa. Old Liverpool is very stiff on his legs, but has got a dancing mistress. O'Brien and Lord Exeter dance together an hour every day. My pamphlet, "The Real Union of England and Ireland," is not worth the postage, as —— can get it for you. I think it is the best thing I have ever written in prose.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Pall Mall, June 26th, 1845.

My dear Friend,—Since my last month's missive I have been daily enclosed in a Railway Committee, and at this moment have to decide between the locomotive and atmospheric systems,

* At the State Ball at Buckingham Palace.

about which I feel I am no more fit to judge than—any other member of Parliament. The extent of railroad speculation has been perfectly awful, and the loss will be proportionate. The lobbies of the House of Commons have been like an Exchange, with carrier pigeons going off to the City with the decisions and turns of Committees. Mine has now sat six weeks, and will last ten days more. I don't dislike it on the whole, having a great pleasure in feeling myself an infinitesimal wheel in this world-machine of ours. . . . The Government seem stronger than ever. The Maynooth storm is lulled—whether exhausted or not remains to be seen. I rather think not, and that it will break out on the next occasion, though we must set against this the usual sense of the English people to see when they are beaten. The Bishop of St. David's made a failure in the House of Lords by delivering an excellent charge—a good essay and a bad speech. The *Times* has gone into open opposition to the Government on all points except foreign policy: it is conducted with most spiteful ability, and made good use of, by Disraeli. I seconded Charles Buller's motion against Lord Stanley on New Zealand. The case was so good in itself, it hardly required the very great ability that Buller showed. The Government were obliged to give in, and promised everything; but I fear the mismanagement has already gone so far that great evil is to be apprehended. What an impracticability to establish land claims in a country where the land was bought with sealing-wax, blankets, and Jews' harps, and where the best native title is to have killed and *eaten* the previous possessor! I shall be glad to find you have got over your summer well. The weather here has been very hot, and the promise of harvest magnificent—another year's lease for the Corn Laws.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

He wrote to Carlyle, proposing that he and Mrs. Carlyle should visit Fryston during the autumn.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, July 27th, 1845.

DEAR MILNES,—You are very kind and good. Your note will be a pleasure to my little partner when she receives it, as it is to me already, for which be due praise and thanks to all the parties instrumental therein. If it please Heaven, we shall see Fryston one day or other; but the truth is, my wife is off to Lancashire, to Wales, and the green world a week ago; and I here sit wrestling and wriggling over the fag-end of "Cromwell" —near dead with it, and cannot stir anywhither till that be done—probably not for a month yet. I am then bound for Scotland, to see my good old mother once again in this world. Can yet set no time for that or anything, and do not promise myself to accomplish any further expedition till a new reason come. Shall I not see you again before you go? If you had a horse, and would come and ride with me some day, a great deal of pleasant talk might be accomplished. But there is no use in wishing. May good go with you whitherward soever! This I will *wish* for my own private behoof, if for no others.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Fryston, August 12th, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND,— . . . The Session subsided dully. I should have been glad to have had the place at the Board of Control that Emerson Tennent has vacated, but Sir Robert has given it to Mahon, who astonished everybody by taking it, as he had refused the Foreign Under-Secretaryship when the Tories came in. McArthur took charge of a little packet of books for you, which I hope will arrive safe. . . . I took some part in the debate on New Zealand, in which Lord Stanley came out very ill. It was clear he had never troubled himself thoroughly to understand the question, or had so prejudiced himself that he could come to no good conclusion. The Government were at last forced into justice by events, rather than reason. I have no large plans for the autumn and winter. A visit to Tocqueville,

in Normandy, is as much as I shall accomplish in the foreign way. My servant Frederick has just left me to set up for himself in a public-house; he will probably be ruined in about two years, and have to return to his old life, having lost his habits of service and his good manners. My sister goes on in capital health.

Your affectionate
R. M. MILNES.

One of the events of literary interest of the time was the appearance of Dickens as an amateur actor on the stage.

Mrs. Procter to R. M. M.

August 9th, 1845.

MY DEAR MR. MILNES,—I am sadly disappointed. I had hoped to have seen you before I quitted England, and received your blessing. On Saturday next we go; already a large black trunk has come home, looking like a coffin. Have you heard that Mr. Dickens and Mr. Forster are going to act, at the St. James's Theatre, *Every Man in His Humour*—Forster, Kitely (Kean's part), and Dickens, Bob Adell? It will be in about a month. Mr. Thackeray has offered to sing between the Acts, but they decline his services. This is the only piece of news I have heard. When I return, the latter end of October, I shall hope to find some words from you, and—

Trust you, be it night or day,
I shall receive it royally.

Yours very truly,
A. B. PROCTER.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Bawtry, Christmas Day, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot employ this day better than in wishing you a happy Christmas, and in expressing my sincere satisfaction at the contentment and health of mind manifested

in all your late letters. We are back at this house again, my father liking it much better than Fryston, both for its own sake and for being nearer Serlby.* I dreamt last night of you and Edward Vavasour being here—Alas! The third Vavasour has come back from New Zealand, and is not to return, but to marry Lord Calvert's daughter. . . . You will probably know that Newman has joined the Church of Rome, taking about thirty clergy and twice as many laymen with him, and Wiseman has called on the Bishop of Paris to appoint solemn prayers for the conversion of England. I fancy the Roman Catholic hierarchy here must be somewhat embarrassed how to employ their wealth of converts, most of them active intelligent men who have come to the Roman Church for the ideal they could not find in the Anglican, and who are not susceptible to the usual temptations of hierarchical ambition. Newman has published a very learned subtle book on the developments of Christianity in the Roman Church, quite throwing over the notion that the Church of Rome does not add to the Apostolic teaching, and distinctly avowing that the Real Presence and the deification of the Virgin (his phrase) are doctrines revealed in later times by the Church. We have had a quantity of political jugglery the last fortnight. Peel proposed something to his Cabinet, on which they outvoted him. He resigned; the Queen sent for John Russell, who ten days before had declared himself a Leaguer on the corn question. He was a week in forming his Government, and, having settled to do so, sent for the new Lord Grey to offer him the Colonial Office. Lord Grey said he must first know whether Palmerston was to have the Foreign Office, and being told he was, declined serving in the Cabinet altogether. Lord John, disgusted, threw up the whole matter; Peel returned to office, summoned his old colleagues, offered to make it up; they or he came to terms, except Stanley, and they are all in again, with Gladstone in Stanley's place. It is assumed (I think gratuitously) that Peel is going to repeal the Corn Laws, and on this agriculturists are raving about, and

* The residence of Lady Galway.

the Carlton has become a den of scorpions. I am a moderate Protectionist, and thus shall please neither party; *via media* never answers in politics, and somehow or other I never can get out of it. My Laodicean spirit is the ruin of me. From having lived with all sorts of people, and seen good in all, the broad black lines of judgment that people usually draw seem to me false and foolish, and I think my own finer ones just as distinct, though no one can see them but myself. They have just done me the honour of reprinting my poems in Boston. I have not yet seen the edition, though a copy is lying at my rooms in London. By-the-bye, you had better direct Carlton Club, Pall Mall, for the future, as I am not sure that I continue my lodgings. . . . Carlyle's "Cromwell" is a valuable book, fanatical as its hero at least.

God bless you.

Milnes's prospects in the political world were not at this time bright. He had again been disappointed in his justifiable expectation of office, Peel having once more passed him over. This, however, was a disappointment to which he may almost be said to have become accustomed. There were other and more serious causes of dissatisfaction with his position in Parliament and in public life, and these weighed upon his spirits. He found that he was no longer in sympathy with that Conservative party to which his father was so deeply attached, and yet at the same time he knew that upon many points he differed widely from the members of the opposite party. He had quarrelled with the Nonconformists on the question of Maynooth. He was prepared to quarrel with the Protectionists on the question of the Corn Laws. A letter which, in the spring of this year, he had addressed to

his father, at a time when a project was on foot for securing him as Conservative candidate for North Nottinghamshire, throws light upon the position in which he stood.

R. M. M. to his Father.

March 3rd, 1845.

My dear Father,—I am glad you gave up all thoughts of my representing North Notts. In the present state of things I would rather be out of Parliament altogether than represent any county, except the West Riding; for, in truth, in this and coming contests between the towns and the country, all my feelings are with the towns, and would have been so all the time that the old municipalities fought and beat the feudal system. You say, the towns may pass and the land rests. What is Italy without Rome, what Syria without Jerusalem, what Egypt without Thebes and Alexandria?

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

A few months after the above letter was written Milnes suffered what was a real blow to his political aspirations. The post which of all others he coveted in the Government, and for which he was unquestionably best fitted, became vacant, and he was again passed over. His disappointment was severe.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Private. *Bawtry, Jan. 14th*, 1846.

My dear Gladstone,—I hear that Lord Canning has resigned the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. It is no secret to those who have in any way interested themselves in my welfare that I have aimed at occupying that post, and I have aspired to it because I believe myself—I trust, without presumption—better fitted for it by my special reading and

personal observation than my contemporaries generally, who take little or no interest in foreign politics, and because I thought that with Sir Robert Peel at hand to conduct matters of primary importance in the House of Commons my very slender Parliamentary ability might be sufficient for the purpose. I have now for near nine years earnestly, conscientiously, and independently, in and out of the House of Commons, with voice and with pen, supported Sir Robert Peel and his policy; and though no one can think more humbly than I do of the absolute value of that support, yet relatively to others I may remember with satisfaction that I have never been tempted into personal disrespect or political faction by the bait of immediate Parliamentary success or electoral popularity. If, therefore, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen confer this office on any other member of Parliament of lower Parliamentary standing than myself, I am compelled to take it as an intimation of their opinion of my inability to share the public service in any department, and to prepare myself to act upon that belief. Of all the moral difficulties I have encountered in my intercourse with the world, I have suffered far the most from the problem of reconciling that self-respect, without which public life is disgraceful, and that desire of effecting some practical good in one's generation, without which it is useless, with an entire freedom from selfish motives; and knowing with what subtlety evil influences work upon the spirit, I own I dread the effect that a sense of personal injustice may have on my decision of questions likely soon to be brought before every member of Parliament, and to the consideration of which I had hoped to bring a mind untouched by bitter feelings. Of course I do not ask you to interfere with the departments of other Ministers; but, I confess, it would be grateful to me if, through the pure channel of your friendship, the plain facts of this note reached Sir Robert Peel. The kindly intercourse with which he honoured me when in Opposition has, probably of necessity, been so remitted of late years that it would be impertinent in me to approach him on any footing of intimacy, and I cannot make

a direct application on a subject which appears to be my individual advantage, but which is really the resolution of the question—whether I can do any good to others, or improve myself, by remaining any longer in public life.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours very truly and obliged,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

There is no need to offer one word in defence of the tone of the foregoing letter, nor will any one who knew the writer at that period in his life feel that the consciousness which he displayed of his fitness for the post to which he aspired was not amply justified. A later generation which knew Lord Houghton in another phase of his varied life, and which associated him rather with the social and literary than with the political interests of his country, may possibly feel passing surprise at the fact that he should have thus earnestly insisted upon his right to take an important post in the Government of his country. But no such surprise would have been felt by his contemporaries. This letter of Jan. 14th may be said to have marked the turning-point in his life. If Sir Robert Peel had put aside the prejudice which he entertained against the admission of men of letters into the official ring, and had frankly recognised the claims of one for whom he had professed, at one time, a warm friendship and admiration, the career of the subject of this memoir might have been altogether different from what it was; and those who knew him best will feel most confident that, in such a case, he would have justified the hopes of his friends and of the outer world.

But it was not to be; the coveted door was closed in his face, and there can be no doubt that from that time forward, whilst Milnes continued to display as keen and intelligent an interest as he had ever done in the politics of his country, and above all in those questions which affected our relations with other Powers, there was a shadow upon his own Parliamentary career which never wholly passed away.

Milnes's disappointment at finding that he was once more passed over was not lessened by the fact that the person who was preferred to himself was Mr. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, with whom his personal relations were not altogether cordial, and who had entered into something like a rivalry with him in the field of foreign politics.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Private. *Bawtry, Jan. 19th,* 1846.

My dear Gladstone,—When I wrote to you, I was not aware that Mr. Smythe had obtained the Under-Secretaryship, though I heard it was probable he might do this. Under the circumstances, you have done for me all I could desire. . . . If the subject ever comes up again, I should be glad Sir Robert Peel should know that I entirely demur to the expression of "candidate for office" as applied to myself. I am, fortunately, in no need either of the emolument or reputation of place. I have never thought of the subject except as a means of usefulness and activity, nor regretted the want of it except from a conviction that my difficulty in making my way in the House of Commons was immeasurably increased by the very fair assumption that I was not fit to take up the time of the House if those who knew me best thought me incapable of mixing in public affairs. I do not think I have ever complained to you or any one

else of having been passed over in 1841, nor should I have now dreamt of occupying you or Sir Robert Peel with so unimportant a matter had I not taken especial pains to render myself fit for that particular department. Lord Aberdeen certainly told me, *unasked*, that he had invincible objections against having a representative in the House of Commons, which I suppose he would not have volunteered to do except with an application to myself, and I hardly think he would have shown the present preference had he known the several circumstances. I am not ashamed to confess myself thoroughly disappointed. I am forced to look to new objects of thought, to new subjects of observation. No ingenuity could have made the blow more provoking from the hands of the man to whom I have shown the most public respect, through those of the one for whom I entertain the most private dislike. But in morals, as in physics, if well used, the bitter braces. Your kindness and good-will I shall never forget.

RICHARD M. MILNES.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF VIEWS.

The Crisis of Protection—Letter to Guizot—Peel's Retirement—Milnes joins the Liberal Party—Death of his Mother—Letter from Robert Browning—Carlyle in Yorkshire—W. E. Forster—Friendship with the Duke of Wellington—A Characteristic Letter—Visit to the Peninsula—Withdrawal from the Carlton Club—"Events of 1848"—Dispute with Mr. George Smythe—Challenges Him—Extracts from Commonplace Book—Louis Philippe and Milnes—Lord Malmesbury's Mis-statement.

THE country was now at the most critical stage of the great struggle upon the Corn Laws. Milnes, as the reader has seen, had frankly avowed to his father that in any contest between the towns and the counties—or, in other words, between the manufacturing and agricultural interests—his own sympathies would compel him to take the side of the former. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was among those Conservatives who awaited with intense anxiety the action of Sir Robert Peel, hoping almost against hope that, in view of the serious and threatening condition of things which had arisen in the country, he would cast all considerations of mere party upon one side, and boldly take the only course by which the nation could be saved from impending disaster. The keen personal disappointment which he had suffered by the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to give him the post he had coveted had no effect upon him so far as his political action was concerned, and he refused

to allow himself to be drawn into the schemes and intrigues of that section of the Conservative party which was now in almost open revolt against the Prime Minister.

On December 4th, 1845, the *Times* had startled the world by the announcement that at the commencement of the Session Ministers would recommend an immediate consideration of the Corn Laws, with a view to their total repeal, and, though indignant denial had been forthcoming, there was a wide-spread belief that the announcement was founded upon fact. Peel had found his difficulties with his party and his Ministry so grave that he had placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen on December 5th, and he only now remained in office because of Lord John Russell's inability to form a Government to take the place of his own. In circumstances at once so confused and so critical, it is not surprising that the opening of the Session of Parliament was awaited throughout the country with the keenest interest.

According to his wont during many years, Milnes wrote to M. Guizot to explain, as far as might be, to the French Minister the situation in England.

R. M. M. to M. Guizot.

Jan. 12*th*, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I have not written to you for so long that I hardly know how to begin. I should, indeed, have made the attempt to throw some gleam of light on the confused political circumstances of the last month, but I was restrained by the consciousness that I could add very little, if anything, to the news you were daily receiving, and that I should not be justified

in taking up your precious time in conjectures, gossip, and suspicions. Now all is settled for the moment, and the country waits on tiptoe for the 22nd—not, indeed, silent, but with a deep undercurrent of discontent and querulous anger. I have been in the country for some time, and have seen the working of men's minds in different parts. It is undeniable that people talk in a very different way about the repeal of the Corn Law from what they would have done six months ago. The *defiant* party is certainly small, and the agriculturists generally so totally without organisation or union of purpose that they really seem at Peel's mercy. All parties will, I think, meet Parliament in a creditable position except those gentlemen who so far differed from Sir Robert as to break up his Cabinet and throw the country into a political crisis, and then came back again as if nothing had happened. It is possible Sir Robert Peel made some concession to them, but he has such a reputation for persisting in his own way that nobody believes it. For myself, I am rather in a fortunate position, never having taken up any high Protection grounds with my constituents, and having pressed a lower scale upon Sir Robert's attention in 1842.

There is no doubt that the fundamental reason of Lord John's incapacity to form a Cabinet was that he could get no distinct promise of support in his Free Trade measures from Sir R. Peel. Graham seemed more willing to enter into an engagement; but as the Whigs could not muster more than 251 votes, Lord John was too delighted to make Lord Grey a scapegoat and get well out of it.* It would certainly have been much more convenient for Sir Robert Peel that Lord John should have proposed his "total repeal," and then to have brought forward his own scheme as a Conservative amendment and mitigation of Whig rashness, than to have to bring it forward as an integral measure, disgusting to his friends and unsatisfactory to his opponents.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains a short

* Lord John Russell's attempt to form a Cabinet in the previous month had been frustrated by Lord Grey's refusal to take office if Lord Palmerston became Foreign Secretary.

article of mine on the political state of Prussia. It comes out at an unfortunate moment here, as people are too anxious to read anything; and, from the last news, that unhappy King seems to have resolved on a line of policy which will require something stronger than pamphlets to alter. I earnestly wish the foolish question of our recognition of Algeria could be once well settled; since the Sultan's reception of the Duke of Montpensier, I cannot conceive what difficulty there can be. M. Thiers must have completely incapacitated himself from any further abuse of the "*entente cordiale*" by the friendly professions he lavished on all of us during his visit to England; and the respectful manner in which he spoke of the King and yourself gave me the impression that he did not contemplate any very vigorous opposition to the Government. With kind remembrances to all your excellent family, and best wishes for the New Year,

Believe me
Yours always and obliged,
RICHARD M. MILNES.

Parliament met on the 22nd, the Queen opening the Session in person, and the long-expected declaration by Sir Robert Peel was made. It practically amounted to the announcement of his own conversion to the Free Trade doctrines which had so long been preached in vain by Cobden and Bright; and it gave Mr. Disraeli the chance, for which he had during many Sessions been waiting patiently, of putting himself forward as the most powerful and implacable antagonist of the Minister who had failed to recognise his genius. Milnes, though he sought to devise a method of reconciliation between the Protectionists and their old leader, steadily refused to be drawn into the camp in which Disraeli was now the virtual chief.

R. M. M. to his Father.

(*? March*, 1846.)

My dear Father,—In this "*bouleversement*" anybody is in a position for anything; and I really could not bring myself to support Sir Robert unconditionally, any more than to go with the Protectionists. I am not under the faintest shadow of a pledge to Pomfret, and, even if I were, I had better eat my own words now at the general banquet, than live on that food for the rest of my life.

O'B.'s speech was the most successful thing I have heard in the House of Commons; it was no cleverer than I knew him to be before, but it was the first time the House found it out; and then his sentimentality suited at once the interests of his party and the tone of the debate.

I never heard anything like the howl when Graham "disposed" of everything he had formerly said. Your old friend Goulburn looks most wretched, and G. Bentinck has been mauling him this morning.

Our political *Verwirrung* [he writes to MacCarthy, March 16, 1846] continues as wild as ever; all combinations are possible—Peel and Cobden, Lord John and the High Tories; anything after an election, or even before. Peel has behaved to his party as Washington did to the old horse that had borne him through all his battles—sold him; but sold them to the country. He is acting with a rash courage and singleness of object unlike his whole life, making probabilities futile and calculations impossible. The Lords will probably carry the measure by about 30. I tried to come in as a mediator, and proposed a low duty and to let 1849 provide for itself, but both extremities were too strong; and I got so little encouragement that I withdrew the motion, after a flare-up. The Protectionists, though beaten, will still remain a powerful party—not strong enough to form a Government themselves, but able to cripple and weaken every other, resting as they do on the strong basis of the prejudices and the ignorance of the community. All my family are going on

thrivingly; my father a decided Protectionist, and proposing the member for the county in a brilliant Philippic against Peel, while I am supporting him; but as Sir T. Acland and Tom went different ways, what might not be expected? O'Brien* is making the most of his occasion; the country party are so thankful for his glitter and grace to shed over their dull sobriety that he is invaluable to them. We Peel-servatives are for the moment in an awkward position, which, however, will right itself. I only wish I liked or reverenced the man himself; but I cannot do it, though I try very hard, and write and speak in puff of him. The American matter† looks better. Polk has sent here a clever new Secretary of Legation, a stump orator of the first order. He told us the other morning that the war between us would last thirty years; that they made up their minds to have every flag swept from the ocean, and all the great cities destroyed; and that only after that would the war really begin.

The Corn Bill passed the House of Commons on the 15th of May by a majority of 98 votes, and was at once sent up to the House of Lords, where the Peers accepted it without any very strenuous opposition. On the day of the triumph of the Government in the Lower House, Milnes wrote again to his friend.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

May 15th, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND,—All the row of London, and the repeal of the Corn Law, and the probable change of Government, cannot excuse me from delaying any longer to give you a letter, and, indeed, I cannot plead any great occupation or agreeable life as an apology for a longer silence than usual; but somehow or other the multiplicity of small events in London is a great impediment to writing to a distance. One feels a continual

* Augustus Stafford O'Brien. † Oregon question.

desire to integrate one's life, and then perhaps one might have something worth telling. Nothing can be well unpleasanter than the course of political events—at least, to a man of any sensibility. The Government—that is, in fact, Sir Robert Peel—has been led on by a series of accidents into a perfect quagmire of political action. The words treason and treachery, so freely applied to it, are not the right ones, but the whole transaction has indisputably that appearance. Peel seems in the hard dilemma of having deceived his supporters for the last five years, or of having foreseen nothing, and trusted himself, without will or conduct, to the current of popular opinion. The truth probably comprises both faults; and the result certainly is that I have lost my confidence in his prudence and management of men, and look upon him with a sort of compassion for his reckless honesty, a quality of all others disagreeable in a political leader. My own impression is (and in this I am very singular) that he will struggle through the Session one way or other. The hardest tussle will no doubt be upon sugar, and there all his new Free Trade talk will tell against him. I took advantage of the moment to get your brother into a public office, which I hope he will like, and that it will like him. Gladstone has not yet got a seat in Parliament, and I fancy the Colonies cannot much longer like to go on unrepresented—a Secretary of State out of Parliament for five months of the Session, and with no Under-Secretary in Parliament, is an anomaly even in these days. Palmerston has made a most judicious visit to Paris, and was very civilly entreated by all parties there. He talked *"entente cordiale"* in very decent French, and his wife showed the French the best specimen of an English lady of fashion. Of course he makes more of their civilities than was exactly intended, but there is no great harm in that. "The Modern Timon" is evidently Bulwer's, though he denies it to his most intimate friends. I suspect you read the best bits; for to such an idolater of form as you are, the whole would be very disagreeable. I never saw a poem with so much agreeable sentiment and such clumsy uncomfortable diction. There is a good novel,

called "Emilia Wyndham," by a Mrs. Marsh; you will probably get it in an American newspaper for five cents. Nobody seems to anticipate war with the United States. One does not see exactly why, but there is a conviction that the peace party there will be able to prevent events coming to extremities. I hope soon to have Sir T. Freemantle Chairman of the Customs, and then shall seriously set about getting you removed to something better than the exile you have borne so well. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

It was whilst Parliament was absorbed in this great struggle that Milnes himself took the first step in a work which for the remainder of his life engaged much of his time and thought. This was the introduction of a Bill for the establishment of Reformatories for juvenile offenders. The proposal was scoffed at by many politicians of eminence when it was first put forward. To them it seemed to be an emanation of the poet's imagination, rather than the reasonable proposal of a practical man. But Milnes had not simulated that interest in the most forlorn class of our population which he had expressed in his poems. He was convinced that legislation might do much to dam at its source the stream of social sewage by which the great ocean of crime was being fed; and in spite of many rebuffs he persevered with his proposal, until he had the great happiness of seeing Reformatories established under the sanction of the law, and of becoming himself the president of the first and greatest of these noble institutions—that at Red Hill. The reader will find in the subsequent course of this narrative but few traces of

Milnes's work in this direction. It was something to be done rather than talked or written about. But side by side with his curious and fascinating social life, with his breakfast-parties in Pall Mall, his appearances at Holland and Lansdowne houses, his constant visits to the Continent, his literary labours and friendships, and all the thousand and one features which gave such fulness to his social life, there went on, hardly noticed by the outer world, another life of steady, earnest, and unselfish labour on behalf of a class who had been too long the victims of public neglect.

Milnes's staunch friendship for MacCarthy led him constantly to seek means of serving his absent friend, nor was he unsuccessful, for it was not very long after he had written the above letter that he secured for MacCarthy the promise of a better post in that island of Ceylon of which he eventually became Governor. His forecast as to the fate of Ministers in the Session was not realised. They did, indeed, carry their Corn Bill, in spite of all opposition, but it was only to be defeated on an Irish Coercion Bill through a combination of Protectionists, Whigs, Radicals, and Irish members. It was the vote of his old supporters, however, which turned the balance, and led to the fall of the great Minister, whose place was taken by Lord John Russell.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

26, *Pall Mall, July* 15*th*, 1846.

My dear Friend,—I have waited longer than usual in answering your letter. . . . The Peel Government closed dramatically. The same night the Lords passed the Corn Bill

they were placed in a great minority in the Commons. The new Government has come in without an effort; their members have been re-elected nearly without opposition. If they act prudently, they have such a chance as no Administration has ever had before. Their line is plainly to get rid of the old Whig reputation of being bad men of business; to avoid needless affronts, even to prejudices; and to fall—if it must be so—among the ruins of some great abuse. I have had little part lately in any public matter, and have contented myself with a letter to my constituents, giving my reasons for intending to give Lord John a fair independent support. The House wears the strangest aspect; the High Protectionists sitting with the Radicals, and Sir R. Inglis shouldering Joseph Hume. The new appointments are good on the whole. Buller, Ward, Hawes, &c., are a great infusion of popular intelligence; and but for the old Whig leaven of three Pagets, and three Howards, and three Greys, and some dandies, it would be the ablest Administration collected for many years. My health has not been what it should be; I have been troubled with all the symptoms of the gouty diathesis, and I think of running to Carlsbad as soon as I can get away from town. My family have all been at Brighton (which is now a suburb of London) for the last three months: all well on the whole. The heat has been so savage that not only we Italians, but the East Indians, have suffered much from it. I never knew hot nights so oppressive and hot days so little agreeable. We have no new books worth regarding—Grote's "History of Greece" the only real acquisition, and that written so as to give much offence to purists in language, and some to purists in religion. The only lion in the way of literature has been Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, a plain woman with one eye, but so intelligent and light in hand that she won favour in all eyes, although encumbered with a *Reisegefährte*, whose name she did not bear, and who was thus difficult to place in an intelligible position in England. The barbarian Ibrahim Pasha has been about for two months, and has been much fêted. They make him say rather a pretty thing:—"In France I saw, and was received by,

the Court; here I see, and am received by, the people." It is not known who made this for him. The old Pasha is so jealous of him that he is gone to Constantinople to show that he can get fêted too. My next will probably be from Germany. Till then,

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

I have given Milnes's observations of the political crisis at somewhat unusual length, because of the effect which the political changes he records had upon his own position. He had never, even in his earliest days, been a strong Conservative at heart. To no man was the falsehood of extremes more distasteful; and throughout his political career he had shown himself to be singularly independent of mere party considerations or obligations. He now practically severed himself from his old political connections; but as I have revealed the keen disappointment which he experienced when he was passed over by Sir Robert Peel in December, 1845, it is bare justice to him to point out that in leaving the Conservative ranks, and in ranging himself under the flag of the Liberal Prime Minister, he gave no one the slightest pretext for alleging that personal pique had influenced him. Whilst Peel was in office, he was true to him, even though the majority of his supporters had rebelled. His resignation, and the complete break-up of the old Protectionist party, gave all his followers an opportunity of reconsidering their position. There were some distinguished men whose loyalty to Peel was characterised by a personal devotion which would have led them to follow him even although they had done so utterly

alone. Milnes was not one of these; his correspondence shows that for several years before the break-up of the Conservative Administration his attitude towards Peel was hardly sympathetic. His political views led him to incline more and more towards the Liberal side, and he had lost his own personal admiration for the Tory leader. In these circumstances, instead of joining the little band known to history as Peelites, and altogether unable to remain within the ranks of the devoted Protectionists, he preferred to take the simple and straightforward course of openly allying himself with the new Administration. From that time forward his political life was spent within the fold of the Liberal party.

The autumn of 1846 was devoted to social life in England, Milnes not wishing for several reasons to leave the country. The state of politics made it desirable that he should remain within easy reach of his constituents; but another and more urgent reason for not indulging in his love of foreign travel was the precarious state of his mother's health. Mrs. Milnes had been able to visit London during the summer, and in her diary she mentions how, on reaching her son's house, she found him, with a party, at breakfast, "the Pasha just arrived, Prince Louis, Count D'Orsay, and Cobden." From London she went to Brighton, where she had a severe attack of English cholera, from the effects of which she never seems really to have recovered. To the last she manifested the keenest interest in her son's career, and was never happier than when she was able to entertain his friends at Fryston or Bawtry. But

her diary of the last few months of her life affords touching proof of her growing infirmity, and of how, with sore reluctance, she was compelled more and more to withdraw herself from that bright circle of wit and culture in which her son formed so prominent a figure. They had expected a visit from the Disraelis during the autumn, but were compelled, owing to the state of Mrs. Milnes's health, to put them off.

Writing to his father, Milnes says—

> Mrs. Dizzy is so much more your *invitée* than mine that you had better write her a line, merely saying that my mother will not be up to a party. I will put off Knight and Gregory, my only guests. I am, indeed, thankful for my mother's tranquil state of mind; I pray it may continue so; and we should be grateful that we are able to surround her with all that care and affection can supply.

In December, there being a slight improvement in his mother's condition, Milnes had the pleasure of entertaining at Fryston his friend MacCarthy, who, having come to England from Turk's Island, was now about to start for Ceylon. Two other old friends, Venables and Lushington, joined the party; and his mother records on the last page of her diary that "Richard read aloud 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' by Thackeray." The last entry contained in the journal which Mrs. Milnes kept throughout her married life is dated Jan. 11th, 1847, and refers to the growing intelligence of her grandson, the present Lord Galway. From that time her decline was continuous, and on the 1st of May she died at Serlby, the house from which

she had been married, and of which her daughter (Lady Galway) was at that time the mistress.*

The blow was a severe one to Milnes, who now—for the first time in his life—was brought face to face with death, and it was long ere he recovered his usual spirits.

In his Commonplace Book for the year, under date May 1st, he notes—

> It is a good moral instruction to examine yourself after the death of one you have loved, and test your duty by the feelings you then experience.

Again that underlying melancholy which, unsuspected as it was by the majority of his friends, was still the keynote of his character, is made visible in the following, written at the same time :—

> Providence seems to have surrounded death with so much pain and so many circumstances of horror and repugnance in order to prevent men from loving it too well, and embracing it too eagerly as a refuge from the vicissitude and vacancy of life.

His thoughts were diverted from his grief by the pressure of political affairs. Parliament was dissolved in the summer, and Milnes had to stand a sharp contest for his seat at Pontefract; his action with regard to

* Mrs. Milnes was born at Claremont, at that time the property of her father. Many years afterwards, when Lord Houghton was staying at Claremont as the guest of the Duke of Albany, he mentioned the fact to his host. "Ah, what a relief," said His Royal Highness, "to hear of anyone being born here! Until now I have only heard of people having died in this house;" and he insisted upon taking Lord Houghton through the spacious building, to see if they could identify the room where his mother had been born.

Maynooth and the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland having roused bitter opposition to him on one side, whilst his abandonment of Protection had necessarily alienated many of his old friends on the other. But though he lost his old position at the head of the poll, and only secured a narrow majority of 19 votes over his opponent, Mr. Preston, he had the satisfaction of being again returned.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Fryston, Aug. 15*th*, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I ought to have written before, but personal events came so thick on me that I have had hardly time or inclination for a quiet talk over the seas with anyone. After a most trying contest I am again M.P. The Clergy and the Methodists entered into a holy league against me, and spared neither truth nor money to turn me out for what the fools call my Popery. All they have done has been to put me to a great deal of expense and annoyance, and themselves to much more. Hawes* is naturally much annoyed at his Lambeth defeat, and it is poor encouragement to any Government to go and take Ministers out of the great middle class when such as he are thrown over. I understand Macaulay with his Whig religion being very unacceptable to the Edinburghians, but Hawes kept up so completely the type of the respectable and intelligent *bourgeois* that I should have thought it a great prize for them to have a representative in whose success they themselves were honoured. The Government are not pleased with the result of the elections, although their numerical majority is improved, yet it is annoying that no single man has been elected as a Russellite; that some of their best officials are without seats; and that the popular candidates have all been Radicals. But though

* Sir Benjamin Hawes, whose daughter MacCarthy subsequently married.

the party may be weak, the Government may be strong. No other party has gained any more, and I do not at all give in to the prevalent cackle that the Whigs cannot go on.

Now for Ceylon; *imprimis*, pray thank Sir E. Tennent for his kind note, and tell him I would write to him if I could tell him anything more than the newspapers. Give Arthur Buller, too, all my regards. I was a little disappointed at the tone of your letter, but your feverishness explained it. I wanted you to be more content, not with having got more money, but with having got more notable work and with the just consideration paid you. H. Lushington has been annoyed at finding his Malta secretaryship is only a thousand per annum, and would, I think, have given it up, but that they gave him leave for the summer. I am sure you could never have done half as much there as you may where you now are, and with all my sense of your fitnesses I would not exchange the one for the other for you for even higher salary. The nearness to home is nothing. If all goes well for some time longer, you can come to Malta, and find someone there to take back to Colombo. Send me a sketch of your house by the hand of some fair designer. I have a good general idea of the scenery from books. My father thinks you should write a volume or two on "Colonial Legislation," with scraps of old learning, and a dedication to Lord Grey; but I think you had better leave your mark on the Government of Ceylon before you write your name out in any other way. But there can be no harm in noting down your hourly experience. My present project is to leave England the beginning of September, pass a few days at Lisbon, run over Andalusia, and spend a month with Bulwer at Madrid. My father's health is so uncertain that I can fix nothing; but, if all goes well, I may make this an agreeable and instructive tour. All it wants is your multilingual faculty. O'Brien has gone and done the foolish thing of changing his name. He is now Mr. Stafford, his grandmother having borne that name. You will see that Urquhart and his mad Catholic Anstey are both in Parliament. I cannot take much amusement in the extrava-

gances of my fellow-men, else one might anticipate much fun from the encounter of this idiotic fanaticism with Palmerston's cocky common sense. I do not suppose Hawes's defeat will alter his position. One Under-Secretary must be out of the House of Commons; and Lord John likes defending Colonial matters himself.

I remain your affectionate
RICHARD M. MILNES.

MacCarthy was not the only old friend whom Milnes had in the East. Sir James Colvile, his old Trinity College contemporary, was now acting as Advocate-General at Calcutta, whence he regularly corresponded with him.

Sir James Colvile to R. M. M.

Darjheeling, Oct. 11*th*, 1847.

MY DEAR MILNES,—Since I have been here I have read your article on "Tancred,"* which pleased me much, though you might, perhaps, have put a little more pepper into your review of Dizzy and his theory. On the subject of the emancipation of the Jews, I was much struck with your observations upon that which, to my mind, is the strongest argument for Jewish disabilities—namely, their distinctive nationality. . . . I am living here in a Babel of tribes and nations, and, to make them more interesting, I am living with an eminent ethnologist, who for more than twenty-five years has had, and profited by, peculiar opportunities of studying the varieties of men that inhabit the Sub-Himalaya. He is Mr. Hodgson (better known to the world in general as a naturalist), who for many years was our Resident in Nepaul, and then occupied his leisure in these researches. He was, notwithstanding, an excellent public servant; but Lord Ellenborough, because he was a civilian, and had been esteemed by Lord Auckland, chose to vote him an

* *Edinburgh Review*, 1847.

ornithological humbug, and, by one of the most wanton acts of his capricious tyranny, recalled him. Hodgson, in disgust, unfortunately for himself, resigned the service. Had he not done so, he would probably by this time have found his way back to Nepaul. As it is, not feeling comfortable in Europe, he has returned to these hills, and continues, but with crippled means, his scientific labours as a private gentleman. He is a very taking, well-informed person, and I have learned more about India from him in these few weeks than I have learned at Calcutta in nearly two years. . . . October 12th. A mail in. The result of the elections seems to be something not very decisive, and to give importance to Peel's squadron; but, with a little see-sawing, Ministers ought to do well. I was sorry to see that you have had the expense of a contest, though a successful one. How do the magnates of the West Riding like Richard Cobden for their representative? He is the Aristides of the League, and I suspect our FitzWilliams and Co. would not be sorry to ostracise him. . . . What an odd story is this of the French duke and his wife!* Pray heaven this Eugene Sueism does not obtain in good society! "Save our old nobility," as John Manners says, "from the dagger and the bowl": they should be content with Doctors' Commons, and eschew the Old Bailey. I was much pleased to hear of ———'s marriage and also of ———'s. Why, as I said to O'Brien, don't you let me hear of yours? It is time you should take steps to be known to posterity by your olive branches as well as by your "Palm Leaves," particularly since Miss Berry says you are grown too fat to be a poet.

Always most sincerely yours,

JAMES COLVILE.

Among the men of letters whose friendship Milnes had made before this period was Mr. Browning, for whom, as well as for his illustrious wife, Milnes entertained a sincere personal affection.

* Duc de Praslin.

Robert Browning to R. M. M.

Pisa, March 31st, 1847.

DEAR MILNES,—When I left England, I bade my sister at home open all letters sent to me, and only forward the *pith* of them, but a little note of your writing was all pith, so I got it in its entireness, and very pleasantly your voice sounded in the few words of it as I read them here under the grim Campanella, the top of which, with the real honest balconies in these parts, will just hit the roof of this huge old Collegio Ferdinando, "where Bartolo," of crabbed memory, "once taught," as the inscription states, and where I now teach—you patience, if your good nature reads to the end. Well, your good wishes for my sake have been wonderfully realised; my wife is quite well, and, now that the weather permits, we begin our spring progress, Florence being the first stage, whence, when the heat obliges, we mean to go the round of Siena, Colle, Volterra, Lucca, Pescia, Prato, Pistoia, Bologna, and so get, at the year's end, to Venice for the winter, next winter to that (if one dares look forward so far) finding us in Rome.

Now I want to speak to you, and your old kindness will understand, I am sure. A six months' residence in Pisa is favourable to a great deal of speculation and political study, and though last week's papers prove that a capital speech about Krakow may be studied in Pall Mall as well as on the spot, yet *here*—what shall I say?—here one sees more clearly than elsewhere that—why, only that England needs must not loiter behind the very Grand Turkian policy, but send a Minister before the year ends to this fine fellow, Pio Nono—as certain, that is, as that his name will be Lord Somebody—against which the time is not yet come to complain. But I should like to have to remember that I asked you, whose sympathy I am sure of, to mention in the proper quarter, should you see occasion, that I would be glad and proud to be the secretary to such an embassy, and to work like a horse in my vocation. You know I have studied Italian literature sedulously. Governments nowadays

give poets pensions: I believe one may dun them into it. Now, I and my wife "keep our pen out of lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend." We are quite independent, through God's goodness, and trust to continue so; but, as I say, I should like to remember at a future day that I proposed (and through the intervention of such a person as yourself, if you will lend it to me) to deserve well of my generation by doing in this matter what many circumstances embolden me to think few others could do so well. One gets excited—at least, here on the spot—by this tiptoe strained expectation of poor dear Italy, and yet, if I had not known you, I believe I should have looked on with the other bystanders. It is hateful to ask, but I ask nothing; indeed, rather I concede a very sincere promise to go on bookmaking (as my wife shall) to the end of our natural life, and making the public a present of our hard work without a pretension to the Pension List. Will you think of this and me? Whatever comes, I hope to remain in Italy for years; so let me shake your hand over the sea, and take that much by your motion.

Ever yours faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Government did not send a mission to Pio Nono. Ere long, indeed, events in Rome took an altogether unexpected turn, and the Diplomatic Service consequently lost the opportunity of securing the services of Mr. Browning.

After the election Milnes—who, like the rest of the world, was deeply concerned by the state of affairs in Ireland, where the famine was now at its height—went over to Rawdon to see Mr. W. E. Forster, whose acquaintance he had made some time previously at Bradford, and in whom he had been quick to detect the presence of those great qualities which were afterwards to be employed with so much advantage to the people of England.

Carlyle was at that time staying with Forster, and had written to Milnes as follows:—

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Rawdon, near Leeds, August 19th, 1847.

DEAR MILNES,—Are you at present in these parts? My wife and I have been in Derbyshire, drinking the Matlock waters, looking into bottomless *ennui* of Buxton, into Haddon Hall, and the wonders of the Devil's apparatus in the Peak, and we have now arrived at fixed quarters for a few days, and are capable of looking deliberately before and after. If you are at Fryston, I will give you a meeting any day at any spot near mid-distance, and hold with you a solemn conference of more than an hour's continuance. This place is seven miles beyond Leeds. I saw Temple Newsam and other old localities connected with you as we rolled along hither on Monday evening last. My humane landlord—really a good Samaritan, and an excellent, cheerful, intelligent young man, whom you would like—allows me a horse—horses; and I should, as always, like well to see you. Our length of stay here is undetermined; cannot readily be long. Pray consider what can be done, and let us do it. We read your election squibs fresh and fresh at Addiscombe; learned afterwards with due loyalty that you were re-elected, though with difficulty. Is not the ten-pound franchise going curiouswards? Is not the thrice-miraculous Parliament rather like to go a curious road before very long? Whitherward, think you? We are Quakers here—or, rather, ex-Quakers—of a Liberal and even elegant trim, to whom George Fox, in his leather suit, is, as it were, mostly an object of art, and little remains of Quakerism but the spring-well clearness and cleanness and the divine silence—really one of the divinest things to a poor worried creature on this beautiful hill-top. Address W. E. Forster here, and let us know soon what is to be expected of you.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

Milnes went over at once to Rawdon, and spent a pleasant day under Mr. Forster's roof in the company of his two friends. "And seldom has one small house in a West Riding valley sheltered four more remarkable persons than were then gathered together." Forster himself, in a letter to his friend Barclay Fox, gives an account of the meeting of Milnes and Carlyle. "Monckton Milnes came yesterday, and left this morning—a pleasant companionable little man, well fed and fattening, with some small remnant of poetry in his eyes and nowhere else; delighting in paradoxes, but good-humoured ones; defending all manner of people and principles, in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he must have succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy rubbing a fierce cat's tail backwards, and getting in between furious growls and fiery sparks. He managed to avoid the threatened scratches." Between Forster and Milnes the friendship which had begun when they first met continued to the end of their days. Unquestionably, they were the two most distinguished Yorkshiremen of their time, and although they differed as widely as two men well could in personal characteristics and views of life, there were such strong bonds of sympathy between them that their friendship ripened into a real affection and regard. Forster was at that time unknown in the fashionable world. He was still the young Yorkshire manufacturer, of strong intelligence, lively ambition, and advanced political opinions, who

had captured the hearts of not a few leaders of thought in London—Carlyle among the rest—but to whom the great world of politics and society was still as a sealed volume. Milnes, who had taken to him from the first, made it his business during many years to lose no opportunity of serving his friend as he best could, by bringing him into contact with those upon whom and through whom he could wield the greatest amount of influence for good. Nor can I account it the least of the many services of this kind which Milnes rendered to his own generation that he should have had so large a part in bringing into his own proper sphere the man who was destined to carry the Education Bill.

How wide was the range of social influence which Milnes in those days wielded, may be gathered from the fact that among those with whom he was then intimate was the recognised leader of English society, the Duke of Wellington. Between the great captain and the young poet a real friendship existed. The Duke delighted in Milnes's talk, consulted him upon literary subjects, and was always happy to receive him as a guest. The friendship which existed between Milnes and the illustrious hero of Waterloo was extended to the second Duke, who kept up a lifelong correspondence with the subject of this memoir. To say that Milnes shared the national reverence for the character and achievements of the great soldier is to understate the truth; but whilst he yielded to no man in his appreciation of the grand simplicity of Wellington's character, he had an appreciation scarcely less keen of the qualities

of his son, the second Duke. "Never," said he in conversation with the present writer, "has there been an instance more striking of the disadvantage of great birth than that which the present (the second) Duke of Wellington affords. He would have been one of the greatest men in England if he had not been so completely overshadowed by the reputation of his father." There was no better judge of character than Monckton Milnes, and even the friends of the late Duke of Wellington may not be sorry to hear the opinion which he had formed of that distinguished person. It was one of those judgments which run counter to the prevalent opinion of the world, but it was, at least, honestly formed, and is not unworthy of being recorded.

Among Milnes's papers some interesting relics of the great Duke are to be found, for his family seem to have regarded it as part of their duty to keep the member for Pontefract informed of all the more notable sayings of the hero. Here, for example, is a letter of this year (1847), written by the Duke in reply to a correspondent who had sought to elicit from him some expression of opinion with regard to the famous equestrian statue which at that time had just been erected in front of Apsley House. The letter was sent to Milnes by one of the Duke's relatives; and it is not without interest as an illustration of the character of the writer.

London, July 3rd, 1847. (*At Night.*)

F. M. (the Duke of Wellington) presents his compliments to Mr. Edkins. It is certainly true that anybody is at liberty

to inquire the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on any subject, but he hopes that the Duke of Wellington has the liberty, which all other individuals have, to decline to give an opinion. When certain respected individuals about two years ago expressed their desire that the Duke should give sittings to an artist to enable him to construct an equestrian statue of himself which they were desirous of erecting, and which he was informed that his Gracious Sovereign had desired might be placed on the land adjoining the entrance into the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner, in commemoration of bygone events and transactions in which he had acted a part, he consented, on condition that, excepting to sit to the artist, he should from that time forward have nothing to do with the work, or, to use his own words, should be considered as dead. He has accordingly, from that time forward, had no relation with the work in question. He has seen it as others have—nay, more frequently than others, as it is placed opposite the windows of his house; but, as was becoming, he has uniformly avoided to give any opinion on the work or on the position in which it is placed. He desires to persevere in this course, which is the most becoming for an individual in a discussion on a statue of himself, intended to commemorate to posterity transactions in which he has acted a part.

After the death of the Duke, a woman, who had by a betrayal of confidence come into possession of certain letters of a very private character written by a relative of his of a former generation, wrote to the second Duke offering to sell these letters to him, under a transparent threat of publishing them in the event of his declining to pay blackmail. The Duke showed a sense of humour, and a sagacity worthy of his illustrious father, in the manner in which he dealt with this insolent application. He forwarded the woman's letter to Lord Houghton,

simply writing across it the words: "I have told her you may like to buy them." It is needless to say that, in presence of so cool and clever a rebuff, she abandoned her purpose, and did not even attempt to make money of her ill-acquired property by offering it to so well-known a collector of social curiosities as Lord Houghton.

Milnes, as he mentioned in one of his letters to MacCarthy, had resolved to spend the autumn in a tour in the Peninsula. One of his reasons for wishing to visit Spain was the fact that Sir Henry Bulwer was at that time acting as Minister at Madrid, and was anxious to entertain him there. Another reason was, that a visit to the Peninsula had been suggested to him by Lord Palmerston, in order that he might acquire some knowledge, by personal observation, of the state of political affairs in Spain.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Alverstoke, Sunday, Sept., 1847.

My dear Father,— . . . . Lockhart and Croker are here; the former talks of joining me by the next packet; he knows enough of Spain to make his company very acceptable The latter is more contradictious than ever, and talks incessantly of two subjects: Praslin and Peel. He says, the latter owes everything to his wonderful natural memory. Among other facts, we heard to-night that Scarlett made very near £500,000 before he got on the Bench, and Halford £300,000 in guineas before he ceased to practise. Lady Ashburton has heard that our bribery at Pontefract was frightful. Mrs. P. wrote to Miss Eden that I was detected going about in a blouse, with a yellow handkerchief, giving handfuls of sovereigns. I met Charles Villiers at dinner at the Rothschilds', which was in the German

way for the Duchess of Gloucester, at 4 o'clock, and the consequence was that some of the great company arrived at 7.30, just after H.R.H. had retired. Villiers has determined to sit for Wolverhampton, and seemed very angry that Hawes had been spying about for the seat. . . . .

Your affectionate

R. M. MILNES.

R. M. M. to Miss Caroline Milnes.

Alverstoke, Sept. 6th, 1847.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—I will attend to ———'s note, without, however, any very great hope of being able to assist him. I find in influential men such a huge difference between treating you in all kindness in private, and obliging you in public matters. I suppose they think it best to use their patronage to a great extent in conciliating those whom they cannot please in any other way. I do not know either what is the extent of the favour applied for. I remember once asking for an Indian Assistant-Surgeonship, and I was told I might just as well ask for the Presidency of the Board of Control. I start to-morrow. There will be enough wind to make me very ill, and effectually to check any gallantry towards Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who is my fellow-passenger. I am going out to-day in Lord Ashburton's yacht as a sort of practice. Tell Louisa I accept her prayers for my internal state much more than for my external welfare. If it be true that the soul is only made perfect through struggles and sufferings, and that prosperity is the greatest of temptations, I don't understand praying for one's temporal advantages, or freedom from danger, or that of others in whom we are interested. I quite sympathise with Archbishop Whately's dislike to a public prayer against the Irish famine, as it might prove ultimately the greatest blessing to that country. I met the Duchess of Gloucester at dinner on Saturday, looking very old. There was still a sprinkling of

fine people about town. Lord Palmerston is much annoyed at having to go into the Highlands, with so many matters of importance which are daily being referred to him, but the Queen would not let him off.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Lisbon, Sept. 10th, 1847.

My dear Father,—I do not know whether you will receive before this a letter* I wrote by Vigo, from the Bay of Biscay, telling you of my safe and not disagreeable transit. I was quite used to the sea after the second day. The weather here has been charming; clear sky, with generally a fresh wind—the place quite as delightful as I expected. The parts near the river very like Venice, those on the hills like Constantinople, and the general aspect like Naples. The breadth and sweep of the Tagus surprises me. It looks more like a strait than a river. There is, luckily, not much sight-seeing, for the ups and downs of the town are very trying. The churches are gaudy, and with wretched art about them, with the exception of one near the mouth of the river, which is the most graceful adaptation of all possible modern ideas to Gothic architecture, quite the cathedral of the people who won India and Brazil. Political matters look even worse than at a distance; they have got all the partisanship of a constitutional Government without any of its checks and forms, and thus Ministries are upset and offices occupied by revolutions and bloodshed, instead of by debates and majorities. As far as I yet see, I think we have much misapprehended and underrated the Royalist party, who detest Don Miguel personally, but who hold to the old institutions, which perhaps after all should rather have been modified than entirely subverted, as they have been. The Queen is an ugly likeness of Lady Caroline Lascelles, and is well spoken of by almost all parties—a dull good woman. The Coburg King is very handsome and pleasant-mannered. I have been presented this

* Missing.

morning at a very gay and showy levée, and the King said he must see me again, which is a bore, as it may interfere with other projects. Sir H. Seymour takes great pains to let me know what is going on. I have dined with him and the French Minister, and go with him to Cintra on Saturday. Marshal Saldanha thanked me for my speech, and said I was the Englishman who knew most about the matter. Rather an equivocal compliment. You might really have come on here without any trouble, and would, I think, have been amused. The Hotel is good enough for anything. I have just missed seeing Sir Charles Napier in his glory, which would have been very amusing. He left the Port the day I arrived, but has orders to keep within reach of telegraph. The finances seem in a frightful state; the last loan for £16,000, and contracted at an immense sacrifice. I met their best man of business, Count Toyal, at Seymour's to-day. Write always to Cadiz, though I may go first to Gibraltar. Let me hear you keep well, and have got Hudson's money.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

In explanation of the last sentence in the foregoing letter, it should be said that the railway projects which were now being carried out so extensively throughout England were of special importance to the Milnes family, a large portion of their land being required for the construction of lines. It was, in fact, owing to this circumstance, and to the sale for building purposes of a portion of his estate which lay within the great borough of Leeds, that Mr. Pemberton Milnes was enabled to restore the family fortunes, and to recoup himself for the sacrifice which he and his son had made when they paid a sum of more than £100,000 for the purpose of clearing Rodes Milnes's liabilities.

R. M. M. to his Father.

Lisbon, Sept. 22nd, 1847.

My dear Father,—A chance steamer is going to England, and will take this. I have not yet received your letters, but hope to do so to-morrow morning, and leave this by midday—not but that, if I had time, I should certainly have stayed here, the state of the country being most "parlously" interesting. The throne and the debt are both most difficult to support, and when the exhaustion of the late contest is over, a Regency and a bankruptcy may take place any day. The change in the weather the end of last week was so sudden that I suffered much from it, but the returning heat has cured my cold. At Cintra I wore a great-coat, and the Seymours had fires every evening. This destroyed the chief charm of the place, which consists in its being a refuge from the sun, and obscured the blue sea, which should frame the picture of serrated crags, groves of orange-trees, and abundant fountains. The bad weather drove in the squadron, and I dined yesterday with Napier (here Viscount St. Vincent), having passed the morning at Pombal's country seat. I dine with Napier to-day, to meet all the chiefs of the rebels, now amnestied, and who, but for our intervention, would at this moment have been masters of the country. Napier is of great use here, as the Queen will take home-truths from him no one else could say to her.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

The same to the same.

Seville, Oct. 2nd, 1847.

My dear Father,—I hope to catch the steamer to Gibraltar on Monday next, and send you this by her return. The heat—or, rather, the sight-seeing and the heat—have been rather too much for me, and I have not enjoyed this place as much as I might have done had my nerves and stomach kept in a normal state. Now that the air is clear, and I rest in the middle of the

day, I hope to be soon right again. The glory of this place is its cathedral—quite different in its style of grandeur from all Catholic edifices I have seen before. The dimensions of all about it are superb, and the ornaments, though cumbrous themselves, not disproportionate. Murillo comes out here as a great historical painter. There are no street scenes of his, such as the one at Munich you so much admire, to be found here, but his saints and virgins are magnificent. The inferior Spanish masters, too, suit the churches very well, and have a gloomy appropriateness which makes up for many of their defects. The town is very Oriental; each house has its grated door and its pillared court within, like the "atria" at Pompeii. This is generally filled with flowers, with a fountain in the middle, and the walls all round are hung with pictures and prints; and the grandeur in the portico. In the evening all these are lit up, and the effect of the narrow streets is most gay and pleasant. The authorities of the town have been very civil, and I dine with the military governor to-morrow. Potocki is still with me, and very *facile à vivre*, which is *the* quality of a travelling companion. All the Spaniards I have yet seen anything of are Moderados—that is, Conservatives—and thus I have heard nothing but abuse of Palmerston and Bulwer. The latter is accused of everything that goes wrong in the country, including the conduct of the Queen. There is a large liquorice manufactory here. The article grows wild on the banks of the river, and has never been cultivated. They sell the juice at about £50 per ton. The importation to America to make up the chewing tobacco is as large as that to England. . . .

I am your affectionate

R. M. M.

From Gibraltar, Milnes wrote to his sister, expressing his delight with the cleanliness and beauty of the place. From thence he made his way by steamer and diligence to Madrid, where Sir Henry Bulwer was expecting him.

His arrival in the Spanish capital gave rise to remarks in the press to the effect that a distinguished English traveller had been sent out on a special mission of a delicate character, and much curiosity was excited in Spanish society as to the distinguished stranger—a misunderstanding which all who knew Milnes well, feel convinced he greatly relished.

Malaga, October 12th, 1847.

My dear Harriette,—I duly received your letter and its enclosures, and the combined effort of the aunts. I suppose I shall not hear again of you till I reach Madrid. This I am in no great hurry to do, as the Cortes do not meet as early as Bulwer expected. We heard of the *coup d'état* by which Bulwer's Ministry was upset, on our arrival here; it was a matter of money, in which the French must always beat us, and Serrano, the Queen's admirer, is to be made a duke. He persuaded her to take Narvaez with much difficulty. Palmerston told me he thought it most likely Serrano was bribed by Louis Philippe, and would throw us over. With all your love for queens, don't you think this a very nasty state of things? I am not at all surprised at my father's affairs hanging fire at this moment. If he gets any money, while all the world seem to be losing it, he must be very lucky. The storm, however, must soon blow over, and I have no doubt Peel will show in February that it is just what he anticipated, and how much worse it would have been but for his divine prudence and forethought. . . . . Sir R. Wilson was all civility at Gibraltar, and made himself as agreeable to us as he is odious to his garrison, whom he governs in a foreign kind of way, stinting all their amusements and liberties. He hates a single officer to be on leave, and thinks their military duties quite diversion enough. He has no taste for society; and though he gives a quantity of dinners, nobody is pleased. To us he was really very agreeable. Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and his son happened to be there

on their way to spend the winter with Queen Adelaide at Madeira. We went about everywhere with them over the fortress, and on Saturday to Tangiers in a war steamer, which brought us on here. Lady Emmeline was very nice, and I was sorry we could not tempt her on with us to the poetical glories of the Alhambra. She had no man-servant with her, and seemed anxious to get on to Malta, where she winters. Her little girl is very like John Manners's. The Rock must be a sadly dull residence: they try to make it as much like England as possible, and the villas might be at Fulham. The officers make up for the want of amusement by luxurious living, and the iced champagne and French *menus* must astonish any stray Spaniard who gets admitted. . . . . The hounds went out for the first time the day we left. The Spanish horses are hardy little animals, and go far over ground no English horses could. I got a ride into Africa at Tangiers with a French *employé* there who was ten years secretary to Abdul Kader, and then betrayed him to the French. The town is made up of European consulates, who are well paid, and live comfortably in a most picturesque Moorish citadel. I think you have got Hay's "Western Barbary" in the library. The hotel is kept by two elderly Scotchwomen, who came over as milliners and stay-makers, but found it better to set up an inn—clean enough—and have been there some sixteen years, speaking nothing but the broadest Caledonian, and drinking toddy to a great extent. It was most absurd to hear them knocking the Moors about, and asking us all if we knew the country about Elgin. The weather is clearing up after some rainy days, and we went last night to a ball on board a French war-brig in the port here, and thus saw some of the beauties of Malaga, and very striking they were, and well dressed from Paris. The English Consul's daughters, however, having just come from England, had the latest fashions, and danced, as the German prince said, "*unglaublich gut.*" The ship was dressed in the rich vegetation of this climate, the mainmast made into a palm-tree, and the sides fringed with aloes, a large wreath of cypress mixed with flowers

suspended from the top. The German ducalities go to Granada in the diligence, and Patocci and I on horseback. A traveller has just told me that, by the former way, he was obliged to tie his air-cushion on his head, to protect it from bumping against the top of the carriage. So the riding must be at least as convenient. I expect to be in Madrid in about a fortnight. Write there through the Foreign Office. Thank my aunts—especially Fanny, as the busiest—for their letter. Ask Georgie if he remembers me. Keep my father quiet, and I am

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

R. M. M. to Lady Galway.

Madrid, Nov. 10th, 1847.

My dear Harriette,—I shall probably hear from you by the next courier, but you may like to hear from me again, since I am alone here—not much alone, however, for I have Bulwer's house and that of the resident Rothschild to dine at whenever I choose, and have got to know some of the best men. I have also been to see the Alveans, who are a pleasant family, the mother good-humoured and friendly, and the daughters—especially one, Charlotte Bennett's god-daughter—intelligent and agreeable. They have good music at their house, and seem *répandues* in society. The state of politics is inconceivable till you see it, and rumour catches at everything and everybody, as the enclosed scrap of newspaper will show you. There has this week been what they call a crisis. The Queen does not like General Narvaez, her present Minister, and got into communication with some members of her late Government, and the decrees for appointing them were all drawn out and ready for signature. However, they told the editor of a newspaper what was going on, and he let out something to some woman about the palace, who went and told the Queen-Mother, who rushed to the Queen, pretended to know all that was going on, frightened the

Queen, sent for Narvaez, who found the decrees in the Queen's possession, tore them up, and sent his officers to see the general who was named to succeed him, and conduct him out of Madrid to the frontier. The whole intrigue was attributed to Bulwer, who, at the most, was in the secret; and all the Government papers are now attacking him furiously, while he has no paper to defend him, having no money from home to pay the editors. One paper, at the time of the marriages, cost us £250 per month, while the French here have any amount of money and decorations to dispose of. . . . The weather here is a clear cold, not disagreeable, but requiring fires and care: the wind is very piercing. Poor Bulwer is left with everything in his hands, and is worked to death. In the French Legations all the Attachés act as spies, and learn everything; ours, on the contrary, do not even know the language. The pictures are glorious—Velasquez's above all. The famous Raphaels have been repainted and patched till they look like tea-boards. Write to the Embassy at Paris, through Cunningham, and

Believe me your affectionate

R. M. M.

The new Parliament met on November 18th, but Milnes remained abroad, spending some time in Paris. One of the questions which agitated the political world in England was that raised by the return of Baron Rothschild as member for the City of London. A characteristic letter of Mr. Pemberton Milnes to his son is worth printing:—

R. P. Milnes to R. M. M.

Bawtry, Nov. 30th, 1847.

DEAR RICHARD,—I am not sorry you are missing this Session, particularly the Jew Bill (I don't think Mr. Rothschild's dinners should be set against the strong, though silly,

prejudice at Pontefract), and that there is such plausible reason of absence. They think you are at Madrid, I having written to that effect a fortnight ago to ———, who applied for a subscription to a girls' school. I told her you had seen a man killed at a bull-fight, which, I daresay, has gone the round of every house at Pontefract. We heard that Dr. B. *knows* you are on an important secret mission. You can get at the Embassy or the news-room a file of the *Times*, the commercial leaders of which you should get up. Think on C. Wood's statement on Friday of sixty millions being sunk in railways within the last year and a half; it is hardly credible, but the fact must be so. How I wish, for the first time, that Peel was in, to have to bear the brunt of bringing us to this pass, and the responsibility of getting us out of it! Free Trade, restricted currency, and that currency convertible to gold and gold only—we must have quinquennial shocks and a constitution of iron to stand them. Neither Lord George (Bentinck) nor D'Izzy can argue it aright, the former so extravagant and unfair in his way of stating it, and D'Izzy so unpractical. I do not know what Herries may do. Peel will have his scoff that we of the land have been exempted. The true answer, that eight millions of Irish are now to eat the corn they before sent us, he will also turn to his own favour, but who anticipated this?

Your ever affectionate

R. P. M.

A few days later Milnes returned to town, and writing to MacCarthy told him of the last step he had taken in severing himself from his old political associates by his withdrawal from the Carlton Club.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

London, Dec. 21st, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I send you a line *vid* Hawes. My native land received me a week ago; I shall be at home with a

visit or two to Ministerial houses for the vacation. I have not seen A. Buller, who would have told me a great deal about you. . . . . I am rejoiced to have got ——— well off. I don't doubt that he hates me for the obligation I have conferred upon him without being able to satisfy his vanity or his ambition. Lord Grey has made somewhat of a hash of New Zealand and its Constitution, which Governor Grey has returned in an envelope, and my lord is obliged to eat. For my own part, I could not understand how anything so rigid and unpliable was sent sixteen thousand miles when adaptation to temporary circumstances would have seemed the first necessity. I am going to break off the last link of Peelery, the Carlton Club, and mean to pass an observant, undemonstrative Session. Lamartine cleared £12,000 by the first edition of his "Girondins"; no bad writing that. Lord John Russell has gone and brought all the Church about his ears in *re* Hampden; but I am now learning, after having been always tolerant of my enemies, to be tolerant of my friends.

I am your affectionate

R. M. M.

Milnes's formal renunciation of Conservatism, and his enlistment under the banner of Lord John Russell, excited much interest amongst his friends, most of whom had been conscious of the fact that the Tory party could never provide him with a congenial home. His failure to make that mark in Parliamentary life to which his talents entitled him—though due in no small measure to his own peculiar idiosyncrasy—was also attributed by some of them to the jealousy he had excited in the Conservative ranks, and they hoped that better fortunes might attend him now that he had formally allied himself with the opposite party.

Writing to him from Liverpool, January 4th, 1848, Eliot Warburton said—

> I have to thank you for a very pleasant letter. I got it as I was going to dine with Lord Clarendon, where the intelligence of your secession to the Johnian faction excited great interest. I hope that now you are actually committed to a principle, you will do justice to your high talents and to your future.

But strong as was Milnes's desire to attain a position of influence in politics, no change in his political allegiance could affect the salient features of his character. As a Liberal he was precisely what he had been as a supporter of the Tory Government, full of enthusiastic impulses curbed by cynical reflections; always ready, as he observes in a letter I have just quoted, to show a delightful tolerance to his enemies, but unfortunately, also, always quick to see the weak points in the armour of his friends; a many-sided man with a keenness of vision and a catholicity of sympathy which made it absolutely impossible that he should ever sink into the mere partisan, or should ever hope to tread successfully the path of the seeker after office. Still, what he had to do he did with all his heart. His present function in life was to increase his stock of political knowledge, especially his knowledge of foreign affairs. The events of 1848, it need hardly be said, interested him intensely. It is unfortunate for the purposes of this biography that his friend and correspondent MacCarthy came over to England in this year for the purpose of being married, and that, consequently, there is a considerable break in the series of letters from which I have quoted so largely—

a blank which cannot be supplied from any other sources available for the purpose of this biography. We know, however, that no sooner had the flames of revolution appeared in Paris than Milnes set off to observe what was happening there for himself. In Paris he was found by Mr. Forster, who was also attracted to the spot, staying at Meurice's Hotel, "fraternising with everybody," and making himself equally at home in the salons of the Legitimists and the soirées of the Communists. It added, of course, immensely to his interest in the movements in Paris that he was on terms of personal intimacy with most of the leading men in the France of that day, from the King downwards. His curiosity was insatiable, and was in no degree limited by his likes or dislikes. There, as in London, he was eager to learn something, by personal intercourse, of the characters of all the men who had made themselves prominent; and in this pursuit of knowledge he had no scruples as to the personal reputation of those whom he invited to his table, or with whom he entered into the most close and confidential intercourse. But whilst he was thus absolutely free from prejudice in the search after knowledge, the reader must not suppose that he had no fixed views of his own on the great questions of right and wrong which were raised during the storm of 1848. His sympathies and his principles were as strong as they had ever been, and were all ranged on the side of Liberty. Much as he esteemed M. Guizot and the other bulwarks of the Orleanist régime, he had never felt satisfied with the monarchy of Louis Philippe, or

with the manner in which the King's Government controlled the destinies of France. He regarded, therefore, with something more than mere curiosity the re-establishment of the Republic. When in due time his old acquaintance of Gore House, his companion of many a social gathering, Prince Louis Napoleon, became President, his interest was still further accentuated, and he was eager to make use of his confidential friendship with the President in order to extend his acquaintance with men and affairs in the country. But when the crime of the 2nd of December was committed, and the Second Empire was founded upon a monstrous breach of all law, Milnes had no hesitation in showing on which side his sympathies lay. In spite of repeated invitations, it was years before he could bring himself to resume his old familiar relations with Napoleon III.,* and from that time until the ex-Emperor returned to England a broken and ruined exile, Milnes declined by any act or word of his to appear to condone the *coup d'état*. This, it need hardly be said, was a much heavier sacrifice on the part of such a man as Milnes than it would have been in the case of some men.

I have anticipated the course of my narrative in order to mention it here, because it is only right that those who may be inclined to smile at Milnes's never-tiring curiosity regarding men and affairs, should not

* Once, I believe, in his official capacity as Chairman of one of the sections of the 1867 Exhibition, he did attend a function at the Tuileries, but of the old private intercourse there was none for years.

fall into the mistake of supposing that his cosmopolitanism in interest and in sympathy had dimmed his perception of the great principles of truth and justice.

How far, indeed, this was from being the case, Milnes, as the reader will shortly learn, was soon to give proof by one of the ablest of the many productions of his facile and graceful pen. In the summer and autumn of 1848, however, deeply as he was interested in political affairs, he was turning his attention to a more serious piece of literary work than any which he had yet undertaken, apart from his poetry. This was his well-known edition of the "Life and Letters of Keats."

R. M. M. to Lady Galway.

March 3rd, 1848.

DEAREST HARRIETTE,—The King and Queen have arrived at Newhaven, near Brighton, in a packet Palmy sent for them. I saw the young Guizots to-day; they escaped with an English companion, and are taken in at friends of hers in Bryanston Square. The poor things were wonderfully cheerful, and did not seem to fear anything grave for their father, although, of course, they are extremely anxious, knowing nothing of him since the Duc de Broglie had hid him. The Duchess of Orleans and her discrowned child are gone to Germany. Everybody says the Government will last as long as Lamartine is there; beyond him is a fathomless abyss. Mademoiselle Guizot told me she saw the poor Queen's caps and bonnets carried on pikes through the streets. This is better than the heads of '91. My father told me to offer them to stay at Bawtry for the summer, which I shall do. Madame de Lieven, whom I call "the Founder of the Republic," has arrived at the Clarendon. What do you say to going with me to Paris at Easter?

MacCarthy is to be married on the 25th. My father has offered them Fryston for the honeymoon.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

September 29th, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND,—We have just had one of those autumnal summers (one of those Indian summers that old Gentz said Fanny Ellsler gave him) which turn the English year topsy-turvy. It is now over, and we are back to the old climate again. Since I left London I have been visiting about, but fell upon nothing worth sending so far as you, so you must suppose me just as you left me—neither better nor worse. My father has let Bawtry to a railway director, whose wife promises to take great care of the furniture, declaring that "'er 'ome is 'er 'obby." And all our squabbles about railway compensation promise to be soon at an end one way or another. I suppose we shall get to Fryston during the winter, and as the house is diminished by having unfurnished all the best rooms, my father will not feel himself so painfully over-housed as he always says he is there. Great European matters are still in a state of considerable fusion—in fact, there is what Bancroft complained of in Salisbury Plain, "a tottal want of settlement," Austria evincing the wonderful galvanic energy of old organisation in her huge dead body. I anticipate war. The Italian question is with France one of personal honour; a duel they must fight if they do not get satisfaction, however disagreeable or even unreasonable they think it. Austria has not the pluck to adopt the only great policy, that of declaring Lombardy and Venetia independent, under an Austrian prince, but goes on worrying and insulting the Italians as much as ever, and doing all she can to reconcile them with the Piedmontese. Rome is settling down, and has got a clever Minister in Rossi, Guizot's Minister of Public Instruction; and both the Sicilians and Neapolitans have suffered

so much in the siege of Messina that some terms may be arranged between them. How curious the internecine hatred of these two peoples is! Is it in the Saracenic blood in Sicily? Everybody is glad to have Gustave de Beaumont in London. When he first came, he spoke of the Republic *comme d'une mauvaise connaissance*, but now is more prudent. Louis Napoleon has taken his seat, and will soon, in all probability, achieve his own extinction. His policy would have been to have shammed ill till the election for President. Louis Blanc is in London, and has much pleased those who have seen him by his earnestness and absence of egoism. It was reported that he took refuge at Fryston, but I don't know him to speak to. The last political event is the death of Lord George Bentinck, who fell down in a spasm of the heart, and never moved again. There is a quantity of puff and froth about him in the papers, and he "may stand in bronze in some *protected* square," but he exercised no real influence over anything or anybody. He had a marvellous memory, but so had the learned pig, and I never saw in him a scintilla of statesmanship. D'Israeli alone will really regret him, both because he was fond of him, and made an excellent use for himself of the *ducality* of his friend. Among the blunders of my "Life of Keats" I find I have killed your Archdeacon Bailey, who is said to be thriving and prosperous. You never mentioned him to me, and in recounting all Keats's affectionate intercourse with him, I never thought of anything less than that he was alive and probably known to you. I think it was Tom Hood who told me he was dead. Let me know about him; he may be archidiaconised out of all his poetry and geniality. At the time Keats knew him at Oxford there must have been at least some good receptivity about him. Lord Elgin gives up Canada on account of his wife's health, and probably because he cannot manage the Government. I really cannot fancy who Lord Grey will send. I don't know a Grey who will go. Buller would be the man to send, but then the possible peerage must be exhausted first. Remember me most kindly to your wife, and let me hear from you all about yourself and your doings, and

don't write comments on stale English affairs as Colvile does. I see, you have had a little revolt—produced, I suppose, by your new scheme of taxation; I daresay with good reason.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

Alas! when Milnes next wrote to Ceylon the name of the old friend whom he had mentioned as fit for the Government of Canada was no longer to be counted among those of the living. I have already said something of the real union which existed between Charles Buller and Milnes, a union which dated from their early youth. Together they filled a conspicuous place in society, as colleagues rather than as rivals, and for Buller's genius Milnes always had a real reverence. The premature death of the former fell upon a large circle as a heavy and unexpected blow.

R. M. M. to Mrs. MacCarthy.

Dec. 4th, 1848.

DEAR MRS. MACCARTHY,—I can hardly answer your letter; I can do no more than say that your happiness will always add much to mine, and that if I have contributed to it I can be repaid in no other way. Let Charles go on prosperous and contented, and you with him, and I shall always feel that I have lived to some purpose, and that is no mean comfort in the troubles and tumults of life. By the same post as yours came a long interesting letter about Keats from Archdeacon Bailey. I know people cannot always be judged of by their letters (though they must be like them somehow), but he ought to be a good, genial man, with interest in books and art. Would you give him a line to say I will write to him by the next mail, and send him a copy of the book? Lord Grey has not behaved kindly to me about my cousin, and I shall take care to keep pretty clear

of the Colonial Office for the future. You will hear by this mail of Buller's death. It is an irreparable loss to me, for he was the single public man with whom I always sympathised, and who seemed to understand me—at least, as well as I did myself; and I feel so deeply what the country has lost in him, that all the banal public praise, and the comparisons with Lord Georges and Horners, make me only indignant. Macaulay's History is out this week. The extracts I have seen are very agreeable, and the book, apart from its judgments, will be most instructive. The press is certainly very vigorous against your rebellion and its repression, and I have seen no public defence, though one may have appeared. I should think some reduction of your present staff inevitable, and, as long as you are safe, desirable. You must cure yourself of a longing for society as well as you can. Read "Paul and Virginie" and "Atala." Remember all the disagreeable people you would be forced to meet and hold intercourse with; think of any *désagréments* you may have had in society; get up a right colonial backwoods kind of spirit. Look on Europe rather with pity than interest. Think of the Pope turned out of Rome, and you safe and comfortable under a pepper-tree. Your letters had now better come to 26, Pall Mall.

Believe me yours, with grateful and deep feeling,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

The close of 1848 found Milnes engaged in writing "A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne" on the events of the year, especially in relation to Great Britain. I have not hitherto presented to the reader any extracts from Milnes's numerous pamphlets and review articles, nor do I propose to interpolate here any lengthy quotations from his letter to Lord Lansdowne. It is, however, a striking and instructive production, not more admirable in the style in which it is written than in the

spirit which it evinces. English public opinion had fluctuated violently during that year of storm and revolution; and whereas at the outset there had been a widespread sympathy in this country with those who were fighting on the Continent against despotic rulers and oppressive institutions, "the swing of the pendulum" had brought about that which is apparently the inevitable reaction, and those who in the early part of the year had cheered the Liberal forces throughout Europe in their attacks upon the citadels of privilege were now heard still more loudly denouncing the excesses which had been committed in the name of Liberty, and demanding that English sympathy should be withdrawn from the revolutionary party, no matter under what circumstances that party had been called into existence. Milnes boldly took that which was unquestionably the unpopular side in his own circle, if not throughout the country, and in his letter to Lord Lansdowne set forth the reasons which made him feel that the Liberals of the Continent had not proved themselves unworthy of the sympathy of free England by the course of events in 1848. He condemned with severity the common temper of his fellow-countrymen with regard to foreign affairs.

Our disregard of the political condition of other nations [he wrote] is always liable to be proud, selfish, and unjust. At one moment we reprobate every disturbance of social order in foreign countries, just as if our own order and freedom had not been won by civil war, by resistance to power, and by the punishment of evil-doers in high places; at another we exhaust our indignation and scorn against the meanness and effeminacy of men who

submit to lie under the terror of brute force, or, still more, under the oppression of an alien rule, and justify the tyranny by the nature and the habits of a slave. Forgetful of our own ancestors, who in the field of battle, on the scaffold, in exile or captivity, have raised, stone by stone, the edifice of our civil life, we mock at the sacrifices, the labours, and the martyrdoms of other patriots who have not succeeded in realising at once all their hopes and aims, but whose blood and tears may be just as fruitful as those of our progenitors. Unconscious or careless of the many fortuitous circumstances and natural advantages to which we owe our independence and our blessings, we look with contempt on all other less-favoured nations, and, by a curious confusion of ideas, assume them to be incapable of freedom, simply because we do not see them free. And too often, thankless to Providence for all He has enabled us to do, we seem to regard the blessings of self-government as the special property of Englishmen, and the more safely secured to our possession in proportion as they are denied to the rest of mankind.

From this indignant protest against a spirit too common among Englishmen, Milnes proceeded to review the condition of the various countries in Europe which had during the year witnessed revolutionary risings, pointing out, not merely the excuses which could be offered for the tumults that had been witnessed, but the real good which had been left behind by the efforts of the revolutionary party, and the benefits which England was certain to derive from the spread of constitutional liberty upon the Continent. Above all, he was enthusiastic on behalf of Italy, and especially of those plains of Lombardy which he knew so well, and whose people he had learned to love in bygone years of exile.

It is said to be the intention of the Austrian Government

to make the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom a second Poland, to acquire the affections of the peasantry by confiscating the estates of many of the nobility, and to destroy the power of the middle class by reducing them as far as possible to the lowest level. It is hoped that thus Northern Italy may in time be denationalised, and that a race will grow up without passions and without memory. A savage and cruel process, but perhaps the only one possible if this abhorred authority is to be maintained. But the analogy is not sufficiently exact to render the experiment even as hopeful as that of the prototype. Poland is surrounded by enemies animated with all the bitterness of conscious injustice; Lombardy by compassionate, if not devoted, friends: the Poles have only found sympathy among men strange to their race, their language, and their habits; Lombardy finds sympathy with cognate nations to which she is bound by the common literature and common customs: Poland to the greater part of European travellers remains but a name; Lombardy is a familiar face to thousands of strangers, a highway of civilised Europe, and a delightful sojourn to the lovers of what is beautiful in Nature, in art, and in classic tradition. And France, whatever be her adventures in government, will not easily have so dulled her imagination or quenched her enthusiasm as to be unmoved by appeals to the deeds of Marengo and of Lodi, and to suffer an expiring nation at her very door to cry in vain for help and protection, not against the restraints of an orderly authority, but against fierce invaders intent upon her absolute destruction.

In these ardent words Milnes in part sought to repay the debt he owed for past love and kindness to the Northern Italians. Remembering that these words were written in 1848 (more than ten years before the freedom of Lombardy was finally achieved by the bayonets of French soldiers), they cannot but be regarded as proof of the prescience of the writer; nor ought he to be denied the credit due to one who, more

than twenty years before the unity of Italy was secured, could write as follows regarding it:—

To England the peaceful consolidation of Italy would bring nothing but advantage. It would open to our manufactures a market all but closed against us by high tariffs and annoying restrictions of every kind. The exportation of corn of the best quality would be quadrupled by good and quiet cultivation, and that of silk and oil considerably increased. Her naval and commercial power, commanding the two coasts, would stand in the way of all monopoly of force in the Mediterranean, and tend to preserve the liberty of the sea. At the same time, the completion of the Lyons Railroad will facilitate the access of travellers, and bring her within a week's easy journey. The pleasure-hunter should desire the true preservation of order in Italy by pacific means, as well as the advocate of liberty or humanity.

I need only further quote from this remarkable pamphlet a few lines in which, referring to the gloomy views entertained by M. Guizot (at that time an exile resident in a London suburb), Milnes declared that the form and name of the executive power in France might change, but that universal suffrage must remain. There is one striking passage in the pamphlet, in which Milnes paid a tribute of love and reverence to the memory of his friend Charles Buller, to whom he had submitted a draft of the letter shortly before his death.

I have dwelt at some length upon the pamphlet, because it not only excited much attention at the time of its appearance, but involved Milnes himself in personal controversies of an unusually acrimonious kind.

Dear Milnes [wrote Lord Brougham],—I am extremely obliged to you for your kind present. I have read it, and I do

not find any one word of it with which I can in the least degree concur. I do not at all deny the merit of your bold and hopeless attempt. I only mean to say it *is* desperate.

In a much more rational though not more characteristic spirit Guizot wrote to express his regret that he could not agree with Milnes's optimistic view of the results of the year of Revolution, but saying that he did not like to quarrel with a friend, that he had received so much kindness from Milnes he could only regard him with affection still, in spite of all differences of opinion.

Mr. Gladstone to R. M. M.

6, *Carlton Gardens, Feb.* 15*th*, 1849.

My dear Milnes,—I do not anticipate the arrival of a time when I shall fail to find much to agree with, and much to admire, in any work of yours. Generally, I have read your various tracts without any interruption whatever to these courses of feeling. I cannot quite say that to-day, for in the pamphlet which you have been so kind as to send me I find more than I can quite subscribe to of the inclination to undertake the function of setting all countries right whenever we think they go wrong; but I think that even if I assume myself to be right in this view, I should still refer this bias more to your admiration of Lord Palmerston than to an original error in your own judgment, which I usually find, in your similar publications, quite dispassionate and acute.

With renewed thanks,

Most sincerely yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

Carlyle's opinion of the pamphlet was much more unrestricted than that of Mr. Gladstone, although it

could hardly be expected that he would sympathise with many of the sentiments it contained. "If you see Milnes," said he to a friend, who forthwith conveyed the message to the author of the letter, "tell him it is the greatest thing he has yet done: earnest and grave, written in a large, tolerant, kind-hearted spirit, and, as far as I can see, saying all that is to be said on *that* matter."

In the opinion of Carlyle Jeffrey concurred with even greater enthusiasm. But, as I have said, it was not all honey that was offered to Milnes in return for his vigorous and brilliant criticism of our relations with Continental States. From many quarters adverse criticism as strenuous and far more bitter than that of Lord Brougham was poured upon him, and in one quarter the reviewer allowed himself a licence which went beyond the bounds of fair-play or of courtesy. The criticism to which I refer appeared in the form of a leading article in the *Morning Chronicle*. It was manifestly written—not for the purpose of discussing Milnes's opinions, which had at least been put forward in a grave and serious spirit not unworthy of the events to which they had reference—but in order that a series of personal wounds might be inflicted upon the author, who had frankly invited the judgment of the critics. Milnes was spoken of as a "professional jester," a "pantaloon," "whom we intend to expose before the public." "We intend to gibbet him," the writer went on, "in front of every country of which he has written, with universal ignorance and omniscient pretensions." The

article was one of a class now almost extinct: brutal in its invective, insolent in its sarcasm, and reckless in its disregard of the decencies of debate. It might have fallen fitly enough from the pen of some Grub Street hack of a former age; and if it had done so, Milnes might well have treated it with the contempt due both to the criticism and the critic. But hardly had this vehement attack made its appearance, than it became known to Milnes that it was not the work of some professional "Captain Bludyer," but of a man who up to that moment had professed to be a friend of his own, though in truth there had never been much sympathy between them—Mr. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford. Personal spite and jealousy must have risen to no common height in the breast of Mr. Smythe before it could have led him to indulge in conduct for which no canon of journalistic usage will afford any justification. Milnes, as the reader has seen, was one of the most sensitive of men. How acutely he himself felt unfair and unkindly criticism was again and again revealed to others by the almost tender sympathy which he showed with his own friends when they were the victims of attacks of this kind. So acutely did he feel the manner in which he had been treated, that he resorted to a mode of obtaining redress which had even then become obsolete in England. He challenged Mr. George Smythe, naming Mr. Eliot Warburton as his friend. Mr. Smythe empowered Captain Darrell to act on his behalf. Happily, the dispute terminated without bloodshed, Mr. Smythe making some kind of

apology for his wholly unprovoked attack upon Milnes. The following note, which lies before me as I write, gives the official version of the conclusion of an episode in Milnes's life which was altogether at variance with its ordinary tenor, but which his biographer cannot avoid introducing:—

A misunderstanding having arisen between Mr. Smythe and Mr. Milnes, Captain Darrell and Mr. Warburton were engaged in its arrangement, and express themselves satisfied that the affair has terminated with satisfaction and honour to both parties.

H. Darrell, Capt.
Eliot Warburton.

Army and Navy Club,
April 24th, 1849.

Eliot Warburton, it should be said, was not at all inclined to facilitate a settlement of the quarrel on any terms but those which his own principal insisted upon. He had an Irishman's love of fighting, and Milnes used to tell in after years of the keen disappointment of his friend when it became apparent that no duel would take place.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that the estrangement between Milnes and Smythe which was caused by the article in the *Morning Chronicle* was never removed.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

(?) *Jan.* 1849.

Foreign affairs are in a sadly distracted state. The French at Rome are odious to gods and men, having destroyed the Aurora of Guido, damaged St. Peter's and the Pantheon, and slaughtered some thousand Romans. The worst of this is that it places France almost necessarily in opposition to the Liberal

movement in Europe; and if the present reasonable and honest Cabinet are turned out we shall have a Thiers-Montalembert Government, capable of arousing civil war and throwing France back to 1780. The brutal Russian invasion of Hungary is looked on here with the most ignorant eyes, and the real enslavement of Austria which must follow it is altogether unforeseen. The Hungarians ought indeed to have stuck to the constitutional fiction, "it is to defend His Majesty that we against him fight," and then there would have been no pretence to confound this great national movement with the democratic rise of the rest of the world. I am intending no long absence from England this year. Eliot Warburton has got somebody to lend him a château in Switzerland, and I may spend a quiet month with him, and a week or two with De Tocqueville if the present Government remains in. Lord Brougham makes a regular attack on Palmerston's policy on Friday next, the issue of which is doubtful, as all but vital questions will be in the Lords with any Liberal Government, till enough Peers are made to bring the two Houses into harmony. . . . I am yours affectionately,

R. M. MILNES.

The present chapter may fitly conclude with some extracts from Milnes's Commonplace Book for the years 1848 and 1849, in which some of his gleanings —first in Paris, and subsequently among his French friends in exile in London—will be found recorded. As before, I prefer to give these extracts in Milnes's own words, brief and fragmentary as his sentences often are, rather than elaborate them myself.

Extracts from Commonplace Book.

THIERS'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR OF FEBRUARY.

Molé told the King about midnight he could not form a Government (he had applied to Thiers to help him); barricades

were everywhere. Thiers was walking in his garden about 2, when an aide-de-camp fetched him. They got to the palace by going round about. The King was all but rude to him, asked him, "Avez-vous des Ministres?" Thiers said he must name some he feared His Majesty would not like, Barrot and Duvergier. The King said, "Je m'y attendais," and ordered it to be placarded that these were His Ministers. Owing to the barricades, the police were unable to do this. When B. and D. came, they insisted on the troops being withdrawn. Thiers asked Bugeaud how many there were. 27,000 effectives in all Paris, but not above 17 under arms; 4,000 in the Carrousel and Place de la Concorde; none with more than 10 rounds of cartridges, and no food or straw for the horses to rest on. The Duc de Montpensier said he had sent for some ammunition to Vincennes, forgetting that the road lay through the Faubourg St. Antoine, where they must all be taken (they should have been sent by the Seine). The King spent two hours in discussing the question of the dissolution, and the Duc de Nemours got it from him at last. On the doors of the Queen's apartment opening, Thiers saw Guizot there with the Queen, and the King kept going in to him. Thiers refused to dismiss Bugeaud, but consented that an order should be sent to the troops to cease firing, and to retire on the Tuileries to protect it. *This the troops did not obey*, but gave up their muskets to the people, and walked off. As the popular furore increased (for Thiers could only get a short way from the barricades, but was well received wherever he went, the people crying, "Prenez garde, M. Thiers, le Roi vous trompe") ——— came in, and told Thiers he must retire; he did not go far enough. The King said, "No, I won't have M. Thiers leave me." T. insisted, and an ordinance was made out creating Barrot President of the Council. The King said, "Envoyez chercher Guizot pour qu'il le signe," when there was a general *huée*. Soon after, a number of young men came in and told T. the King must abdicate. The Princes came up, and they told them the same thing. The Duc de Nemours went into the King's cabinet, and said, "Sire, le moment de notre sacrifice est

arrivé. Il faut que vous abdiquiez et pour vous et pour moi. Je ne suis plus populaire que vous." The King took it well, and went into the Queen's room, where there was a great scene and resistance. The Queen came out, and spoke bitterly to Thiers, with a *seconde pensée* to the Duchesse d'Orléans, as if they had been together in the plot. Thiers had before advised that the King should retire with all the troops he could get to St. Cloud, and there *parlementer*. He said, "Non, Vincennes." "Vincennes est une prison, une souricière. À St. Cloud vous serez libre." The King abdicated with great dignity, refusing to hurry himself. Thiers went down into the Place, and was walking there with Bugeaud when the King went away.

Thiers saying the great fault of all, on the part of the King, was allowing the agitation to get to that height. The next was, the want of military preparation and munition. The third, the constant change of Government in the last moments, which made all united and consequent action impossible.

Louis Philippe saying, "La meilleure camisole de force pour un Français, c'est l'uniforme."

Louis Philippe, speaking of society in England, "here everything is so well riveted."

The Queen of the French praying so much in her flight that Louis Philippe said he was obliged to be crying out, "Mrs. Smith, on ne prie pas tant en voyage."

Louis Philippe saying, "A National Guard is like a tree in a flower-pot; it looks very pretty till it grows, and then it breaks the pot—that is, the country—to pieces."

Garnier Pages, the Priest of the Republic.

Louis Philippe of Ireland, "C'est une maladie incurable, mais jamais mortelle."

Pierre Leroux recommending that no man should have a vote in France who paid *above* 200 fr. of *impôt*.

Man at Barbès's Club declaiming against the desecration of the Trees of Liberty by the touch of and presence of the Clergy.

The only nervousness Lamartine showed in the affair was

when, after seventy-two hours of struggle without sleep, he threw himself on his bed, and asked his wife to watch by him for two hours, as he then could sleep calmly; which he did, and rose quite fresh again.

I to Prince Charles, "Vous autres Français vivez par instinct." "Comme les chiens qui quelquefois s'enragent."

Louis Philippe to me at Clermont, May 27th, "I have nothing now to look to but the long run."

Prince Metternich told me he had prepared for every possible combination except one, that of a Liberal Pope. Driven out of his house in Eaton Square by an Irish family next door playing, "Pio Nono" and "Mourir pour la patrie" all day.

Carlyle on Louis Philippe—"Louis Philippe, that Royal Ikey Solomon—that Ikey Basilica."

Guizot, at Stafford House, speaking of the political security of England, Madame de Liéven from the other end of the table, "That is precisely what you said to me the day before the Revolution." M. Guizot going on to say that it was singular that the country with the most liberty should be the only one to escape a revolution. "You forget Russia," said Madame Liéven. M. Guizot replying that it was still more singular that the two countries—the most and the least free—should have escaped. "Ce qui montre combien était pitoyable votre politique du juste milieu."

Prince Metternich vindicating to me the Galician massacres, on the plea that the Polish nobles were about to massacre the Austrian Beamte, who only saved themselves and the country by rousing the peasants and using them as a defence. He allowed that money had been given for persons brought in, but said this was done to save their lives, the offer being so much for each man alive, but that in some cases the peasants misunderstood this. He excused the small number of troops by the secrecy of the conspiracy, which quite imposed upon the Archduke.

In Lord Malmesbury's "Recollections of an Ex-Minister" there is a passage recounting his first meeting

with the Orleans family at Claremont, after their arrival in this country, which reflects somewhat seriously upon Milnes's tact. Lord Malmesbury represents Milnes as talking to the King, and informing him that serious doubts were cast upon the courage of the Duc de Nemours; whereupon the dethroned monarch sprang to his feet in a state of great excitement, wringing his hands and exclaiming, "This is the last stroke, the last stroke!" It would have been strange indeed for a man in whom the sympathetic temperament predominated as it did in Milnes to have so far forgotten what was due to the King's misfortunes as thus to wound him by a thoughtless word in his hour of greatest depression. I cannot, however, enter into a controversy with a dead man; but against Lord Malmesbury's narrative of what he supposed occurred I can place the following extract from Milnes's "Commonplace Book," written at the time, describing that which actually did happen.

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE ORLEANS FAMILY AT CLAREMONT, MARCH 22ND.

The King saying he was glad to see me there or in a cottage. The Queen crying, and pointing to him, "Il méritait un meilleur sort;" of her children, "Si bons, si dévoués à la France." The King returning from his *triste promenade*, where the National Guard had insulted him, and the bayonets grazed his horse's neck, finding Thiers (who had said, "Je reponds de tout") overwhelmed, and saying, "Sire, I am done," the King answering, "Mon cher ami, je vous l'ai toujours dit." The King refusing, with violence, to abdicate in favour of the Duchesse d'Orléans. "Je ne veux rien faire contre la loi. J'abdique; c'est à la Chambre de décider qui sera regent—pas à moi."

Nemours leaving his wife to go with the rest, and remaining alone to attend the Duchesse d'Orléans to the Chamber, and, if necessary, resign in her favour. His cold and perfect courage unlike his brothers, who, though brave, are full of passion and sympathy.

This statement, which so completely disposes of Lord Malmesbury's story, is confirmed by the Dowager Lady Galway, who was herself present at the interview with the royal family.

These extracts from Milnes's note-book for that stormy epoch in Continental history may fitly close with one or two reflections of his own, jotted down at the same time, and evidently inspired by the events which had just passed before his eyes.

It is since I have seen the governors of mankind, and what they are in comparison with the governed, that I have become Republican: now that the superiorities of the distance have vanished, how can I do otherwise than acknowledge that humanity is nearly a plane?

It is of necessity that the political far-seer should be looked on as a visionary, and his sight declared to be a delusion, for if it were not so, he would see no further than other people.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE.

Thackeray—"Going to see a Man hanged"—Charlotte Brontë in London—Milnes in Paris—Dines with Louis Napoleon—Sayings of Carlyle—Accident to Rogers—Death of Sir Robert Peel—The Papal Aggression—Engagement to Miss Crewe—Friendship with the Palmerstons—Marriage—Wedding-Trip—Fryston Described—Its Many Visitors—Death of Eliot Warburton—16, Upper Brook Street—Hospitalities—Friendship with Miss Nightingale—Correspondence with Mrs. Gaskell.

Among the many cherished friendships which Milnes had formed in the literary world, that which united him to Mr. Thackeray deserves a word of special mention. There was something in the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" which was peculiarly acceptable to Milnes, and the latter entertained for the great novelist an admiration of no ordinary kind. Their personal acquaintance, as the reader has seen, began when they were both very young men; and it was maintained, with only those occasional breaks which seem to be inevitable in the lives of men actively engaged in the various occupations of London society, until Thackeray's death in 1863.

The correspondence between them speaks of long years of close and affectionate intimacy, not altogether without occasional breaks, due to the temperaments of both men, but never seriously affected by these rare differences. "Dear Milnes," writes Thackeray at a very early stage in their acquaintance, when the great

novelist was living in Paris, "the young Chevalier is arrived, and to be heard of at the Bedford Hotel in Covent Garden, or at the Garrick Club, King Street. He accepts breakfasts—and dinners still more willingly." There is no signature to this note, but, instead of signature, there is, on the opposite page, a sketch from the masterly pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in which Thackeray depicts himself in the costume of the period—bell-shaped hat, high collar, velvet stock, and closely-buttoned frock-coat, on the breast of which glitters an immense star. Many of his letters to Milnes are decorated by similar sketches. As for the dinners and breakfasts which Thackeray was "willing to accept," they were not to be counted. When, after his marriage, Milnes was enabled to keep a record of the guests at his table, there was hardly any name which figured more frequently in it than that of the author of "Vanity Fair."

They did not always, however, meet merely for pleasant social intercourse in club or dining-room. Most persons have probably read Thackeray's inimitable account of his "Going to see a Man Hanged." X——, the member of Parliament who accompanied him to the execution he describes—that of Courvoisier—was Milnes; and here are two little notes which bear upon this rather unpleasant engagement:—

Coram Street, June 2nd.

My dear Milnes,—I shall be very glad to make one at the hanging, and shall expect you here. Yours ever,

W. M. T.

My dear Milnes,—You must not think me inhospitable in refusing to sit up. I must go to bed, that's the fact, or I never shall be able to attend to the work of to-morrow properly. If you like to come here and have a sofa, it is at your service; but I most strongly recommend sleep as a preparative to the day's pleasures.

Yours ever,

W. M. Thackeray.

The novelist was a frequent and an honoured guest at Fryston. After his death his host was wont to tell how, on his last visit to the place, a mighty tree—the pride of the woods—was overthrown during a furious gale of wind, and how, when Thackeray saw the fallen monarch on the following morning, he shook his head gloomily, and murmured, half to himself, "An omen! an omen!" Again and again, on many different occasions, Milnes tried to befriend Thackeray in different ways, and in the year with which I am now dealing (1849) he strove to secure for him one of the London magistrateships which then fell vacant.

Mr. Thackeray to R. M. M.

You are a good and lovable adviser and M.P., but I cannot get the Magistrate's place, not being eligible. I was only called to the Bar last year, and they require barristers of seven years' standing. Time will qualify me, however, and I hope to be able to last six years in the literary world; for though I shall write, I dare say, very badly, yet the public won't find it out for some time, and I shall live upon my past reputation. It is a pity, to be sure. If I could get a place and rest, I think I could do something better than I have done, and leave a good and lasting book behind me; but Fate is overruling. I have written to thank L. for his kind letter, and to beg him to remember me if

any opportunity occurs of serving me. I wonder whether Lord Palmerston could? But I would rather be in London. Thank you for thinking of me, and believe that I am grateful.

Always yours, dear Milnes,

W. M. THACKERAY.

It was towards the close of this year (1849) that Thackeray made the acquaintance of one who was at once the most ardent admirer of his genius, and his most formidable rival in the art of fiction, Charlotte Brontë. The world has heard the story of how the "austere little Joan of Arc" went up to London to reveal her identity to her publishers, and how the secret of her authorship having been hitherto successfully concealed, she made the personal acquaintance of Thackeray towards the close of 1849. Milnes, as befitted a loyal Yorkshireman, was immensely interested by the fact that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" had been discovered under the humble roof of a West Riding parsonage; he was eager to make Miss Brontë's acquaintance, and during the too brief remainder of her life he showed himself to be her constant friend. Nor, as the reader will presently learn, did his active friendship cease at her death. The many who have taunted Milnes because of his passion for making the acquaintance of people of genius have overlooked the fact, proved in innumerable instances, that the interest and friendship which the genius had aroused was extended to his or her friends and connections. Many a widow and many an orphan had occasion to be thankful that the husband

or father had during his lifetime excited the admiration of Milnes. Years after the death of Charlotte Brontë we find him trying to smooth the path of her father, and to secure preferment in the Church for her husband.

I am speaking now, however, of the year 1849, which first saw Charlotte Brontë's entrance into the literary society of London. Before me as I write is a little note penned in the beautiful hand of Thackeray upon a card, which in its interest is not surpassed by any other letter among the many thousands left behind him by Milnes.

MY DEAR MILNES [it runs],—Miss Brontë dines here to-morrow at 7. If you are by any wonder disengaged, do come to

Yours truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

The invitation is dated, "13, Young St. Tuesday." It is, alas! the only record that remains of a meeting, the interest of which it would be hard to exaggerate.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

March 6th, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND,—The general tone of your letters is very comfortable. I really see no pecuniary difficulties that you may not get over in a couple of years; and if you keep your health all will go well. I have no doubt that your appointment will come before the Committee; and as the Peelites, who have got the Committee, are not particular friends of mine, it is as well that I should appear in the matter as little as possible. The news from India is frightful,* and I trust may have no echo

* The Sikh war was then going on.

in your valleys. Lord Galway's youngest brother is severely wounded, and we are in deep anxiety about him. Foreign affairs are thickening. Russia, hitherto so quiet, has begun to move, and has demanded the passage of the Dardanelles, which is the next thing to the possession of Stamboul. The position is critical. My brochure has had some success—at least, as shown by objections and abuse. I am writing a sort of supplement to it in the *Edinburgh*. Peel has made a great speech, proposing the re-settlement of Ireland by the Government. It was very ill taken by the House, but will command great attention in the country. There is but one impression against Gough (Commander-in-Chief in India). Every letter from the Army confirms it. There is also a strong feeling respecting Lord Hardinge's settlement of the Punjaub. People ask, Why were they allowed to rise again to this height of power?

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

R. M. M. to Mrs. MacCarthy.

26, *Pall Mall, May 19th*, 1849.

Dear Mrs. MacCarthy,—Your kind letters have deserved a speedy answer, but I can assure you I had every intention of writing by the last mail, and was only prevented by a disagreeable accident. I hope by this time Charles is returned from his tour, which will be most useful to him before he enters on his Tennent-right.* Indeed, it seems to me to be a great scandal that the officials of the Island have so rarely visited its remoter parts; and I hope to hear that Charles will repeat his tour, and make himself thoroughly master of the habits, manners, and motives of the out-of-the-way natives. Your father will tell you what has passed in the Committee, and I really think there is every probability that the Colonial Office will come out of it

* MacCarthy had been appointed Secretary in the Government of Ceylon in succession to Sir James Emerson Tennent.

without reproach of any kind. The public attention is so fixed for the moment on Canada that nothing else is likely to excite much interest, although the excitement seems to me to be of a low and temporary character; more like the Porteous row, or Lord George Gordon's riots, than the harbinger of civil war. Lord Stanley will make all he can of the case, even at the risk of increasing the colonial fury; but, I hope, without success. Lady Grey told Lord Elgin's sisters that eggs were not dignified missiles, but much safer than bullets; and as the Colonial Office will stand by Lord Elgin, he can stand his insulted waistcoat.

I am delighted that my Roman friends are showing a little energy in deeds as well as words. Nothing can be stupider than General Oudinot's advance on Rome. It was done with the blindest French vanity and disregard of the feelings of other men; it was the worst gate he could attack at—both from the narrow street on the other side, and because every cannon-ball must run the risk of injuring St. Peter's or the Vatican. The feeling against the temporal Government of the Pope seems, to my great surprise, to be quite unanimous, including the old fanatics on the other side of the Tiber. The return of prelatic Government seems really impossible under any circumstances, and a military occupation by any foreign Power will only hoard up vengeance and disgust. The Italians spoil their case sadly in Northern esteem by their comical bombast, their bulletins about Brennus and the Gauls, and their vaunts of eating everybody up, horses and all. Venice still holds out, and the embarrassment of the Austrian Government, with all their Russian assistance, makes me really hope that it may realise after all a certain independence. The foolish-wise King of Prussia fancies that all will be right in Germany if he can get the kings to offer a Liberal Constitution, whereas it is exactly the contrary. Whatever they propose (except their own abdications) is received with anger and hatred, and takes no root in the country. Things are more improbable than the renewal of the Federation of the Rhine, and the disruption of the Prussian kingdom by the proceedings of its dilettante king. I met Mrs. Eastlake at

dinner lately, and she spoke of the great pleasure her sister had had in finding such a colonial companion as you. I own I cannot realise to myself that English people in a colony should not feel so strongly their mutual dependence for agreeable life as to prevent them from falling into such unreasonable squabbling and jealousy as you describe. I suppose our unsocial national character comes out to great disadvantage, for I have seen and heard how pleasantly French people get on in similar circumstances. I am sure the real remedy must be to get as many local interests as possible, and to depend as little as one can on the excitement of the bi-monthly mail. I dare say this is fine talking, which I should be the last to practise myself; but surely the condition of the people, and the relation of the English Government towards them, must open a great field for something more than the gratification of curiosity, and there must be some use for your many talents in the really important position you now hold.

I went to Paris at Easter with Count D'Orsay, who is now a sort of Chamberlain to the President. I dined with my old London friend Louis Napoleon, who did not seem at all to enjoy his high state, but to be quite *affaissé* with work and anxiety. With the exception of one or two spurts of hasty will, he has been acting as a very good constitutional King, supporting his Ministers courageously, and giving them every chance. Nothing but some strange blunder can overturn him. The Legitimists will not be so numerous in the new Assembly as was expected, and the leading Democrats and Socialists will all be returned. I think this is all right, as I am sure dangerous politicians are safest in the walls of a political assembly. We do not know how much of our peace of last year we owe to having Fergus O'Connor in the House of Commons.

Macaulay's success has been enormous; indeed, such as to convince one his book cannot be worth much—that is, in a high sense, for in a low one his two volumes have got him £10,000. A young officer said to me, "That is what I call a history. We took five copies at our depôt." Thackeray is winning great

social success, dining at the Academy, Sir R. Peel's, &c. I doubt whether he will be much the happier for it, though I think people generally are the better for satisfied vanity. A bomb has fallen into the midst of the religious world in the shape of a book called "The Nemesis of Faith," by a brother of Froude, the dead Puseyite. It is a sort of religious, anti-religious Wilhelm Meister, and balances itself between fact and fiction in an uncomfortable manner, though with great ability, and has caused the poor man to lose his Fellowship and a college in Van Dieman's Land, and to fall into utter poverty. We call ourselves a free people, and what slaves of opinion we are after all! Brougham said the other day, "The Apostles would have had no chance against the *Times*." There was a great rumour of a change or modification of Government about the Navigation Laws. I think the latter would have been the more probable. I was sorry that the House of Lords again degraded itself by not voting as the Peers thought. Stanley did all he could to inspire them, but the Fabian Duke succeeded in checking his zeal; and a proxy majority, which cannot be repeated in the Committee, saved the Government. The Bishop of Oxford brings forward an Anti-Slavery movement, which will, in all probability, be carried, but will not affect the ultimate success of the Bill.

My family are pretty well; my sister in town, bringing out a young sister-in-law; my aunts at Torquay, and my father at Fryston. He has had a considerable sympathy with Hudson, on whose head has fallen, most unjustly, all the crash of the bad railway system. Hudson has done exactly what the shareholders all the time intended him to do, and which plan, if it had succeeded in making the branch lines remunerative, would have been regarded as a measure of courageous prudence, but which, having failed, is now called swindling. The truth is, it was neither one nor the other, but merely gambling; and the shareholders, having lost, are now kicking over the table and knocking down the croupier.

The Exhibition is an interesting one. A dead lion, by

Landseer, is appropriately hung between Guizot and Metternich. There is a Webster as good as Wilkie, and the portrait of a boy, by B——, which is Gainsborough without his powdered mannerism. Jenny Lind's marriage is again deferred. She cannot make up her mind to marry a very good, good-looking, infinitely stupid man she has engaged herself to, and at the same time has not the cruelty to throw him over; so she goes to Paris, to Mrs. Grote, for a month or two, when she is to give her final decision. She really dislikes the stage, and does not seem to like anything else. We are to have Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which is laboriously grand, with *my* genius, Viardot, later in the season. I will write to Archdeacon Bailey by this mail. Pray tell him I am exceedingly obliged by his letters and presents—a most kind return for my literary homicide. The most singular event of the moment is the large number of the French army which have voted for the Socialists. Cobden says, "The extinguisher is catching fire, and they will be obliged to look for some other material for that article."

I must tell you what happened about your letter and a somnambulist at Paris. I took it just as received, unopened, to her, and directly she took it she said, "Je vois deux personnes, un monsieur et une dame." She described you both very well, and, after thinking some time, said you had been lately married. Then said MacCarthy would have a brilliant career, &c., and a good deal of commonplace. But the detection of the two letter-writers, which I did not know myself, was curious. . . . Lord Palmerston comes well out on the Sicilian papers, which show clearly that we were asked to interfere, and did not do it out of any meddling spirit. The Roman Government have just sent an envoy here, and I don't know what Exeter Hall will say about our meddling to restore the Pope.

Yours very truly,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

Milnes about this time seems to have seen a great deal of Carlyle, and his notebooks contain many quota-

tions from the vigorous speeches of which the author of "Sartor Resartus" was in the habit of delivering himself. A few of them will well bear repetition.

Extracts from Commonplace Book.

Sayings of Carlyle.

"Voltaire's 'Ecrasez l'Infame' had more religious earnestness in it than all the religions of nowadays put together."

"If Christ were to come to London now, He would not be crucified. Oh no! He would be lionised, asked out to dinner to hear the strange things He had got to say, and the bettermost people would wonder that a man who could be so sensible on some points should be so foolish on others, would wish He were a little more practical, and so on."

"Conversation with Ranké is like talking to a rookery."

Cameron showing us an idealised portrait of Schiller, Carlyle merely said, "He was a man with long red hair, aquiline nose, hollow cheeks, and covered with snuff."

"Charles Knight makes of himself a terrible ladle of twaddle to mankind."

"I know no guilt like that of incontinent speech. How long Christ was silent before He spoke! and how little He then said!"

"Harriet Martineau in her sick-room writes as if she were a female Christ, saying, 'Look at me; see how I am suffering!'"

"If Beelzebub were to appear in England, he would receive a letter from the Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum, as Eugene Sue did, requesting the honour of his interesting company, and venturing to hope for an address."

"Keats is a miserable creature, hungering after sweets which he can't get; going about saying, 'I am so hungry; I should so like something pleasant.'"

"Shelley is always mistaking spasmodic violence for strength. I know no more urned books than his. It is like the writing of

a ghost, uttering infinite wail into the night, unable to help itself or any one else."

"Never write what you can say, and never say what you can write."

"Cobden is an inspired bagman, who believes in a calico millennium. He is always praising America to me. I said to him, 'What have the Americans done but beget, with unexampled rapidity, twenty millions of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?'"

"Poor Guizot! There he sat in his garret, full of high thought and fine theories, and visited sometimes by divine lights, and then comes the devil and tempts him with Secretaryships of State and Presidency of the Council, and such like, and leads him on and on into lies, and filth, and darkness, and then all at once lets him go, and down he falls into infinite night. I quite approve of Carnot not wanting education for Parliamentary men. He will thus get fewer of the inane, conceited, sniggering apes of the Dead Sea we have in ours."

"I cannot stand Disraeli trying to force his Jewish jackasseries on the world."

It need hardly be said that the Commonplace Books are by no means confined to the sayings of Carlyle. I find in the volume from which I have quoted numerous records of the conversations of Guizot, Bulwer, King Louis Philippe, De Tocqueville, Grote, Pusey, Spedding, Thackeray, Lord Morpeth, Bunsen, Macaulay, Charles Buller (alas! his last appearance in any of the volumes), Tennyson, Sir David Brewster, Professor Airy, Whewell, and others too numerous to be named. The list shows the variety, as well as the extent, of Milnes's friendships. Nor are these Commonplace Books without a distinct value as casting light upon his character and the influences which surrounded

him at various periods in his career. Thus at the time when Milnes was feeling most keenly the mortification of being passed over in favour of Mr. Smyth by Sir Robert Peel, he is found noting the advice given to him by Carlyle. "It seems to me," said the great author, "that the chief thing for you to do as regards Peel, is to look clearly into yourself, and try and find out what it was that prevented him promoting you as you seem to have deserved." Probably the best advice that was ever given to any man under such circumstances.

Again, in these volumes Milnes allows the reader to perceive the readiness with which he himself acknowledged his faults. If a story or a smart saying tells against himself, he records it just as readily as though it told against an enemy or a friend. There were many who criticised his foibles; there was no one who perceived them more clearly than himself. As, for example:—

Lady Harriet Baring* to me, on some one saying I had accepted a Colonial appointment: "I hope not; we shall have no one to show us what we ought *not* to do and say."

Again, among his own sayings, which he constantly records in these books, just as he records the sayings of others, we come across such revelations of the real man as may be found in sentences like this:—

You complain that you are misunderstood and misrepresented. Why, the chief difficulty in life for any man worth anything is to get himself in any way understood, and his daily business is to live down misrepresentation.

* Lady Ashburton.

During the summer and autumn of 1849 Milnes was engaged in writing in the reviews upon the state of Europe, replying to the critics who had attacked the opinions expressed in his pamphlet, and at the same time dealing with one of those questions of social life which had so great an interest for him—the reformation of juvenile offenders. He was not satisfied with the political condition of the country. When he severed the last links that bound him to the Conservative party, he gave free sway to the Liberal instincts that were strong within him, and pressing forward with ardour in the new path he had entered he soon found that he was threatening to distance the associates whom he had now joined. The condition of Ireland, for example, was a question upon which his opinions were as much in advance of those of the Whigs as they had been in advance of those of the Conservatives. He felt the miseries of that portion of the United Kingdom as profoundly as he had felt the sufferings of Italy.

Writing to MacCarthy, August 17th, 1849, he says:—

The Queen's reception in Ireland has been idolatrous, utterly unworthy of a free, not to say ill-used, nation. She will go away with the impression it is the happiest country in the world, and doubt in her own mind whether O'Connell or Smith O'Brien ever existed.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Woburn, 17th (? Dec., 1849).

Dear Friend,—A merry Christmas to you in the cinnamon woods, merrier than it is to much of England, which is in a state of panic and anger that I have hardly yet seen. There

must be the sort of convulsion in the agriculture of the greater part of England that there was in the monied interests in the autumn of '47. Farms are thrown on the landlords' hands; labourers discharged; fat beasts sold for the price they were bought lean; and so on. You may conceive what this position is as a beginning to persons mortgaged for at least half their rent-roll; and if it is to go on, and Californian gold were to flow in faster, I really anticipate frightful ruin wherever there is not both capital and ability. The Session promises to be of the stormiest, and the first onslaught will be on Lord Grey. Perhaps a real tip-top man would sacrifice himself to his party, but he is much more likely to drag down Russell with him, out of the chivalrous spirit which Johnny inherits from his acephalous ancestor.* I cannot think much can be made out of your case. Indeed, if properly managed, Tennent's evidence might blow up the whole Committee. Everything would depend upon his being the first witness, and having his facts up incontestably. Lord John is not here, but the house is a sort of focus of political gossip, a grand repertorium of mares' nests. Sir Robert Peel's visit here grew into a coalition at once, and every day has its dissolution. The great Stafford [Mr. Augustus Stafford] has not descended from Ireland, but, like Lord Clarendon, writes most gloomily; he thinks the coming winter more distressful than the two preceding. The Poor Law is devouring the land. With my Communistic *velléité* I never liked the application of the *droit de travail*—or, rather, I would have made it a real right of work. Carlyle, in *Fraser*, proposes to re-enslave the negroes in the West Indies, and would do the same for Ireland if he could. The Continent is also looking gloomy. Austria and Prussia are apparently ready for collision, but it won't come yet. Bunsen says that Prussia will at the very least acquire the rest of Silesia and Bohemia as the issue of hostilities, but yet will defer them as long as possible. Austria again talks with a confidence quite inexplicable, considering her distracted populations and her paper money. As to the latter,

* William Lord Russell.

specie has totally disappeared; and thus there is nothing substantial to compare the paper with. This paper is taken for taxes, and is issued in great profusion; so that if the bullionists are at all right, there must be a crash some day soon, like that of the assignats. The President [Louis Napoleon] is trying a mild personal government. The Constitution, by making him responsible, gives him duties to perform, and these he has hitherto respectably performed. He is less terrified by Socialism than other French public men, and thus may succeed better against it. Rogers has been here—very cross and very much petted. He stumps about most wonderfully, and has lately had the gratification of the deaths of several old people younger than himself. I shall take an interest in your child when it gets into flower, about four years old, hardly before.

With kind regards to your wife,

Yours affectionately,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

Rogers' placid enjoyment of life, and of his superiority to the ordinary infirmities of mankind, was not destined to last very long. A few months after writing the foregoing letter Milnes, addressing the same correspondent, says:—

Poor Rogers has broken the socket of his thigh. Old bones hardly knit together, it is doubtful whether a short crippled life is worth his having. He is quite easy in his mind, and not the less so because Luttrell is dying too. We have got some pleasant Americans in town; but, generally, society is dullish. Prescott is most pleasing, so much fresher and more genial than our "Gelehrte." He dined with Peel the other day, who took him for Scribe, who was to dine there too, and, addressing him in frightful French, complimented him on the success of his opera.

The spring of 1850 saw Milnes once more in Paris, anxious to see for himself as much as possible of the results of the Revolution. The President, still guiltless

of the *coup d'état*, showed him much attention; and even went so far as to write to him confidentially on the subject of the relations of the two countries. But older friends of Milnes than Prince Napoleon exercised their influence upon him; and the result of his visit was to impress him strongly with the unsatisfactory prospects of the country under a ruler whose ambition, though carefully concealed, was apparently insatiable.

His friendship with M. Guizot had been increased rather than diminished during Guizot's stay in England, in spite of their difference of opinion with regard to the general drift of affairs on the Continent, and at the beginning of the year he received the following letter from him:—

Paris, Jan. 29th, 1850.

My dear Mr. Milnes,—I have had the pleasure of twice seeing Mr. Christie. I would have willingly done my best to make his stay in Paris agreeable, but when I sent to his lodgings to tell him that he would always find some people at my house on Tuesday evenings, I found he was no longer staying at that place. I do not know whether he had left Paris, or simply changed his lodgings. You have been so kind to me in London that I should much like to do something for friends of yours when they come to Paris. Won't you come yourself to see a little during the Easter holidays? Although we may do nothing, we are sufficiently curious to look at. The Assembly and the President mutually paralyse each other. The President has not in the least lost his wish to become Emperor; but his ambition is all at once arrested before a couple of possibly insurmountable obstacles. He has no majority which will accept him, and no army to proclaim him in spite of—or in the absence of—such a majority. On the other side, the Assembly has no other President to exchange for the present, and is not in a condition to look for any other combination. Everybody is

condemned to the *status quo*, and no one will try to move until the last extremity, when it will be necessary to move or to perish. Either revolution or forced inaction is the actual lot of my poor country. I was very sad when I watched it from abroad; I am still sadder now that I am here. I find my friends not sufficiently agitated, and too much discouraged. I should like to see more of alarm and less despondency. Austria and Prussia are calling upon France to unite with them in order to suppress in Switzerland, amicably or by force, the revolutionary fire which German, Italian, and French refugees incessantly feed. To concur, to leave alone, to obstruct, or to concur professedly whilst taking steps to check the other Powers; between these four courses the Government here hesitates, and the business may easily become very grave. I am not troubling myself at all about your forthcoming Session; you will attend to your own affairs very wisely, and you will leave the Continent to arrange hers as it will. You will not even trouble yourself to ascertain if your words or actions aggravate or not in other States the existing disturbance and anarchy. Adieu, my dear sir. I have given orders that you shall receive my work on the "History of the Revolution in England," which is about to appear here and in London. You will find me very anti-revolutionary. That is because I am resolved to remain a Liberal. With all good wishes from myself and my family,

Believe me

Yours sincerely,

GUIZOT.

Kindly remember me, I beg you, to your father and your sister.

A. de Tocqueville to R. M. M.

Paris, April 13th, 1850.

I must write and thank you, my dear Milnes, for the kind letter you wrote to Madame de Tocqueville. She would have liked to do so herself, as you may suppose, but is prevented by having been ill in bed some days. Our house, my dear friend,

has been an abode of sadness for the last six months. When the wife recovers, the husband is taken ill—and so on. When shall we have seen the last of these worries? I really cannot tell. I had a very sharp attack, as you know. I am quite out of danger, but still very weak; and I have as much to do now to shake off the effects of the cure as I had to shake off the disease. I have applied for a six months' leave to build up my health again, which these two years of agitation and unremitting application to work have quite shattered. I badly want this rest, and shall take care it is a perfect one. We are living in a country, and in times, where a firm spirit is about as indispensable as a stout heart. I would like to give back to mine the strength it may stand in need of at any moment. No one, however, ever retired from the political stage with more satisfaction and less regret than I. I am so thoroughly convinced than any and every attempt at action would be useless, or worse than useless, that I look on my present absence from the scene as a positive blessing. These are strange times, when there seems to be everything present—but greatness. Now is not this a long letter for a convalescent? Good-bye!

Believe in our sincere friendship,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

The summer of 1850 witnessed the tragical death of Sir Robert Peel. Milnes notes in his Commonplace Book how, on the night before the day on which Peel met with his accident, the ex-Minister was in very low spirits, and how his depression was shared by his wife, though neither could account for the feeling. It was at her urgent request, and as a means of distracting his mind, that on the following morning he started on the fatal ride which was to deprive England of one of her greatest statesmen, and the House of Commons of its foremost member.

R. M. M. to Mrs. MacCarthy.

Pall Mall, July 20th, 1850.

Dear Mrs. MacCarthy,—I ought to have before answered your amiable letter, but the little nothings of occupied life leave a man no time for his duty. Now that the season has closed over the death of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Cambridge, and I am staying in the country, I have plenty of leisure even for duller work than this. You will have been struck with the effect produced by Peel's death. He seems to have been as much of a popular hero as our cold natures are capable of comprehending. The thick sad crowd night and day about his house; the weeping women rushing out of dark alleys as his body was taken to the railroad; the vote of sympathy in the French Assembly—all these things are unlike our indifferent time. But the real triumph was the complete suppression of the Protectionist murmurs, and the substitution of "the man who had loved his country, not wisely, but too well" for the "traitor and destroyer." Brougham was especially angry, and attributed all the *gêne* to the nature of the accident (which had something to do with it), and went about saying, "Let every statesman take care and ride like a sack, and he may die like a demigod." It is the general notion that Peel's death will lead to the dissolution of the Government. I don't think so. The increased activity and energy given to the Opposition by the withdrawal of his influence may, indeed, tend to some Liberal modification; and if parties could be created by a few leading men, the Government might easily be outnumbered; but even if Gladstone and D'Israeli came together, it does not follow that their followers would. The present provisional condition of things will last for some time yet, and is much better for the country, in my opinion, than a majority powerful enough to defy public opinion, as in France. My sister has been most of the summer on the Rhine, and I propose to myself to spend August and September at some German baths—probably Marienbad. The rush of English to those parts is so great that there is hardly a bed to be had, and it is expected that the Continent generally this year

will have its full quota of our countrymen. One of the prettiest London diversions has been a moving panorama of the overland route to India. One of the pictures was in Ceylon, and the beauty of the vegetation and the colouring quite realise the description of one of your early letters. The literary season has been remarkaby stagnant. An Anglo-German novel, "The Initials," two new volumes of Grote's History, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are the only books that suggest themselves to me. Wordsworth's new poem will be out next week—a goodly octavo of blank verse—which we shall all reverentially read, whether we like it or no. Henry Taylor's comedy *The Virgin Martyr* is elegant and dull, and has hardly survived its birth, like the child of the Queen of Spain. There are scores of marriages. I shall be left the only bachelor in town. Lord Euston to the beautiful Miss Pattle (Thackeray's idol), and Robert Curzon to Miss Hunter, born in Ceylon. Wiseman proceeds to Rome to get his hat. These are "shocking bad" times for me, but a liberal-minded English Catholic would be a great game to play in Rome, if he had will and wit enough.

Yours and Charles's,

R. M. M.

The closing references in the foregoing letter are, of course, to the great storm of popular feeling which was about to sweep over the country in consequence of the so-called Papal aggression. Milnes, with that warm sympathy which, from the time of his first residence in Rome, he had always felt with Cardinal Wiseman and MacCarthy (Wiseman's cousin), naturally found his position during the short but terrible outburst of ultra-Protestant feeling which stirred the country to its depths during the autumn of 1850 anything but a pleasant one. A tolerant liberal-minded man, who was

apt to look at religion from many different points of view, he could, under no circumstances, have entered into the vehement passions of the time; and it is certain that, so far as the sectarian prejudices which were at the root of the agitation were concerned, he regarded them with something like contempt. But he had the strong historical imagination of the poet, and from the national point of view he could easily comprehend the intense hostility of English feeling to the notion of an England parcelled out into districts, against the will of her people, by the head of a Church which England had cast off and defied. So, mingled with his strong dislike for the furious Protestantism of the populace, and his warm personal friendship for the eminent Catholic dignitary who was for the moment the object of the nation's execration, there was a certain measure of sympathy with the anti-Papal movement as a national demonstration of opinion. It was quite characteristic of the man thus to be divided by conflicting tendencies and sympathies. If he had been able to see only one side of this or any other question, and to act only with one party (whether that party were right or wrong), his public career must have been something very different from what it was, and, to the eyes of the superficial, infinitely more successful. He gave his vote in favour of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but hardly concealed his dislike for the measure.

The summer and autumn of 1850 found Milnes engaged not only in writing for the *Edinburgh* and other reviews, but in taking an active part in the

management of the Royal Literary Fund, and in the promotion of education in Yorkshire, through the instrumentality of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes.

A great change was now approaching in his life. For some years he had been contemplating marriage, feeling keenly the need of a companionship more constant, and a sympathy more tender, than that which was to be found even in the wide circle of his friendships. The lady upon whom his mind had for some time been fixed was the Honourable Annabel Crewe, younger daughter of the second Lord Crewe. To Miss Crewe's character, and to the qualities which distinguished her so pre-eminently, it is impossible to do justice by any description, but in the course of this narrative the reader will see how happily the marriage resulted, and how fortunate Milnes was in winning for himself a wife so fully fitted to assist him in his battle with the world, and to cheer him in those moments of despondency which, even in his bright career, were so frequent.

One of the friends to whom he communicated the news of his engagement to Miss Crewe was his old tutor Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, the man who, perhaps more than any other, had influenced his mind in his early life. The Bishop acknowledged the news in the following letter :—

The Bishop of St. David's to R. M. M.

Abergwili, Carmarthen, June 26th, 1851.

My dear Milnes,—I take it very kind indeed of you to send me the good news before a whisper of it had reached me

from any other quarter. Among all the communications of such a kind that I have received from my friends, I can safely say that none ever afforded me greater pleasure. I have really been uneasy of late years, lest in the boundless variety and manifold interest of your social, literary, and political occupations and enjoyments, you should lose sight of the main chance, and stiffen unawares into an old bachelor. I rejoice from the deep of my heart that you have escaped this danger. Yet my congratulations would hardly seem sincere—or, at least, would be worth little—if they were not accompanied with the acknowledgment of a little selfish regret. I cannot think without some sadness of the state of existence out of which you are about to pass, and which will soon belong altogether to the pleasures of memory. It has been so rich, so peculiar, so delightful at least to your friends. Henceforth, to me, your number 26 will have something funereal about it. I am sure that I shall never enjoy a breakfast again in that room, not if I were invited to meet half a dozen trans-Atlantic Bishops. It is very likely—nay, certain—that you will still collect agreeable people about your wife's breakfast-table; but can I ever sit down there without the certainty that I shall meet with none but respectable persons? It may be an odd thing for a bishop to lament, but I cannot help it; and it is more than friendship, it is fortitude in me to rejoice, as I nevertheless do, at the prospect of your approaching happiness. My best consolation is the hope, too bold to be strong, that you will in some hitherto untried way be no less eminent in your character of a married man than you have been as a single one.

My best wishes will attend you.

Yours ever,

C. St. David's.

Milnes's intimacy with Lord and Lady Palmerston had been growing for some time, and he had become a frequent visitor at Broadlands. Lady Palmerston, on hearing of his engagement, wrote as follows:—

Lady Palmerston to R. M. M.

Sunday night.

Dear Mr. Milnes,—I am quite delighted to hear of your marriage, and Lord P. desires to unite his congratulations with mine on the occasion. We are both very fond of you, and therefore very glad to hear of an event that promises so much happiness. I always thought Miss Crewe a particularly nice girl, with such pleasant and agreeable gentle manners, and I have often inquired about her since Mrs. Cunliffe's death [Miss Crewe's aunt], thinking how desolate she must feel; so that I am very glad of the marriage, for her sake as well as yours. Thank you very much for the notification, and I can assure you that you have our best wishes. The report had been mentioned to me before, but I treated it as a romance, never having seen you speak to her, or even having heard you mention her name; but I suppose this was prudence, and a determination to keep your own counsel, and I think you are right. . . . So I wish you joy most sincerely of your prospects.

Believe me, dear Mr. Milnes,

Sincerely yours,

E. Palmerston.

Another old friend—Eliot Warburton—writing to him a little later, says:—

How do you feel after your London career? Do your
Yesterdays look backward with a smile,
Nor wound you like the Parthians as they fly?

They ought if triumphs bright that give no others pain, if thoughtful kindness, unostentatious and unconscious self-sacrifice, memory enriched and mind exercised, avail.

Milnes himself was looking to the future rather than to the past, and was busily engaged at this time in dismantling the rooms at No. 26, Pall Mall, which had been for so many years his home in London, and the scene of his hospitalities. The house, I may mention,

still stands, little changed from the days when Milnes dwelt there as a bachelor; the very name of the tailor who occupies the lower part of the building being the same as it was in his time.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

July 18th, 1851.

Dear Friend,—Though in all the bustle of a *démenagement* after ten years' accumulation of domestic stuffs, I must give you a line. We are to be married at Madeley,* on the 30th. Lord Crewe gives the breakfast at Crewe, and thence we proceed first to Devonshire, and then to Vienna; where, by some odd combination, neither I nor Annabel have ever been. We shall not be rich. But she is a person of simple tastes, and will, I trust, accommodate herself to a less luxurious life than she has been accustomed to.

A Florentine you know well, of the name of V——, came over for the Exhibition,† and was very curious and ejaculatory about you. The number of foreigners is nothing like what we expected, and only tells in the town by making the streets uncrossable, and the cabs rare.

The marriage took place on July 30th at Madeley Church.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Athenæum Club, Aug. 16th, 1851.

My dear Friend,—I must just give you a line in the full hurry of leaving London for a three months' tour in Germany. After the marriage, which was conducted with some rustic solemnity, we went to Torquay, where we passed a charming fortnight. Annabel is even more of a companion than I had ever anticipated, and so wise and reasonable that, even in the most calm and prudential point of view, I must look on myself as a very fortunate man.

* Lord Crewe's house in Staffordshire, where Miss Crewe's girlhood was passed.

† This was the year of the first great Exhibition.

Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen on the condition of Naples have quite made an event here. They are so confirmatory of Palmerston's policy that he has sent copies to all the Legations with orders that they should be formally presented to the different Governments. I anticipate that we shall be on the Continent for about three months, and then return to my father in England, whose health is much better than it used to be. Hawes gave me the prettiest *cadeau de noces* in his name and yours. I have left Pall Mall for good; and hope, in the spring, to be settled in 16, Upper Brook Street. Keep well—better if possible, and believe me, with my wife's true regards,

Ever yours,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

According to arrangement Milnes went to Vienna with his wife, and was there introduced into the bright and gay society of a city for which he ever afterwards entertained a warm affection. One curious incident marked his tour; he proposed to extend his trip into Hungary, but, to his surprise, was stopped upon the frontier. The Austrian Government refused to allow the author of the dangerous pamphlet on the events of 1848 to enter the Hungarian kingdom.

Whilst sailing on a steamboat on the Danube Mr. and Mrs. Milnes made the acquaintance of Mr. Thompson, a young Oxonian in orders, who happened to be travelling in the same direction. They were mutually attracted, and he was their companion for several days. When they returned to England, the acquaintance thus begun was kept up. By-and-by it ripened into a genuine friendship, which remained unchanged throughout their lives. The friend whom they thus gained

when on their wedding journey was at that time a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford; he is now the Archbishop of York.

Towards the close of the year he and his wife returned to England, where the sensation produced by Mr. Gladstone's Naples Letters had not yet subsided. A request from Mr. Gladstone that Milnes should revise his translation of Farini's "History of the Roman State" gave him real pleasure.

It should be said that Milnes's knowledge of the Italian language and literature was of no common order. French and German he knew "well," as the saying is; but Italian he knew, not as a foreign language, but almost as his mother tongue. It was a second-native speech, and he delighted to make use of it both in speaking and in writing.

R. M. M. to W. E. Gladstone.

Bawtry, Dec. 4th, 1851.

My dear Gladstone,—I am flattered and obliged by your offer. The alternative you propose seems to me to depend on the question whether you are to publish the third volume separately and immediately, or wait for a new edition of the other two. In the former case you had better send me the sheets of the third volume at once, and I will look over them carefully. . . . You may have heard that I was refused entrance into Hungary; a foolish proceeding if meant as an annoyance, and more so if intended as a precaution. I believe, notwithstanding all the fury, that your revelations have been of great use at Naples and elsewhere; not, perhaps, so much to the unhappy victims themselves, as on the ferocities which in some degree belong to the manners of such countries. I was, indeed, much shocked in Germany at the general prevalence of the spirit of revenge on

the part of the "party of order," which wants to neutralise all that might else have seemed to benefit society and restore confidence. Fancy the Austrians re-naming the chief square in Presbourg after Haynau! A folly of this kind would neutralise the wisest re-organisation; the people and their advocates are indeed so beaten down that an intelligent and benevolent despotism would have it all its own way; but (I would say parenthetically) despots are not reasonable and just, and thus even they will not succeed. As there is a new revolution in France, I have only seen the under sea views, so cannot talk about it. The President has both courage and generous feelings, and, as men go there, has my vote. My wife begs her remembrances to yours. We shall not be fixed in town till the middle of March. You see this sage attempt of Ashley's to make Maynooth the heart of the new Roman University.

The same to the same.

Fryston Lodge, Torquay, Dec. 22nd, 1851.

My dear Gladstone,—I sent you from Woburn the sheets of Farini, and rather expected to find some more here. The book promises to be extremely interesting. My address for the next week or so is Broadlands, Romsey, Hants, and then Fryston. Would there be any chance of catching you at the latter place on your way south? I fear the political prospects of the world are darkening. From what I know of Louis Napoleon I am inclined to think his intentions good, and his ambition of a much higher order than his uncle's. But on the one, as on the other, rests the stain of unscrupulousness as to means, which vitiates all his ends; and indeed, poor fellow! I fear he has nothing but the worst class of men about him, who will be of little service in good enterprises and active instruments in bad. They were very full at Woburn of the supposed tergiversations of D'Israeli, who, it seems, had talked very freely against Protection and Protectionists at Colonel Cavendish's.

I think the party always make a kick at their leader about this time of year, but go quietly enough in the team after February. The climate here is as bland as the Bishop,* and, occasionally, as stormy.

Yours very truly,

R. M. MILNES.

Frequently as Fryston has been mentioned in the course of this biography, no description of the house as it was during Lord Houghton's life has yet been given. I have thought it better, indeed, to reserve for the period when it became to a larger extent than it had been before his stated abode, any detailed account of a home which became famous alike in the social and the literary annals of England during the thirty years that followed his marriage. I have already quoted Thackeray's remark to Milnes, that "Fryston combined the graces of the château and the tavern." Like most sayings of the kind, this was an exaggeration, but, as many still living can testify, an exaggeration founded upon fact. The house as it now stands has been somewhat modified since the days when Milnes first brought his bride to his Yorkshire home. The lamentable fire of 1876, which gutted the front portion of the building, and caused irreparable damage to Lord Houghton's library, led to a reconstruction of some of the more important rooms in the building, and consequently the Fryston of to-day is not quite the Fryston which was known so well to the men and women of distinction in the past generation. The changes which were made when the house was rebuilt were all in the nature of

* Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter.

improvements, but, happily, they did not in any way affect the recollection of those who were familiar with Fryston in its former state. One can still identify the corner in the drawing-room where in the old days Carlyle sat by the fire, and poured forth his passionate monologues upon the men and affairs of his time; and the bedroom which Thackeray used, and in which hung a quaint old print of Tunbridge Wells that may well have furnished the novelist with more than one scene for his tale of "The Virginians," is still what it used to be, with the single exception that the paint which ignorant hands had laid upon the oak panelling of the walls has been happily removed.

A house more delightful than this [says a writer in the *World*] it is difficult to imagine. Situated on the frontiers of the great West Riding industries, it stands in the centre of gardens and shrubberies, with prairies of park and miles of larch and beechen woods. Fryston Hall was originally a handsome square mansion, belonging to Mr. Charles Crowle, whose portrait is to be seen in one of the two grand pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of the Dilettante Society, and whom Horace Walpole frequently visited there on his way to his neighbour Sir John Bland, of Kippax Park, the fashionable gambler who shot himself towards the close of the last century. This house was purchased by Mr. Milnes, of Wakefield, M.P. for York, who added the handsome Italian front, with Ionic pilasters and pediment, and a large *corps de logis* behind, and took up his residence here about 1790.

The first feature which strikes the visitor to Fryston is the manner in which books appear to pervade the whole house. Alike in the old days and now, the very hall at Fryston has been converted into a library, and

he who enters it passes between long rows of books gathered together during the many years of his active life by Monckton Milnes. It was the present Lord Sherbrooke who, after one of his visits to Fryston, was wicked enough to liken it to one of those amorphous animals which have their brains all over their bodies, for wherever you go in this pleasant home of a man of letters books pursue you. They are found, not merely in the library proper, but in almost every room in the house. They greet you on the staircases, they smile upon you in corridors, and odd nooks and corners in every portion of the large and somewhat rambling building. No one, indeed, can find himself in Fryston without feeling that he is in the home of a man of letters. Of the library itself there is one characteristic which immediately strikes the observer; that is, its universality. Here is a bookcase devoted to the writings of the Fathers, there one in which the latest phases of spiritual research and religious eccentricity—spiritualism, Mormonism, and theosophy—are fully represented by their literature. A goodly array of French novels in one corner; a stately regiment of genealogical histories in another; rare German treatises elbowing still rarer Italian classics; a wonderful collection of criminal trials (ancient and modern), flanked by a series of volumes in which the study of gastronomy in all its branches is fully represented. These are but a few of the subjects which are illustrated in this unique library. Perhaps the most interesting of the many departments into which it is divided are those devoted to books presented to

Milnes by their authors, or to volumes which may be said to have been made by him. Of presentation volumes there is literally no end at Fryston; indeed, pages could be filled with a simple list of the books of various kinds which have been dedicated to him by their writers. It was his habit to insert in all these presentation volumes the letters which had accompanied the gifts, so that a rambling survey of this portion of the bookshelves at Fryston is attended by many a delightful discovery, many an unexpected peep into the secret mind of the author who has brought his little tribute of friendship or admiration to the poet-peer.

As for the books which Milnes may be said to have made, though he had no share in writing them, they consist of volumes of pamphlets, newspaper extracts, letters, speeches, short poems—all classified with the greatest care, some of them containing publications of extreme rarity, and in nearly every case accompanied by manuscript letters which immensely enhance their value. Quaint curiosities, too, may be met with of no ordinary interest in turning over the leaves of the Fryston library. A bit of the skin of a famous murderer lingers between the pages of a volume devoted to criminal trials, whilst in another and more honoured position a lock of Keats's hair is carefully preserved.

In the cabinets in the library proper are many volumes the contents of which would make the eye of the autograph hunter glisten with admiration and envy. Here are not a few autograph letters of Cromwell,

including one to his son in Ireland, so full of good sense and true religion that again and again on a wet Sunday the master of the house would propose to some favoured guest that he should remain with him at home and hear a sermon from the great Protector instead of one from the Vicar of Fryston. Many of Strafford's letters to his third wife are also here, having been inherited along with other interesting relics with the Great Houghton estate. It would be out of place in these pages to attempt to give a catalogue of the many interesting objects connected with English literature and English history which are gathered together at Fryston, yet the reader ought to know something of the household gods of the man of whose life I am writing; and I have therefore ventured faintly to indicate the existence of treasures which not only added greatly to the interest and pleasure of a visit to Fryston, but bore eloquent testimony to the tastes and sympathies of the owner of the house.

Something must be said of the pictures which cover the walls of the principal apartments and the long corridor. These are for the most part family portraits, which offer their own testimony, not only to the antiquity of the race from which Milnes sprang, but to the good looks which characterised men and women alike. Among the earliest of these portraits is one of Sir Godfrey Rodes, of Great Houghton, the direct ancestor of Lord Houghton, whose daughter Elizabeth was the third wife of Lord Strafford. A portrait of the Countess of Strafford, and another of

Lady Margaret Wentworth, are among the treasures of the collection; whilst two admirable Romneys occupy a place of honour in the drawing-room, and furnish full-length presentments of Sir Robert Shore Milnes and Lady Milnes. Portraits of the immediate ancestors of Milnes abound, including works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence, though it is to be regretted that the collection contains no satisfactory likeness of his distinguished father; whilst his uncle, the eccentric Rodes Milnes, is only represented by a couple of caricatures, which testify alike to his obesity and to his popularity in London society during the Regency. Many portraits of the Crewe family, including one of the famous Lady Crewe, are also gathered together at Fryston; but next in interest to the portraits of Milnes's immediate ancestors must be placed the fine set of drawings, by Richmond, in which the liknesses of the intimate friends of his youth and early manhood are preserved. Milnes loved to be surrounded by his friends; when he was unable to enjoy their bodily presence, he liked to have their faces regarding him with friendly eyes from the walls of his favourite sitting-room. So that, as one wanders through the rooms at Fryston, a portrait gallery, not only of the Milnes's and Rodes's of a bygone age, but of the men who filled the greatest part in Lord Houghton's life, is unfolded before the eye.

What the social life of Fryston was has been told so often by those who have enjoyed the owner's hospitality that it might seem superfluous to dwell upon the subject

here. Nothing, however, can lie apart from my narrative which helps to present more vividly to the reader's mind the subject of this memoir, and the manner of his life. He himself had no great love for Fryston; it was a house which in his early youth had been associated with family vicissitudes of a painful kind. When still a young man, he and his father had jointly come to the resolve to part with the estate, and it was almost by an accident that it remained in their possession. There were, therefore, no tender ties of childhood which bound him to Fryston, but, even if there had been, it is doubtful whether he would ever have cared greatly for the place. In England there was only one spot in which he really cared to dwell. The streets of London, with their ever-changing, never-ending current of life, with their full representation of humanity in all its aspects, were dearer to him far than the fairest rural scene could ever have been. For Italy and the East he had an abiding passion, and he might have been content to live the life of a hermit under the shadow of Philæ, or by the shores of the Bosphorus; but for the prosaic English home in a northern county he had no natural taste, and fond as he was of visiting at country houses, and meeting his friends in the intimacy of their home-life, he had few, if any, of the tastes which are associated with the country gentleman. Yet, though it is right to record this fact, it is to Milnes's credit that from the time of his marriage he not only devoted himself to domestic life, but ruled his home in such

a fashion that those who visited it—and visitors poured into Fryston from every quarter of the globe—learned to regard it as the model of what such a home should be. Never, indeed, was there a more delightful host than Milnes. Whether his guests were famous or obscure, whether they belonged to the great world or had merely for the moment emerged from the masses, they could not be long in his company without feeling the charm of his manner, and being warmed and attracted by the tenderness of his heart. His fame as a talker was world-wide, and there is no need to say that the dinner-table at Fryston was the scene of a hundred happy encounters of wit, intelligence, and knowledge. But to hear Milnes at his best, it was necessary to meet him at the breakfast-table. Although he spoke so often of his own indolence, and in spite of the fact that he was undeniably averse to physical exertion, he was always a very early riser; and when Fryston was filled with guests, he was generally astir hours before any of them had appeared on the scene. Perhaps it was due in some measure to this fact that when the house-party met at breakfast, no matter how distinguished for intellectual superiority might be some of those composing it, Milnes invariably showed a brightness and activity of mind which no one else could match. It is with a great sadness indeed that those who often had the privilege of meeting him in this fashion in his own house must recall those breakfasts, absolutely informal and unpretending, but made memorable by the choice treasures of wit, of paradox, of playful sarcasm, and of

an apparently inexhaustible store of reminiscences, which Milnes offered to his guests. Not in vain had he entered public life at the time when the breakfast-table was still the great occasion and opportunity for bright conversation; he himself was almost the last of the race of breakfast-givers. During his closing years indeed, like his contemporary Mr. Gladstone, he had been compelled to abandon a custom which was no longer in harmony with the habits of London life, but, happily, when he ceased to be the giver of formal breakfast-parties, he did not cease to be the best breakfast-table talker of his time; and those who met him under his own roof, or in the country houses where he was a welcome guest, will bear witness that in this description I have not been guilty of exaggeration. At Fryston his efforts to entertain and amuse his guests were seconded by his wife with a grace and a gentleness to which I cannot pretend to do justice. It is enough to say that he found in her as efficient a help-meet in this dispensation of an almost superabundant hospitality as any man could have hoped to have.

Before me as I write lies the Visitors' Book of Fryston between the years 1859 and 1872, and, though I am anticipating the course of my narrative by referring to it here, I can hardly do better, if I wish to give my readers some idea of the life at Fryston, than glance rapidly through its pages. The first page of all (August, 1859) records a gathering which must have been memorable, seeing that it included Sir Richard Burton, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns of Abyssinia, Mr. John

Petherick of Khartoum, Sir Charles MacCarthy, James Spedding, G. S. Venables, and W. E. Forster. A little later and we find another party, including Mr. Hayward, Mr. Jeaffreson Hogg, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and Lord John Manners. In 1860 the house is found sheltering at the same moment people so various in degree as Mrs. Procter, Lord and Lady Lyveden, Wilkie Collins, Ricciotti Garibaldi, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Hayward. A few days later Mr. Thomas Hughes joins James Spedding and Arthur Hugh Clough the poet; whilst the next names of note that meet the eye (October 27th, 1860) are those of the Archbishop of York, and Lord and Lady Palmerston.

A year later and we find the Duc d'Aumale and his nephew the Duc de Chartres meeting George Bunsen, the Duke of Rutland, and "Jacob Omnium" (M. J. Higgins), at the same hospitable board. The reader would, indeed, be wearied with anything like a full list of the notable gatherings of which Fryston Hall was the scene after the marriage of Milnes. One or two names only must be mentioned in passing, in addition to those which have already been given. For example, in 1861 the great poet whom Milnes was almost the first to estimate at his true value, and whom he befriended throughout the remainder of his life, Algernon Swinburne, is first found visiting at Fryston, one of his fellow-guests being W. H. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity. It was a few months later that the house was the scene of an incident of historic interest. Milnes had gathered

around him some of his English and American friends, including Sir Andrew and Lady Buchanan, and Mr. Adams, the American Minister in England. Among those invited to meet the distinguished guests were Mr. Froude, Mr. Forster, Mrs. Gaskell (the well-known writer), and Lord and Lady Wensleydale. Whilst the party were in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of life at Fryston, a telegram was placed in the hands of Mr. Adams, which he quietly perused and put in his pocket. A visit to the ruins of Pontefract Castle had been planned, and a party set off thither; nor was it until some time had been spent in examining the remains of that famous building that Mr. Adams told his fellow-guests of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell by a United States man-of-war whilst they were passengers on an English mail steamer. With characteristic coolness the American Minister remained quietly at Fryston for some days after that event, preferring to keep himself as far apart as possible from the passionate excitement of London until he was in full possession of all the facts relating to the momentous incident. It was certainly not a misfortune, in the interests of the peace of the world, that at such a time he should have been residing under the roof of so warm a friend of the United States as Monckton Milnes proved himself to be.

As page after page of the record of these bygone hospitalities is turned, the eye meets such names as these:—Hamilton Aïdé, Lawrence Oliphant, R. Temple,

W. M. Rossetti, Sir Wm. Stirling, C J. Vaughan, W. M. Thackeray (whose last visit to Fryston was paid in the April preceding his death), Herbert Spencer, Hermann Merivale, Coomara Swamy (the first non-Christian Hindoo barrister), Arminius Vambery, Mary Mohl, Julian Fane, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry Fawcett, Anthony Trollope, Edmund Waterton (the Naturalist), George Meredith, Frederic Harrison, John Morley, Fitzjames Stephen, Father Hyacinthe, Reverdy Johnson (some time American Minister in this country), Richard Doyle, Robert Browning, Dean Stanley, and a host of others not less familiar to the students of politics and literature, in addition to those of many political and social notabilities. It was, indeed, one of Milnes's chief pleasures to bring together under his own roof those persons living in circles so completely apart that under ordinary circumstances they would have little chance of meeting. Many men, of course, have done this under cover of the comparatively limited hospitalities of a London season, when guests are dismissed a few hours after they have been first received; but comparatively few have thus made their own homes into "an inn of strange meetings." This, however, was what Milnes did all through his life, and many a man now holding a good position in the literary or political world owes his success in no small degree to the friendships which he was enabled to form under the hospitable roof of Fryston Hall.

One meeting still remains to be noticed; it is that which occurred in March, 1866, when Carlyle, on his

way to Scotland to enjoy the great triumph of his life in his installation as Lord Rector, and to meet at the same time the bitterest of his griefs, stayed at Fryston with his companions, Professors Tyndall and Huxley—an incident to which I shall revert later in my story.

Naturally among the letters from grateful guests bound up with this Visitors' Book are many of interest. One only need be given as a characteristic example :—

Herbert Spencer to Lady Houghton.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, April 6th, 1872.

Dear Lady Houghton, — When I left town I was still suffering from a long fit of dyspepsia, joined with uneasy bad nights. While at Fryston, both the original evil and its effect disappeared; my sleep, indeed, having been better than I remember for a long time past. And now that I have got back to my task, I find myself in very good working order. As I hold it to be a clearly-proved fact that an agreeable emotional state is of all curative agents the most potent, it is clear to me that I must have derived much pleasure from my stay under your hospitable roof, and that I am indebted to you for an important benefit in the way of health and efficiency.

I am very sincerely yours,

Herbert Spencer.

No record, alas! remains of the talk with which the pleasant rooms of Fryston rang in the days when their master was entertaining men and women as distinguished as those whose names I have given. The many good sayings, the shrewd views of individuals

and affairs, the stores of out-of-the-way incidents in history, have all sunk into silence; but so long as any live who were privileged to partake of those hospitalities, and to witness those meetings of men and women of genius, their memory cannot fade, and the name of Fryston will be cherished in the innermost recesses of the heart.

The first Christmas of their married life was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Milnes at Fryston, which henceforth became their country home, the house at 16, Upper Brook Street being their town residence during many succeeding years. Mr. Pemberton Milnes was now in declining health, and spent his time almost exclusively in his Yorkshire home. Between him and his son's wife the warmest affection existed, and during his last years he not only delighted in having her near him, but corresponded constantly with her both upon family and upon public affairs. At Fryston she took her place from the first at the head of the house, Mr. Milnes's unmarried sisters, the aunts to whom Milnes himself was so deeply attached, having some years before this taken up their residence at Torquay in a house called after the family seat, Fryston Lodge.

A calamity of no ordinary description marked the opening of 1852 in the life of Milnes. This was the loss of his much-loved friend Eliot Warburton in the steamer *Amazon*, which on the 4th of January was destroyed by fire at sea. Warburton was on his way to the West Indies. He had made his mark in literature by his well-known book "The Crescent and the

Cross," a work which he had dedicated to Milnes. Of a singularly lovable disposition, he had been one of Milnes's truest and most sympathetic friends, and the latter felt his death acutely.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Fryston, Jan. 21st, 1852.

My dear Friend,—Since Hawes* has left the Colonial Office, I send this by the ordinary channel. With his retirement and the dismissal of Lord Palmerston all my dilettante officiality is at an end, and I retire into the modesty of private ignorance. As far as you are concerned, you are so well established on your own foundation that it is, perhaps, better that there can be no charge of nepotism, whatever happens to you. We are here for the last fortnight to entertain the neighbours and introduce my wife. She, however, has been confined to her dressing-room ever since she has been here. . . . We are expecting your brother to spend next week here with us. The last days for me have been dimmed—I might say, darkened—by the awful calamity that has enveloped my dear Eliot Warburton. There was no man to whom I owed a similar debt of affection, so constant and so enduring. Ever since we have been together at Cambridge he had looked to my friendship as a portion of his own inner life; and if others have more moved my sensibilities, there was, perhaps, no one intimate whom I so thoroughly esteemed. He had all the good of the Irish nature—its gracefulness and its vivacity—combined with the very chivalry of truth. He has left a young wife and three little children; *they* are what one has really to pity and lament for. Mrs. Procter wrote to me from the first with little hope, for she said, "He was not a man to have left a ship as long as there was a woman or a child on board of it." Indeed, if there is a final justice in the world, it must be well with him wherever he is. Lord Palmerston's dismissal could not have surprised any one more than it did himself. It was purely

* Sir Benjamin Hawes, MacCarthy's father-in-law.

what Kingsley calls a something which comes over Lord John about Christmas, which one would call "calenture" if it happened in summer, which made him write the Durham letter in 1850 and eject his best colleague in 1851. The cause was totally inadequate. Lord P. has a great dislike to the Orleans family, and a strong distrust of their feeling to England; and thus he saw without dissatisfaction their project of appealing to France by arms or otherwise put an end to. But he said nothing officially—nothing which in any way compromised the Government. We were to have met the Greys at Broadlands for Christmas—the very week the fracas occurred. Lord P. is very anxious that it should be understood that Lord G. has not only nothing to do with this dismissal, but that they had got on perfectly well together there. In truth, poor Lord Grey has quite enough on his shoulders without this responsibility. The effect in Europe has been humiliating for England. Here the French *coup d'état* has absorbed all other subjects. M. Thiers, in a letter to me yesterday, writes:—"Si vous savez combien les citoyens éclairés se defendent contre les violences et les corruptions d'une indigne et ridicule tyrannie, vous verrez que la France soit digne de l'estime des nations civilisées: elle est plus à plaindre qu'à blamer, et pour moi elle est toujours à aimer." He intends to settle in England during his exile. We were going to France this next month, but it would so worry me to see my old breakfaster L. N. in his sham Cæsarian attitude that I have not the heart for it. With my wife's best regards and mine to yourself and the *giovine Cingalese*.

Your affectionate

RICHARD M. MILNES.

The letter of Thiers referred to above was as follows:—

A. Thiers to R. M. M.

London (*Clarendon Hotel*), *January* 18*th*, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. MILNES,—I cannot thank you sufficiently for your very kind letter and invitation. I should be most

happy to spend a few hours at Fryston Hall with you and your family if I could make time between this and February 3rd. I have to set up house with my family, which takes up a great deal of time, and, besides that, a promise to fulfil to Lady Ashburton. I know I shall not find a moment between this and the meeting of your Parliament, which, I suppose, will bring you all to London. But perhaps you will grant me a future opportunity of availing myself of your kind invitation, since I am likely to remain in exile for some long time yet.

Thank you also for your sympathy for my unhappy country. If you knew the sad condition, if you knew how the enlightened classes are struggling against the violence and the corruption of an unworthy and ridiculous tyranny, you would see that France is deserving of the esteem of civilised nations. She is more to be pitied than to be blamed, and I think always to be loved.

Good-bye, dear friend. I hope, when we are settled, you will not neglect the poor exile, &c. &c. &c., A. THIERS.

Duvergier and D. Remusat are in Brussels. I shall suggest to them to come to London by-and-by.

A. de Tocqueville to R. M. M.

Paris, Feb. 9th, 1852.

Thank you, my dear Milnes, for having introduced Miss Wynn to us; I thought her, as you said she was, a very distinguished person, and hope to have many more opportunities of meeting her before she leaves Paris. Mademoiselle de Tocqueville finds equal pleasure in her acquaintance.

I can quite understand your feelings which would have made your journey to Paris undesirable, and I congratulate you on the reason that made it impossible, and although I am very sorry indeed not to see you, I can only be glad for your sake.

My health, which you kindly ask after, is very good, and so far I have every reason to be thankful for having spent last year in Italy. As for my spirits, they are, of course, sad for

the present, anxious for the future, but not depressed. For a long time I have wished to retire from public life—at least, for a few years—in order that I might devote myself to a great work I had already planned.

I am, therefore, one of those least to be pitied among all the number of men who are "thrown out." I might even say that I am happier than I have been for years if the pleasures of private life could ever make up for so great a public misfortune as that which has befallen us.

According to your English papers, and a conversation with Miss W. Wynn, you must have been in England seriously anticipating an immediate war. I confess I have always considered this chimerical, and though I have no doubt all this will eventually end in war, it will not be immediately. This apprehension has hastened everything, it seems to me; and as for the British Parliament, it has displayed its fears in an extraordinary manner. All your politicians, in alluding to the late events in France, have spoken in prudent, moderate, quasi-approving terms of the power which has just succeeded in reinstituting liberty on the Continent—terms which they had not accustomed Europe to hear of late. It is plain we are no longer dealing with a King of Naples, but with the head of our nation, and the chief of an army of 400,000 men. If I have suffered a little as a moralist, I have been all the more gratified as a Frenchman.

Good-bye, my dear Milnes; remember us kindly to our dear Madame Grote, whom we wish for every day, and to Senior, and believe me, &c. &c. &c.,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

P.S.—I have rejected all idea of candidature for the coming elections, as one cannot treat seriously such a parody of a Liberal Government as the one now forming. You know that this new Assembly amounts to nothing. It has no publicity; it can only carry the Budget, without power to amend it; and you have, no doubt, heard that disapproving candidates may neither address their electors, nor write to them, nor form any committee, nor

go about freely without incurring the penalty of exile. In a word, the new Government is carrying out its plan of governing with the help of peasants and soldiers, and adopting only the worst feature of democracy—the brutal force of numbers, a universal vote amidst the gloom and silence that comes from despotism. You will agree with me it is better to be writing books than meddling with such matters.

Very early in the year 1852 Milnes and his wife took up their residence at No. 16, Upper Brook Street, and here he at once began to entertain on a very considerable scale, so that in course of time the house became famous in the annals of London hospitality. His marriage made little, if any, difference in the catholicity which he had hitherto shown in the dispensation of his hospitality. The books of guests, which his wife kept from that time forward, contain the names of almost all the celebrities of the time; and each particular party that was given was made agreeable by the contrasts which the various diners or breakfasters offered to each other in tastes, in position, and in character. The first of these little books bears on the fly-leaf, in Milnes's handwriting, a somewhat cynical quotation. It purports to be an extract from the travels of a Phœnician in England about the year 1500, and is as follows:—"The English would sooner give five or six ducats to furnish an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress." No man could better afford than Milnes to preface the record of his hospitalities by such an apothegm as this, for, whatever might be the amount which he spent in the entertainment of his friends, and it was undoubtedly very large—so large as occasionally almost to

embarrass him—it fell short of that which he dispensed (generally unknown to the world at large) in aid to the distressed. It was on Saturday, the 3rd of April, 1852, that Milnes gave his first dinner party as a married man, and, naturally enough, on this occasion he entertained chiefly old family friends of his own and his wife's. But on the following Tuesday the list of guests at dinner comprised M. and Mme. Vandeweyer; Lord and Lady Palmerston; Lords Clanricarde, Granville, and Ashburton; M. Thiers; and Sir James Graham. A little later in the same month Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Spedding, and Mr. Venables, are among the guests at one dinner; whilst at another Lord and Lady Goderich and Mr. George Bunsen are invited to meet Dr. and Mrs. Holland, Louis Blanc, and Mr. Clough the poet. Among the other dinner guests of this season of 1852 are to be found the names of Mr. Macaulay, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Procter, Sir Edwin Landseer, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Delane, in addition to many peers and politicians of eminence. Milnes kept up his habit of giving breakfasts, and during the year had many parties of this nature. In the summer the first child of the marriage was born (a daughter), who was called by the old family name of Amicia.

During the Parliamentary Session of 1852 Milnes had made an important motion in the House of Commons on the subject of the foreign refugees whom the

events of the recent period of revolution had driven to take asylum in this country. His speech on the occasion again bore emphatic testimony to his sympathy with the Liberal cause throughout Europe, and to his detestation of all forms of tyranny, but, above all, of that form which was associated with the despotic government of Austria in Italy and Hungary. Perhaps in recalling this speech it will no longer seem surprising that the Austrian Government should have refused to allow Milnes, when on his wedding tour, to enter Hungary. I refer to the speech itself now chiefly for two reasons —first, in order that I may trace the continuance of Milnes's interest in foreign politics, and the special direction in which his mind moved; and, secondly, because of the evidence which it affords of his growing inclination to take Lord Palmerston as his leader alike in home and foreign affairs. Indeed, no one can follow his public utterances from this period onwards without seeing that he had now found in Palmerston that which he had never had in Peel—a leader whom he could trust implicitly, and follow closely. The time came, it is true, when on great questions of English policy his mind advanced far beyond the point reached by Palmerston, and in domestic affairs he identified himself with a Liberalism more robust than that professed by that eminent statesman; but this was not until after Palmerston himself had passed away. During his lifetime he in the main continued to be his warm personal adherent and his faithful political follower.

Among the many varied interests which engaged his

attention at this time, one or two, indicated in his correspondence, are worth noticing. Several years before this he had become acquainted with a young lady whose name was shortly to be honoured throughout the world, but who at this period was living in the tranquil obscurity of home life. This was Miss Florence Nightingale. That distinguished woman had not yet found her vocation, and knew nothing of the lesson which she was so soon to teach the world from the cypress-clad heights of Scutari. But she was full, even then, of schemes for the benefit of her fellow-creatures, and she had learned to look to Milnes for sympathy, advice, and help.

Miss Florence Nightingale to R. M. M.

1852.

I am going abroad soon. Before I go I am thinking of asking you whether you would look over certain things which I have written for the working men on the subject of a belief in a God. All the moral and intellectual among them seem going over to atheism, or at least to a vague kind of theism. I have read them to one or two, and they have liked them. I should have liked to have asked you if you think them likely to be read by more, but you are perhaps not interested in the subject, or you have no time, which is fully taken up with other things. If you tell me this, it will be no surprise or disappointment to me.

Pray believe me yours very truly,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Of course Milnes had time, as he had sympathy, for every well-meant effort on the part of one anxious to help the world in its struggle with the forces of darkness, and the friendship between him and Miss

Nightingale was strengthened by this appeal, bearing fruit later on, at the time when the heroic Englishwoman was waging war against red tape and official superstition on the shores of the Bosphorus.

It was at this time, too, that he and Mrs. Gaskell were endeavouring to discover some means of brightening the path of Charlotte Brontë, whose loneliness amid her fame had touched him keenly. His own idea had been to procure for her a pension from the State, but Mrs. Gaskell's womanly intuition suggested another mode of giving the desired aid.

Mrs. Gaskell to R. M. M.

Manchester, October 29th, 1852.

My dear Sir,—With skilful diplomacy, for which I admire myself extremely, I have obtained the address we want:—"The Rev. A. B. Nicholls, Kirk Smeaton, Nr. Pontefract, Yorkshire." . . . I felt sure you would keep the story secret; if my well-meant treachery becomes known to her, I shall lose her friendship, which I prize most highly. I have been thinking over little bits of the conversation we had relating to a pension. I don't think she would take it, and I am quite sure that £100 a year, given as acknowledgment of his merits as a good faithful clergyman, would give her ten times the pleasure that £200 a year would do if bestowed upon her in her capacity as a writer. I am sure he is a thoroughly good, hard-working, self-denying curate. Dr. Hook has unluckily just filled up his staff of curates (excuse me if, being a Dissenter, I use wrong words; "staff" does look military). Her father's only reason for his violent and virulent opposition is Mr. Nicholls's utter want of money or friends to help him to any professional advancement. And now I won't worry you any more. May I send my kind regards to Mrs. Milnes?

Yours very truly,

E. C. Gaskell.

It is perhaps superfluous to remind the reader that not long after this letter was written Mr. Nicholls became the husband of Charlotte Brontë, but in the interval Milnes did what he could, for the sake of the author of "Jane Eyre," to advance his interests.

Yet another letter belonging to this autumn of 1852 throws light upon another aspect of his life, and is of interest for the writer's sake also.

T. B. Macaulay to R. M. M.

Albany, November 20th, 1852.

DEAR MILNES,—I am sorry that I have made an appointment, on business, which will make it impossible for me to breakfast with you on Monday. You might almost as well have asked Sir Benjamin Hall as me to meet my Lord of Oxford, for if the Convocation had gone on wrangling a day longer, I should have broken forth like Elihu. "I will answer also my part: I also will show my opinion. For I am full of matter: the spirit within me constraineth me. I will speak, that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person: neither let me give flattering titles unto man." There are certainly some great ecclesiastical personages to whom I should not have given flattering titles.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Though Macaulay was unable to be present at the breakfast in question, it duly took place, and among those who met the Bishop of Oxford were his fellow-prelate of St. David's, Dr. Whewell, and Lords Ashburton and Goderich.

As I have had occasion more than once to mention the name of Lord Ashburton, it is fitting that I should

say something of one of the great friendships of Milnes's life—that which bound him closely to that nobleman and to his wife. The world has learned something, from the Life of Carlyle, of Bath House and the Grange. For many years they were among the most important centres of social life in England. The first Lady Ashburton reigned as a queen over a coterie of admirers who included many of the most distinguished men in England; whilst the fine qualities of her husband added greatly to the attractions of the home over which she presided. She had no more devoted admirer than Milnes, and both in his published "Monographs" and his private Commonplace Books he has noted not a few of those brilliant and witty sayings which secured for her a leading place among the *hommes et dames d'esprit* of her time. For her husband, Milnes entertained a feeling almost of reverence, so highly did he esteem his character. Alike at Bath House and the Grange he was a regular and welcome guest; hardly anywhere, indeed, did his own brilliant social qualities show to more advantage than in that atmosphere of wit, refinement, literary taste, and cosmopolitan knowledge.

At the close of the year 1852 Lord Derby's first Administration came to an end after a brief existence of ten months, and Lord Aberdeen came into power, with a curious reversal of popular expectation in his distribution of patronage, Lord John Russell being his Foreign Secretary, whilst Lord Palmerston was relegated to the Home Office. Milnes was among those who regarded these two appointments with disfavour. He kept up

his personal friendship with Disraeli, whose position as leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons was now fully recognised, though hardly approved of by many of those who professed to be his followers.

Mr. Disraeli to R. P. Milnes.

East Indian Committee, March 4th, 1853.

My dear Squire,—I have little to say, and write from the Black Hole of Calcutta, where I have spent the whole morning. Everything is very flat, though our friends keep together beyond my hopes. The other day I sounded the bugle and exercised them a little, and to-night we are to have a regular encounter. India and the Income Tax are the features of the future, and may disturb, though I should hardly think dislodge, the Government. We think, and talk very often, of Fryston and Bawtry as of a dream, or the memory of a pleasant book. How many characters, and how many incidents! Among them a church in flames; poor Dr. Sharpe! Vernon Smith came to me yesterday to beg me to choose a day to drive with him, as Lord Fitzwilliam was so disappointed that he had not met me at Fryston or Burleigh (which latter place we quitted the day he arrived) that he had devised this means for our meeting. Is he to convert me, or the reverse; or is he an old Whig as disgusted as V. S. himself? However, on Tuesday next we are to dine together. Adieu, my dearest Squire. D.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Feb., 1853.

The grand theatricals in France go on. I have always a feeling that 12 o'clock must strike soon, and all Cinderella's splendour vanish into air. At the Emperor's marriage the contrast between the gorgeous pomp and the disregard and contempt of the fête-loving people was astonishing. One of the *nouvelles à la main* is that, on returning to the Tuileries,

the Empress threw herself into her husband's arms, exclaiming, "Louis, je t'ai perdu." It does not appear exactly *who* heard this. Our "defences" are going on at a great rate, and the militia is to be very actively organised. I was quite amused to find myself so much amused as I was with my mild soldiering.* Our dear Italy is one dungeon. It looks a hard and long struggle for our poor Italians to go through, to raise them from their *corso-cafe-cicisbeo* character to the dignity of free men. Piedmont gets on capitally. ——— is here, moving heaven and earth to get promotion. If all my thirty cousins had given me the trouble he has, I should have left Parliament long ago. I take that institution very easily, and am content to occupy an unambitious position as supporter of this Government we have at last got, and which we ought to have had two years ago. With my wife's best regards to you and yours,

Yours affectionately,

R. M. MILNES.

During the Session Milnes had been engaged in trying to bring about one small reform at the request of Mr. Carlyle, the abolition of the duty on foreign books.

If you could persuade Gladstone [wrote Carlyle] to take off that extremely scrubby little tax on foreign books—or, rather, on old foreign books, for the modern are oftenest worth less than nothing, and may be burnt at St. Catherine's for aught I care—he may do a perceptible benefit to the one or two serious students still extant in this country. A perceptible benefit, not a great one—ah no; and on the whole if he won't, and can't, the Muses (with Panizzi's breech seated on the throat of them, and little conscious of crime in the posture, he poor devil!) must still try to live if they can.

Milnes acted upon Carlyle's request, and wrote to Mr. Gladstone, who, though unable to act at the

* Milnes held a commission in the 2nd West Riding Regiment of Militia from 1840 to 1854.

moment, did not lose sight of the needed reform, and in due time brought it about.

Mrs. Gaskell had just published her remarkable story called "Ruth," and it had brought upon her a certain amount of censure from those who would limit fiction to the topics which may be discussed openly in drawing-rooms. It was in reply to a letter of sympathy and appreciation from Milnes that she wrote as follows :—

Mrs. Gaskell to R. M. M.

Plymouth Grove, Feb. 10th.

My dear Sir,—I have been told that I ought to have too much "self-respect" to care for people's opinions on what I wrote; but though in some instances this said stoical self-respect would have saved me pain, I am sure I would not purchase it by the loss of the zest with which I have enjoyed your approval. I am so glad you liked "Ruth." I was so anxious about her, and took so much pains over writing it, that I lost my own power of judging, and could not tell whether I had done it well or ill. I only knew how very close to my heart it had come from. I tried to make both the story and the writing as quiet as I could, in order that "people" (my great bugbear) might not say that they could not see what the writer felt to be a very plain and earnest truth, for romantic incidents or exaggerated writing. But I have no right to presume upon your leisure, so I will only say, once more, thank you for taking the trouble of writing to express what you felt.

I do not know that I am likely to be in town soon; but if I am, I shall certainly have great pleasure in letting you know.

Yours truly, and also "obliged,"

E. C. Gaskell.

CHAPTER XI.

CRIMEAN WAR DAYS.

Married Life—Visit to Ireland—The Eastern Question—Correspondence with Lady Palmerston—A Round of Visits—The Crimean War—The *Times'* Account of the Battle of the Alma—The Peelites—A Ministerial Crisis—Milnes declines Office—Miss Nightingale in the East—Harriet Martineau—Death of Charlotte Brontë—Paris and Vichy—Lines on Scutari—The British Association at Glasgow—Visit to Hawarden—Peerage offered to Mr. Pemberton Milnes.

A NEW source of information opens to the biographer from this point in Milnes's life. Henceforward, so long as she survived, whenever he was absent from his wife, he wrote to her constantly. His letters were all carefully preserved by Mrs. Milnes; but, though numerous and full of interest, they are in themselves more fragmentary than his correspondence with MacCarthy, to whom, owing to his distance from England, he felt it necessary, when he wrote at all, to give a consecutive and detailed account of public affairs, as well as of his own personal fortunes. Milnes's letters to his wife are as a rule brief and chatty—hints of what he was thinking or doing—rather than a formal statement; whilst I need hardly say that in free intercourse with a woman whom he not only loved as a wife, but to whom he always looked as the most sympathetic and intelligent of friends, much was written with which the world at large can have no concern. The reader must

therefore understand that the extracts which I make from his letters to Mrs. Milnes will, of necessity, in most cases be fragmentary, and that they by no means represent in its entirety a correspondence which was full and varied in its interest.

In August, 1853, Milnes was in Ireland. It was the year of the Irish Exhibition, a pendant to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and it was on this occasion that the Queen paid one of her rare visits to Dublin. Milnes stayed with some of his old friends in the country, and was also during a portion of his visit the guest of Lord St. Germans, then the Viceroy.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Carton, Wednesday.

I found on arriving here to-day a batch of letters—two pleasant ones from you, and (of course) some unpleasant from others, which I (of course) enclose. I really wished for you in the gloomy hill-sides and verdurous lanes of Wicklow more than in the regal puppet-shows of Dublin. Nothing could be kinder than the Moncks, who thoroughly enjoy their pleasant place. . . . I found here the Dowager Lady D., whom I wanted to marry when I was eight years old. I distinctly remember proposing to her that we should go to Tobolsk, in Siberia, the furthest place I had then heard of. The Kildares are just gone to take possession of a place the Duke has given them; so I miss him, which I am sorry for. . . .

Carton, Saturday.

I am annoyed that the cough should still annoy you. It ought really to be well by this time, or when I come back I shall be taking you to Nice or some such place, instead of bleak Yorkshire. I am sorry you have not been with me at this kind

hospitable house, the repose and ease of which you would much enjoy. I am only sure that you are as comfortable where you are. I passed this morning at the college at Maynooth, which is much altered for the better since I was last here, the students looking so much cleaner and more academic than they did, and the new buildings in Pugin's best and simplest style. I was at the races yesterday, and it was as hot for two hours as I ever felt it in Italy, but to-day there has been a sharp east wind. . . . Did you read out "The Stones of Venice," as I advised?

Parson's Town, Saturday.*

What pleasant letters of my father's! His interest in you is quite a wholesome stimulus to him. . . . I am very glad I came here. The hosts are very amiable, and the telescope marvellous; but though I was glad to see some of the volcanoes in the moon, yet a dark moonless night is the only one fit for astronomical observations, and that we are not likely to have while I am here. The prospects of an autumn Session, I am sorry to say, are threatening. That incompetent Clarendon seems to be sliding us into a war without honour.

Phœnix Park, Monday.

I only got the little envelope about you this morning. Wet and cold indeed! I have had a fire every day in my bedroom, but then comes the magical little Queen with her luck, and to-day is a real warm autumn day. We went to Kingstown at seven this morning, and gossiped on a platform till about ten, when she landed, and we returned in the same train with her, and went after her in the line. There could not have been less than a million souls out altogether; there was no great shouting, but much eager satisfaction and earnest interest. After all came a letter from Lady Molesworth, saying, "the hideous teeth of the waves, and the frightful reports of the passengers, made it impossible for them to cross." And so they are gone to Cornwall.

* Lord Rosse's house.

Phœnix Park, Tuesday.

You will read in the papers the account of the Queen's visit to the Exhibition to-day. The effect can hardly be exaggerated; it was in one sense finer than the London one, in that it was all apprehensible at one glance, and the size was not sufficient to produce confusion and indistinctness. Her Majesty looked rather tired than otherwise, except when she was speaking to Mr. Durgan, the author of the Exhibition, when she broke into one of those benignant smiles that gain so much from the preceding sombreness. The two little princes followed her, hand-in-hand, through the building. I am not asked to the Royal dance to-night, being thought, I suppose, owing to you, out of the pale of dancing men, but to the concert to-morrow with the judges, bishops, and bores. This is too much of a good thing, for there is a review in the park in the afternoon and a ball in the house here at night. I have met some quite old friends—one the future Lady ——, more handsome and charming than when I was *half* in love with her fifteen years ago.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Bawtry, Oct. 18th, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND,—Your little missive was very agreeable if it merely showed you *in statu quo*, which, both publicly and individually, as one gets older, one looks on with more gratification than the untried future. On the 24th the Sultan goes to war—poor old Mohamed the camel-driver putting on his turban once more. I heartily wish I had never seen him or anything of the East, and then I might have formed the clear decisive intelligible opinion on one side or the other which politicians and newspapers are enabled to do by reason of their ignorance; but I am really thankful as it is that my opinions on the subject have not the slightest weight in the balance. I cannot, however, bring myself to believe that the Christian populations who have been pillaged, ravished, impaled, &c. &c., for four centuries by those

ferocious tribes, are now going to defend and support them against their fellow-Christians, however little better these latter may be. You see, I would prefer the weak despotism of the Porte to the strong tyranny of the Czar; but that is a piece of occidental induction, and in this strife we must remember that all sides are Oriental, and have that mode of thought. . . . I had a month's bachelor tour in Ireland, which I found wondrously improving, the emigration to America becoming the ordinary incident in rural life. Thus labour is rising in value, and even the loss of the potato is not regarded as the loss of life. Annabel sends her best regards, and begs me to say she thinks her Amicia quite worthy of being introduced to your Richard. My father has uncertain health, but is just now very well. . . . I am likely to see the Duke of Newcastle soon, and will not forget your suggestion. I have already spoken of you to him more than once. I got —— removed to Philadelphia with much trouble, and he is, of course, miserable. No new books worth sending for but Haydon's Life, which is as pathetic and strange as Rousseau's.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

The country was now engrossed in the Eastern Question, and we were already practically committed to the war which was to be fought out before Sebastopol. It is no part of my purpose to tell here the history of the political events of that exciting time, save as they may be connected with Milnes's own life. One of the most striking incidents of the autumn of 1853 was, however, the unexpected resignation of Lord Palmerston on December 15th—a resignation which was in force for just nine days, when the Minister resumed office. The following letters to Milnes, and the extracts from

his letters to his wife, will be found to bear upon this exciting episode in the political history of the time.

Lady Palmerston to R. M. M.

Carlton Gardens, Dec. 2nd, 1853.

DEAR MR. MILNES,—I was charmed to see your handwriting again, for I had heard nothing of you for a long time. We shall certainly be at home at Christmas, and very happy to see you at any time you can come to us. We are only sorry that Mrs. Milnes will not be with you. London is a horrid place at this time of year, and I shall be glad to get out of the fogs. We have some hopes of doing so after the 12th. Here the society is small, and might be pleasant, if every one had not a cold, or felt afraid of catching one; but when Palmerston has ended all his Herculean labours by draining the valley of the Thames, and making all the furnaces and grates consume their own smoke, then, indeed, we shall come to a happy state of things, and London will be worth living in. He is really sanguine enough to hope to see this day, and as he generally succeeds in all he undertakes, I, too, live in hopes of this result. Nobody looks very comfortable here; the Turkish question worries a great many, and Reform others, and, I believe, both might have been avoided. You will say, how? But that I am not bound to answer. I only give you my opinion as to the fact; you may value it or not, just as you please. Lady Pembroke was very unhappy yesterday at hearing that her brother Woronzow was ill of a bilious attack. Poor fellow! he is in a sad anxious position, and no wonder he is bilious, at the least. Brunnow * looks very unhappy, too, and fears every day to be recalled. Some people expect the Emperor to have a fit if the Turkish successes continue; it must be such a blow to him, all that has occurred hitherto, and now to see the Grand Patriarch ready to march out with the Sultan's army, and even to excommunicate Nicholas if it were desirable, thus throwing

* Baron Brunnow, Russian Ambassador in London.

all his religious claims and professions to the winds! There never was a man so fallen in every way as that Emperor, for we were all prejudiced in his favour, and he had acted his part so well that we might expect better things of him. Even the *Times* and Reeves have given him up now. Palmerston desires his kindest regards.

Believe me yours sincerely,

E. PALMERSTON.

Mr. D'Israeli to R. P. Milnes.

Grosvenor Gate, Dec. 19th, 1853.

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—Your letter after several journeys has caught me here, passing through town. It is a very tempting invitation, for under your roof we are sure to be happy; but, alas! in this instance we are so circumstanced that we are bound to forego the gratification. I believe Lord W. [Westmoreland] to be quite guiltless, and that the Cabinet are the distinguished authors of the Vienna Note. The article [leading] in the *Morning Post* to-day is from Lord Palmerston's own hand. You may rely on this; he is furious that his resignation should be solely or even mainly placed upon Parliamentary Reform. He has resigned on the Liberal grounds of opposition to "antiquated imbecility."

My wife sends you her love. Ever yours,

D.

Lady Palmerston to R. M. M.

Carlton Gardens, Dec. 22nd, 1853.

DEAR MR. MILNES,—I am afraid there is no chance of our being at Broadlands Saturday, so I write to say that on Monday I think we shall be there, or on Tuesday certainly. Would this suit you as well as the earlier day? . . . . We have been kept here in uncertainty from day to day, and now great efforts are making to try and get Palmerston to withdraw

his resignation. I know not whether there is a possibility of accommodation. The manner in which Palmerston's resignation has been received is most flattering. The despair of the Whigs and friends of the Government, even Radicals and Reformers (the fact is, nobody wants Reform); none pleased but the Tory party, and those most exulting.

Yours very truly,

E. PALMERSTON.

R. M. M. to his Wife.

Athenæum, Friday.

It is not improbable that these motions in the House may end in my losing my visit to Broadlands altogether. After the Cabinet yesterday they telegraphed to H. Fitzroy at Brighton, and he has just been with Palmerston to offer terms of accommodation. Palmerston does not seem very hopeful of a good result, but remains in town in aid of the Ministers.

During the month in which this political crisis was in progress Milnes was making a round of visits to various country houses, including the Grange, and terminating with Broadlands.

Extracts from letters to his Wife.

The Grange, Saturday, Dec., 1853.

I find here a houseful, contrary to my expectations. The H. Taylors with all their children, the Brookfields with their pretty little girl, Bear Ellice, Giant Higgins, Venables, Clough, Senior, Kinglake, a young Lascelles, Geraldine Mildmay, Humphrey ditto, and one or two others. I have the room on the ground floor I inherited from Charles Buller, and where I lay with my broken arm. My lady looks very well and in capital spirits, but does not assist at dinner. The children have a tree to-night; and there is talk of a charade to exhibit the Rev. Brookfield. He, Taylor, and I, read Hamlet this morning

to the ladies. T.'s Hamlet was very unlike Denmark's, and very like H. Taylor. I go to Embly* on Monday for one night; that is as much as I know. Venables approves Parkyns's book,† calling it the most successful attempt of a man to reduce himself to the savage state on record.

The Grange, Sunday.

Nothing to tell you but that I shall stay at Embly till I go to Broadlands; so write there. . . . Lord Radstock was the chief theologian who condemned Maurice in the King's College Council. The stridulent Senior has been showing us his review of Thackeray in the coming *Edinburgh*, and wretched it is. All is going on well about Palmy and the Government, and I hope it may be settled by to-morrow. The children had a grand tea last night, and we had some charades afterwards, in the hall, where my lady would not venture to see it. Fancy my wife taking care of herself in that way!

Embly, Monday.

We left A. in bed, and unable to go to Bowood; she had (for once) certainly not taken care of herself, sitting up and talking till she was quite in a fever. Nobody much here except Clough ‡ and his *fiancée*, a clever-looking girl, and our Dresden friends the Noels. . . . Is not the *Times* of to-day delightful? The ingenious connection between Pam's return and a more decided action in foreign affairs, without even saying that he is or will be the cause of a change of policy. Did you ever hear of the Birmingham school of gentlemen, mad on the currency question? The papers you sent are a specimen. It is very curious, but that doctrine of a fixed measure of value seems capable of quite disordering the minds of men who adopt it.

Embly, Tuesday.

I go to Broadlands to-morrow; they arrive there to-day. Lady P. writes: "Every event in which P. is concerned ends in

* The house of Mr. Nightingale, father of Florence Nightingale.

† Mr. Mansfield Parkyns the traveller.

‡ Arthur Hugh Clough, author of "A Long Vacation Pastoral," &c.

his standing higher than he did before." There is a fine deluded wifie for you, though I think she is right for this once. Clough's Amy has something of —— about her, both in person and manner, and is evidently a woman of much worth. Clough himself in great favour here. Do you remember my bringing them together at our house? We have been reading poetry and talking science all this snowy day, pleasant enough. They talk quite easily about Florence [Nightingale], but her position does not seem very suitable. I wish we could put her at the head of a juvenile reformatory; that would suit her much better. Lord Pam has just given £25,000 for an estate joining on to his own, with a good house on it, for which he wants a tenant. Nightingale says, "and he has paid for it."

Broadlands, Thursday.*

I send you a paper with the address to Maurice, which keep. Now that P. has returned to his disconsolate friends, all is forgiven and forgotten, and they are both in capital spirits. He got a Russian letter from St. Petersburg this morning, which ends: "France and England may become Turks if they please, our three-edged bayonet can destroy three Powers; in vain they attempt to shake the Russian empire, for it is with Christ and for Christ." We have General B. here, who is factotum of the Court, and who has lots of gossip which would interest more loyal persons than myself extremely.

Broadlands, Monday.

Lady P. is very anxious for me to stay as long as I can, as the Flahaults are coming, with nobody certain to meet them, so I have offered to stay till Friday, and shall come through to you that day. . . . This house here is very cold, so different from the Grange. Lord ——, who is here, is full of Mrs. Dizzy's visit to them. She said at dinner that "she did not care the least for looks in men, and would as soon have married a black man as not." He apologised about a dish having too much onion in it; she said, "I prefer them raw," and so on.

* The House of Lord Palmerston.

Broadlands, Thursday.

I went to town with Lord P. yesterday, and returned in the evening, wishing to see some books I should not have time for on Friday. It is thawing here, and, if it goes on, will be an "almighty squash" to-morrow. I was just as well as you in the frost, a compliment you do not pay me in the heat. . . . I like Lawrence's sketch of W. Harcourt very much.* I don't expect any explanation at the meeting of Parliament; there is really nothing to explain. The whole thing, however, looks very ticklish, and I doubt the Government keeping together long; there is evidently no cordial goodwill among them, which is the only security for mutual promise.

Milnes was still at Broadlands when the New Year arrived, and he sent the following greeting to his wife :—

1854.

DEAREST A——,—A happy New Year, happier than the last, and I would wish it the more, but for a weird feeling that what I wish very much will not be.

Thou gleaner of the sunny hours
  Harvested in the home of God,
Gild me the future summer's bowers,
  Revive the present ice-bound sod.
Thou gleaner from the darkest hours
  Of scattered good I could not see,
Preserve thy dear remedial powers,
  And shed them as I need o'er me.

Your loving husband and friend,

RICHARD.

The New Year opened gloomily enough for the country at large, with the delivery of an English and French ultimatum to the Emperor of Russia, and the

* A portrait of W. V. Harcourt, commissioned by Lord Houghton, and now at Fryston.

despatch of our armies to the East. From this time forward, to the conclusion of peace in 1856, the thoughts of the English people were almost exclusively centred upon the struggle in the Crimea, and the terrible sufferings of our troops, owing to the complete breakdown of a system which, during forty years of peace, had been allowed to fall into decay. Milnes had, of course, the deep interest of a politician and a patriot in the events connected with the Crimean war. He had, too, that personal interest in them which was felt by so many members of English society who had friends and relatives serving before Sebastopol, whilst by-and-by a new interest sprang up in his breast in connection with the expedition of Miss Nightingale. I have already said something of Milnes's feelings of devotion to that heroic woman. It was not a thing of yesterday. Long before the world had heard her name, he had recognised in her the presence of those great qualities which revealed themselves so conspicuously in the storm and stress of the Crimean days, and he entertained for her the truest affection, mingled with an admiration in which there was no trace of that cynicism with which his friends generally credited him. It was inevitable that when Miss Nightingale began to play so prominent a part in the events of that period, Milnes should throw himself heart and soul into her service, and do whatever lay within his power in order to lighten her task and strengthen her hands in the movement, the startling novelty of which caused many timid souls to regard it with disfavour.

Most of the letters of 1854, whether written by Milnes or to him, have reference to the war, and to the terrible losses of our troops; but a few—more particularly in the earlier part of the year—deal with other and more general subjects. The scheme for the reform of the Civil Service by the introduction of competitive examinations as a means of admission of candidates had been brought before the House of Commons, and had excited the warm interest of Carlyle among others.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, March 1st, 1854.

Dear Milnes,—I wish you would tell me something definite about that grand proposal of manning the Civil Service by persons chosen according to their merit; or, if you know little or nothing about it, will you (for my sake and your own) make some precise inquiries in the proper quarter, and pause again in your riding some day soon to tell me how it stands with that matter? I really am much interested about it, and can find nobody to give me information that will amount to anything. Certainly, there never was in my time such a "reform" set on foot as this same might be—a thing worth all other "reforms" put together, and, indeed, practically inclusive of all (for there is no other wanted or even conceivable, according to my notions); and I confess I would not exchange the right *attempt* at this for all the ballot-boxes or want of ballot-boxes in the world, which latter entities (with their franchises, beer barrels, hustings, oratory, &c. &c.) have, after long sinking, quite reached zero many years ago with me. I can foresee endless difficulties in the execution of such an attempt, but the attempt is great, salutary, and, I believe, *indispensable*. Your Chancellor of the Exchequer, or whoever it is that has charge of it, must in no wise abandon it for difficulties; let him persist, in Heaven's

name and England's. Gradually all good citizens—all wise men —will rally to him, and he will have begun a new epoch in English history, and done a service required by God and man. In short, come to me again soon, and give your wisest account of all that, not to speak of other things. I am here daily till 3.30 p.m.

Yours ever,

T. Carlyle.

Strange as it may seem to some, Milnes himself was not altogether in favour of the reform which excited the enthusiastic approbation of Carlyle. He was not able to convince himself that a man's "merit" was to be best ascertained by testing his proficiency in cramming; whilst he had a wholesome dread of a possible time in which the youth of this country might look forward to a Government office as the highest aim of their lives, believing that such a state of things would be injurious to our national independence and our national spirit. Speaking in the House when the question of Civil Service examinations had come before Parliament in a practical form, he declared that the result of such a system of competition would be that the country would secure only the intellectual attainments of a certain class of society, and that the competition would be determined by the means which the candidates respectively possessed of getting crammed. "It will become simply a question of money; the poor man will be utterly excluded from the contest, whatever his talents or efficiency, and success will be attained by more or less mechanical means; that is to say, the men who get themselves crammed by those persons who are known as

coaches will almost invariably win." The country has now had a sufficiently long experience of the system which Carlyle hailed with so much delight, and against which Milnes inveighed, to be able to come to its own conclusion as to its merits and its drawbacks. That conclusion probably is that neither the hopes of the friends nor the fears of the enemies of the new system have been or are likely to be realised under it.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife, 1854.

I went to Lady John's [Russell's] for half an hour last night, she and the young ladies all coughing so badly they could hardly speak. The Duke of Argyll, an Italian, and an Elliot all the party. The —— cast their gloomy shadow over the Ellesmere dance. The joke of the evening was that Sir Frederick Thesiger had said to some one who complained of Lord Campbell talking such bad French that he murdered the language, "No," said Thesiger, "he doesn't kill, he only 'Scotches' it."

House of Commons.

Dearest A——,—I will look over the list of the orphan subscribers with you next week, and write; there is no use talking to people of such things. The private letters from the Crimea yesterday were of the most melancholy character, the men dying by scores of cold and disease. S. Herbert says the winter stores have partially arrived, and James Smith, young Glyn, and some one else started last night with the Crimean Fund. Everything is to be sold at a low price, and the money spent in *fuel*. If this factious opposition goes on, I cannot be with you till Saturday. The Government are anxious in all ways to keep me.

Drayton, Friday.

I see they will be annoyed if I go away to-morrow, as the main party comes that day. At present there are only the

Villiers, Admiral Rous, and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke and Sir Robert keep up a running fire of banter, accusing one another reciprocally of being the servant of the *Times* and the valet of the Prince. Have you read the articles on Florence Nightingale in the *Chronicle* of to-day, and in the French paper translated in the *Times* of yesterday? They have some very comical lines on her in *Punch*, and an ideal portrait, something like the reality.

Drayton, Saturday (? Dec., 1854).

It is as well that I am not coming to you to-day, as I am nursing an influenza which came on the evening I got here, and which, under the homœopathic care of the Duke of Wellington, is fast getting better. It was not improved by a drive in an open carriage and four yesterday to Lichfield to see the cathedral. The news to-day is very sad, and next week will be as sorrowful as that after Alma, without the victory. I wish you would ask Hungerford [Lord Crewe] to let you take Hawthorne* to see Crewe next Saturday. I should like him to see it, though he may not immortalise it, like Bracebridge Hall. Peel is doing a great deal here, laying out Italian terraces, &c.; a batch of vases from Carrara arrived yesterday, and an araucaria from Elvaston, for which he gave £20; but nothing can make the place worthy of the house.

Worsley, Friday.

Hardly anybody here but ourselves, and those selves very pleasant. . . . Poor Lord F. Gower!† A sad translation, indeed, from the green velvet of Stafford House to the wretched transport where he lay dying for twenty days without any one who even knew his name near him. When Lord W. Paulet found him out he was insensible. A telegraph from Windsor came here last night to ask how and where he died. This place has gained much by the terraces made since you were here. It now stands quite on a pedestal, proportionate though high.

* Nathaniel Hawthorne was now acting as American Consul at Liverpool.

† Son of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, killed in the Crimea.

Worsley, Saturday.

The Duchess's poor boy was almost insensible when he got on board the man-of-war; he only wished to write to her, but he could not hold the pen, so he went away in silence. I was telling Lady E. yesterday how much you read to me, and she said, "She has such a delightful voice—the Greville voice." —— has written a most empty volume. Lady E. said to the company, "Is Lord ——'s book vacant?" "Yes," said I, "I am sorry to say it is."

R. M. M. to the Chevalier Bunsen.

The Hall, Bawtry, Oct. 26th, 1854.

My dear Chevalier Bunsen,—I want to know something of George's existence, of General Radowitz's, and of your own; and now that the diplomatic neutrality of Germany gives you nothing to do, you cannot perform a more amiable act than giving me a little information on these points. George should really let us know something about him, for it is now above a year since I have seen his handwriting, and Lady Ashburton is no better off. The papers make General Radowitz very ill: is it so? It must gratify him very considerably to see the moral quagmire into which his friend the Czar has plunged himself. Omar Pasha had a fine day yesterday for crossing the Danube. For my own part, I like neither of the combatants, though I prefer a feeble and superannuated despotism as less noxious to mankind than one young and vigorous, and assisted by the appliances of modern intelligence. I have been spending six weeks in Ireland, which appears singularly prosperous. Cullen's ultramontanism is doing good in denationalising the priesthood, and the education of the people is making a new spring, relieved from the incubus of the dogmatical and crotchety Archbishop Whately. What is the truth of the rumours of Maurice's expulsion from his professorship?

With all regards to your family circle,

I remain yours very truly,

Richard M. Milnes.

Mrs. Procter to Mrs. Milnes.

My dear Mrs. Milnes,—It gave me real pleasure to hear such good news of you all. . . . For anything else, we might as well be in the Crimea; no one speaks or thinks of anything but the war. We are kept in a continual state of excitement by second editions and third editions of the various newspapers. I have so many friends whose sons and nephews are in the East that I only exchange one sad face for another. I should congratulate Lord Clanricarde upon his son being a prisoner: he is safe; and, judging by the courtesy the Emperor showed a naval lieutenant, he will be received with real honours. I am very anxious about Mr. Kinglake, who is at Malta in fever, the fruits of excitement, fatigue, and bad living. We are all well—Adelaide better than I have known her for some years. Thackeray is very poorly indeed—I think, sadly out of spirits. He has now gone to Paris, being so restless that he is no sooner in one place than he wants to be in another. I have been staying with Mrs. Grote, at Burnham, for three days. How we did talk! From ten in the morning until twelve at night we never ceased. I was so excited by her conversation that I could not sleep. We spoke of you and your husband, and congratulated him and ourselves upon his marriage. It is not always, permit me to say, that two old women—such adorers of a man—can see what is charming in *his* wife. I am just going to see Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who has had great fatigue and sorrow, nursing her poor father, whose sufferings were very great for twelve hours before his death.

Mr. Kinglake, to whom reference is made above, had been in the Crimea, making those observations which have since been turned to such good account in his history of the war. He had also contributed something—apparently not much—to the account of the battle of Alma published in the *Times*. The following letter from the editor of that journal gives an interesting

account of one of the earliest of the many feats in journalism which were subsequently performed by "the pen of the war," and may, it is to be hoped, be quoted here without any breach of etiquette.

Mr. Delane to R. M. M.

Serjeants' Inn, Oct. 23rd, 1854.

Dear Mr. Milnes,—I enclose all that Eothen wrote of the battle of the Alma, a characteristic bit, but something widely different from the complete and artistic account which you so justly admire. When I add that the letter was written on the actual field of battle, among dead and wounded men, the writer lying on the ground in the scorching sun, and writing in pencil on his hat, for want of a table, and that he had just had his horse shot under him, you will, I hope, admit and maintain that his was the most extraordinary literary feat on record. You will have seen that we have had a most responsible and unwelcome duty forced on us by the public charity. I am sending out Mr. Macdonald (whom you may, perhaps, have seen at the Great Exhibition and elsewhere) to act as treasurer of the Fund [the *Times* Patriotic Fund], and should be very glad if you would give him an introduction to Miss Nightingale. The absence of medical stores and comforts, which was deplorable before I left, is at last explained. They had all been sent to Varna, while the sick and wounded were sent to Constantinople. This little bureaucratic blunder has cost at least 500 lives, but the Government which denied that there was any want of stores will now, of course, maintain that it was in pursuance of a wise and far-seeing policy that the medicines and the sick, the lint and the wounded, were kept 300 miles apart. Baird writes me to-day that he and Kinglake were well and prosperous at Balaklava on the 8th, and that K. would start on his homeward journey on the 18th.

Believe me

Very faithfully yours,

John T. Delane.

The news from the Crimea became worse and worse as time passed, and popular feeling at home rose to a point at which it was impossible for Parliament or Ministers to stand any longer against it. Lord John Russell's resignation as Lord President on the 21st of January preceded only by a couple of days the defeat of the Ministry as a whole on Mr. Roebuck's Motion of Censure. Lord Aberdeen went out of office, and in February Lord Palmerston undertook to form a Ministry.

R. M. M. to Mr. Gladstone.

16, *Upper Brook St., Feb. 12th*, 1855.

My dear Gladstone, — When we were interrupted the other evening, I was desirous to urge on you, not only for Palmerston's sake, but for that of the country, the all-importance of rendering this new coalition of political parties as *real* as possible. We have now, at any rate, a Minister whom people know, instead of one who was as invisible as Lord Raglan; and this, so far, is an advantage: but it will go but small way towards a vigorous united action if there are still to be rival coteries at the Carlton and at Brooks's; if the subordinate officials of one set are too free in their abuse of the Ministers of the other; if the friends of each section are to meet nowhere but in Lady Palmerston's drawing-room. My own isolation in political life would of itself make me estimate the worth of such a close personal connection as you and your friends have enjoyed; but I cannot conceal from myself that such associations are not without their disadvantages and dangers. The terrors and hatreds of society have always been directed against combinations of men rather than against individuals, and the more so when the bonds that attach those combinations are rather personal than political. If therefore you and yours are to remain a separate party in the Government and in society, I believe

you will render any effective administration of affairs impossible. You have talents enough to embarrass and damage any other party, and you have not sufficient following to make a party of yourselves. It was the Girondins, the best and wisest statesmen of France, who destroyed the Republic and themselves.

I remain yours very truly,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

P.S.—I have this to-day from the Crimea from an officer in the 33rd :—"Every word in the *Times* is true; our strongest company has thirteen men fit for duty; my company has three; one company has one officer, one drummer, and one soldier fit for duty. The Light Company has eight, and the Grenadiers three. We have at this moment sixty-seven bodies lying outside my tent."

To this very frank letter—which was, in fact, an appeal to Mr. Gladstone and the other Peelites definitely to throw in their lot with the Liberal party as represented and led by Lord Palmerston—Mr. Gladstone replied at once.

He told Milnes that Lord Aberdeen's friends could not "remain a separate party in the Government, if it were only for the reason that they never were made a party. In point of fact there never was a more complete success than that of the late Cabinet in its internal relations generally;" and its harmony had been as great as that of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, which was the only other of which Mr. Gladstone had personal experience. "Upon no single occasion did it ever happen during two far from common years that in any difference of opinion it could be traced who was Whig and who was not Whig." Mr. Gladstone could not, in these

circumstances, recognise the justice of Milnes's apprehensions.

On the 22nd of February Milnes's fears, the reality of which Mr. Gladstone was unable to recognise, were to a large extent confirmed by the resignation of Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Gladstone himself. It should be said, however, six or eight Peelites remained in the Ministry, and that those who resigned did so against the wishes of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

Feb. 23*rd*, 1855.

Dear Friend,—Here we are turning Ministers in and out; at this moment the atmosphere is a little clearer; the chief Peelites have left the Government, and taken their seats in the House of Commons behind Cobden and Bright. It is the best thing they could do. Roebuck's Committee will not come to much, but it will give the opportunity to the chief accused to state the facts of their case, and we shall see clearer where the main cause of the misfortune lies. I have always made the most of Palmerston's capabilities, and now, I fear, I have overrated them, especially as he is much aged of late, though he struggles against time with the energy of a hero. As yet the accounts from the Crimea offer no mitigation of horror; and if the weather there has any analogy with that here, the catastrophe must be complete. The passion of the country is rising, and is likely to make vent in many useless distracted ways. The internal distress is also great, and trade generally declining; so that the public prospects are not such as to make any man desire too great public responsibility. . . .

Yours affectionately,

Richard M. Milnes.

The Ministerial crisis had a special interest for Milnes, as it was the occasion of his receiving from Lord Palmerston the offer of a post in the Government, a Lordship of the Treasury. Ten years before such an offer would have been gladly accepted; but the chance of work in the ranks of the Ministry had offered itself too late. His tastes and his ambitions were changed, and he now felt no inclination to enter the service of his country by the humble door of a Lordship of the Treasury. Other fields of usefulness and other forms of enjoyment were open to him, and he preferred to continue the life of independent action to which he had so long been accustomed.

The story of the Ministerial crisis, and of Milnes's refusal of the post offered to him by Lord Palmerston, is briefly indicated in his letters to his wife and his father.

Athenæum, Tuesday, January, 1855.

I have not yet seen enough to judge what the French call the situation. I think the Government would be glad to go out if they could do so with honour; something like the position in the Crimea. Stafford * looks well, and is quite happy at the way people have received him. I breakfast with him to-morrow, and Thirlwall with me on Saturday. He said Thirlwall says he can find no one fault with the conduct of the war; he thinks everybody has done everything that circumstances permitted. I tell him that it is lucky for his character that the day of translations of historians is over.

* His old friend Augustus Stafford O'Brien, who had some time previously dropped the name of O'Brien, and who had just returned from a visit to the Crimea.

Upper Brook St., Friday.

I write this in the morning, and will write to my father from the House if there is anything of interest. Lord John's withdrawal * was as much a surprise as a harlequin going through a window. If it means that he wishes to be free at the break-up, and therefore all ready to head a new Government, I do not think it will succeed. I hope Stafford will speak to-night or Monday; he is only too full of interesting matter. He says Florence in the Hospital quite makes intelligible to him the saints of the Middle Ages. If the soldiers were told that the roof had opened, and she had gone up palpably to heaven, they would not be the least surprised. They quite believe she is in several places at once. Does not this prove her to be a Papist in disguise? . . . The Burns anniversary acted on me homœopathically; I went to it with a bad headache, and have none this morning. Tell my father we had four magnums of 1841 claret on the table; and when I asked something about 1851, nobody at the table would own they had ever tasted so raw a vintage. There was some capital speaking and singing. "Willie brewed a Peck o' Malt" was capitally given by Colonel Burns, the poet's son.

Boodle's, 5 o'clock, Saturday, January, 1855.

The pure Whigs are up; Lord John has undertaken to form a Goverñment. The Queen has never given Palmy the choice, though he has been with her this afternoon. The Peelites, I take it, will secede, and thus the Government will return weaker and more divided than ever. Galway's story about Lord Derby and the Peelites was just the contrary to the fact. Lord D. offered office to Gladstone and Herbert, and *they* declined. Is not this comical? † Lady P. is very much out of sorts, and believed last

* Lord John Russell resigned office on January 21st, two days before the defeat of the Government on Mr. Roebuck's motion.

† As a matter of fact, Lord Derby had offered to Lord Palmerston to take him, Gladstone, and Herbert into the Ministry, and it was Palmerston's refusal which caused the proposal to fall through.

night that it would end in Lord Lansdowne; but I suppose your old friend had a twinge in the night, which may have changed him. The Philobiblon breakfast was agreeable—much smaller than usual, and the better for it. The Duc d'Aumale was in good form, and walked away through the slush with a book under his arm like a student.

House of Commons, Tuesday, January, 1855.

The decision of the Cabinet to-day is not positively known, but it is believed that Gladstone has agreed to refer the selection of Roebuck's Committee to the Committee of Selection. I doubt the House accepting this compromise. Lady P. told me to-day that the Duchess of Cambridge was quite pleased with Mr. Layard's not being in the Government; this is what the aristocracy call "public opinion." My Quaker friend Forster was with me this morning, saying the whole West Riding was indignant with the Government, and would not allow that they would be appeased by our dear Carlisle's admission to the Cabinet. . . .

House of Commons, February 5th, 1855.

Palmy is going on pretty well with his Government; there is a hitch with Gladstone, who is making difficulties, but I hope the other Peelites will not follow him, except perhaps Graham, between whom and Palmy there is a real personal dislike. The *première* is as happy as Amy with a new toy, and she really may rejoice in thinking how fairly and honestly he has won the prize.

Athenæum, February 6th, 1855.

P.'s difficulties continue, Gladstone resting much on his scruples respecting the objects of the war. I see he fears that he may find himself some day in Lord John's trap, and be compelled either to go against his earnest opinions, or break up the Government by leaving it. . . . I saw the Duke of

Cambridge to-day; he spoke very hopefully about the soldiers, and said, "You know, I feel about them as if they were my children."

The Philobiblon Society, to one of the breakfasts of which reference is made in one of the foregoing letters, had been established in 1853 through the joint efforts of M. Vandeweyer, then Minister of Belgium in London, and Milnes. I shall have occasion to refer more particularly to it in a later chapter. Here, it will suffice to say that the society, which was limited in numbers and exclusive in character, was strictly confined to genuine book-lovers. The members met each other at breakfast at the house of some one of their number, when the host brought forth for inspection any curiosities in the shape of rare books or manuscripts which might have come into his possession, and there was a real *conversazione* on the treasure, and any kindred topics suggested by it. Among the members of the Philobiblon Society who are mentioned most frequently in Milnes's correspondence are the Duc d'Aumale, M. J. Higgins (the well-known "Jacob Omnium" of the *Times*), and Sir William Stirling Maxwell. Milnes himself was, throughout the whole period of its existence, the most active member of the Society, and the editor of its Transactions.

R. M. M. to his Father.

February, 1855.

My dearest Father,—After a large amount of palaver about his difficulties, &c. &c., Palmy asked me to *join him* in the Treasury. This euphuism of course had no success, and, though

he pressed it much, was civilly declined. I asked Slater to mention D. to him, saying what a faithful supporter he was, and so on, and he promised to do so. He has been foolish in offering places to men, and then withdrawing them. Layard was distinctly offered the Under-Secretaryship for War, and, having accepted it, would not be put off with the Colonies—Lord John, who had hitherto been his great opponent, specially asking for him; but he stands out, and will, I dare say, gain his end. Palmy has just made a good eulogium upon Hume.

Your affectionate

R. M. M.

With this episode may be said to have ended Milnes's prospect of an official career. He continued, however, to give Lord Palmerston an independent support, whilst his personal friendship for that distinguished statesman was increased rather than diminished by the events of the year.

To his Wife.

Broadlands, March, 1855.

One line to say I came down along with the Premier, who talked all the way, and said very little indeed, though he was witty enough. Nobody here but Lady D., who looks as much a widow and as little like —— as you, with your Suttee notions, could desire. Palmy gives the All Souls' living to Mr. Eardley Wilmot, of Kenilworth. This is a secret, so is probably well known. He had hesitated between him and Thomson, when the latter was named; so I had nothing to say.* The Army is to be divided into two bodies to *ménager* Sir C. Campbell and Eyre, who are to command them, with Codrington over both.

* As a matter of fact the appointment was given to Mr. Thomson, now Archbishop of York.

Through his intimacy with Miss Nightingale and her family he naturally heard much direct news with regard to the work which was being done by that lady at Scutari. Even now the world can hardly fail to take an interest in the noble enterprise which opened up a new sphere for the energy and self-sacrifice of woman.

One of Miss Nightingale's nearest relatives, writing about January, 1855, to Milnes, says :—

Very good news from Scutari as far as the way in which the expedition is received, and the use it is of. Mr. B. says, "In one week F. has gained the confidence of all; the doctors do her will, and the Fund has poured its cornucopia into her lap: tin-pots, saucepans, jars, basins, sherry, combs, shirts, socks, sheets, coal, wooden spoons, form its jewels. They all say that the patience and endurance of the soldiers is something more beautiful than one can tell, and the manner in which they behave to the nurses. We had 1,715 sick and wounded in this hospital, and 650 in the other, of which we have charge also, when a message came to prepare for 510 wounded on our side of the hospital. We had but half an hour's notice before they began to land them. Between 1 and 9 o'clock we had the mattresses stuffed, sewn up, and laid down—alas! only on matting on the floor—the men washed, put to bed, and all their wounds dressed. The Turks carry these men who are come out to fight for them so carelessly that they arrive in a state of agony; twenty-four died in the process. We have now nearly four miles of beds not 18 inches apart. We have our quarters in one tower, and this fresh influx has been laid down between us and the main guard in two corridors, with a line of beds down each side, and just room for one to pass between. I can truly say it is good for us to be here, even in the midst of this appalling horror. As I went my last round among the newly

wounded that first night there was not a murmur, not one groan; the strictest discipline, the most absolute silence and quiet prevailed; only the step of the sentry; and I heard one man say, 'I was dreaming of my friends at home,' and another said, 'And I was thinking of them.' These poor fellows bear pain and mutilation with unshrinking heroism, and die without complaint."

Among Milnes's constant correspondents few had been more faithful during many years than Miss Martineau. They had exchanged ideas upon many questions, and had found in their very differences of opinion a ground upon which to base a firm and lasting friendship. Miss Martineau, as the reader has already heard, entertained a great admiration for Milnes's abilities as a poet, whilst she was in the habit of making use of his influence as a politician in order to serve her own public and philanthropic purposes. During the spring of this year, 1855, she was very ill, and at her request Milnes went to Ambleside to see her.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Ambleside, Good Friday, 1855.

. . . . I got here to tea, after having met John Bright in the train, and having had pleasant talk. I found my friend looking better than I have ever seen her. After some animated conversation a fit came on, and she was insensible some half-hour, and after a quantity of ether and opium revived and set to talking again. She says her life began with winter, and is ending with spring. The ascendency of mind over matter is really wonderful to witness. She may die any moment, or live many weeks. You see "Jane Eyre" is dead.* It was the first

* Charlotte Brontë.

news I heard here, and we read many of her letters in the evening. . . . Two nieces are with Miss M., instructed by Dr. Latham how to treat her; so she sees no doctor. Lear has sent her all his sketches from Egypt to see, and the Arnolds are coming to see them this afternoon. I walked to church to Rydal, and sat in the next pew to old Mrs. Wordsworth; "she was a phantom of delight." This place is pretty in all its cheerless weather; there are big lines of snowdrifts on the hills, and mists on all the tops.

Ambleside, Saturday.

I enclose an article of Miss M.'s on Miss Berry, which, please, copy at your leisure, and put by a copy of it on quarto paper. If you wish to see an excellent article she has written on poor "Jane Eyre," get the *Daily News* of Friday. . . . I had much talk with Miss M. to-day about children. She maintains that the natural instinct, if properly fostered, enables the mother to understand the child, its wants and ways, its thinkings and feelings, when no one else can do it, and that this even applies to very inferior women. I don't know what to say to this.

R. M. M. to C. J. MacCarthy.

London, July 16th, 1855.

Dear Friend,—The little incidents that make up the full life of the London season somehow or other disincline one from writing to those who are out of them. Now that it is pretty well over, I have despatched my wife and child into the country, and I am going to Paris to see the *Exposition* as soon as the foolish embroglio of home politics permits. On all these matters the *Times* tells you everything, and something more—not so much more as to render the everything uncertain, but enough to show that they take their information from those high sources which are inaccurate and obscure. Some years hence, perhaps, Lord

John's conduct at Vienna will be intelligible; it is now laid on Lady Westmoreland, just as his escapades in domestic politics are laid on his wife, by that principle of justice which finds in woman the only key to the enigmatic proceedings of man. As if all so-called great men had not enough folly in them to account for themselves. In other matters Lord Palmerston's Government goes on well and safely; his appointments are judicious, singularly unwarped by personal favour, and only a little influenced by personal despite. Lord Canning's * is an experiment; he is an undemonstrative man who has hitherto done well all he has had to do, owing of course a great deal to his name, and something to the almost discourteous reserve of his manners, which approves itself to our leading men and high life in general. The isolation which is the consequence of this has damaged his character, and this will not be improved by the lonely grandeur of his Indian position, which must be a kind of royal hermitage. . . .

July 20th. Last night the Government got a majority, mainly composed of their opponents, which keeps them safe until the next meeting of Parliament. Their tenure of office really hangs upon Sebastopol. If they can get that, or half of it, they will keep in. A new volume of Tennyson ("Maud," &c.) is in the press; I have read it with much pleasure, but I do not think it will make him either more popular or more famous. Did you read the "Balaklava Charge"? A real gallop in verse, and only good as such. He is himself much healthier and happier than he used to be, and devoted to his children, who are beautiful.

Yours affectionately,

R. M. M.

The foregoing letter suggests a fact which I have the permission of Lord Tennyson to state here; that is, that on the marriage of the great poet Milnes

* Lord Canning was appointed Governor-General of India.

offered to place at his disposal as a residence for life a wing of the house at Fryston. The offer, I need scarcely say, was not accepted, though it was urged by Milnes with a persistency which showed how much his heart was set upon rendering a real service to his friend.

The visit to Paris duly took place in the month of July, and I give some extracts from his letters to his wife whilst he was in the French capital.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Boulogne, Sunday evening.

A fine day and a smooth passage. Spencer Cowper and Mr. Sumner, the American, fellow-passengers. I shall drive to the Camp to-morrow morning, and go to Paris in the middle of the day. What if Lord P. was to dissolve Parliament, and bring me back in a jiffey! He is in such a pet that if he thought he could exclude them and Bright and Cobden from Parliament, he is quite capable of running the risk. Layard would be returned for London, and every Layardite would come in. Would Lord P. like that?

To his Father.

Meurice's, Paris, July 20th.

I was much annoyed at finding my friend Henry Lushington dangerously ill at the hotel next to this. Venables went to meet him at Marseilles, and brought him here with difficulty. He is too ill to see me, and I should doubt his recovery. Madame —— will gladly do your commission, to the best of her power: you could not have got a better person for it. She and her husband are amazingly Russian, and have given up their passion for

Austria in consequence of the Emperor having behaved so ill to his benefactor. She told me of a Russian shop on the Boulevards where she went to buy pictures of Russian saints, and gave me a book to read, written by Mentzchikoff's doctor, who writes, "Our victory on the Alma mainly served us to gain time." There are few English here, a world of Americans, and many other foreigners. I dine at the Walewskis' on Monday, and intend going to Vichy on Wednesday. The English pictures are quite the cream of the Exhibition; one knows them all, but never saw them so well before. . . . I had a long talk with Lord Cowley, which left me the impression that he had to a great degree checked the Emperor's willingness to make peace on the Austrian proposal. Do not repeat this. Love to the Aunties.

To his Wife.

Meurice's, Tuesday.

You may think how shocked I was at finding dear Henry Lushington so ill that there is little hope of his life. He came from Malta some days ago with his physician, and it seems doubtful whether he can move home, which he is anxious to do. Poor Venables is with him, tending him like a lover, carrying him about in his arms. His elder brother arrived yesterday. All this blackens this bright sky, and makes my visit here very gloomy. I had a long talk with Lord Cowley yesterday, in which I saw how warlike his tendencies are, and how he wishes to keep up the Emperor to the mark. Madame de Lieven was quite delighted to find how pacific I was. I found her very agreeable, and so, I suppose, made myself so. Lady Cowley has been dangerously ill, and goes to Dieppe to-day. The great question in agitation is whether the Emperor should meet the Queen at Boulogne. Lord Cowley thinks he ought; Walewski, that it is not consistent with his dignity, and wishes him to send Prince Napoleon, as the Queen sent Prince Albert. I dine with the Walewskis on Monday, and by that time this

awful question will, perhaps, be arranged. I dined with Spencer Cowper on Tuesday, and found Lady Harriet looking very well, but very *triste*.

Paris, July 24th.

Dear Harry is worse and worse, and there is hardly a gleam of hope. The fallen Minister [M. Drouyn de Lhuys] was, as usual in such cases, much more communicative and interesting than if he had been in power. He evidently thinks a continuance of the war will be the ruin of the Emperor, and the cause of much evil to France. The French have now taken to accuse us of conducting the war with unnecessary cruelty, and say we are burning helpless villages, and killing women and children on the shores of the Bosphorus! . . . I have seen a good many people here of all opinions, but they agree in one thing—in detesting the war; some for its cause, and all for its management. The peasants, they say, are getting very discontented at the new conscription, and if Lord John and Drouyn de Lhuys had made peace every town in France would have been illuminated. So much for our sole ally. The preparations for our Queen are immense. All St. Cloud is to be covered with V.R.'s, and the fête at Versailles to be wonderful.

Meurice's, Saturday.

H. Lushington is no better; they do not let me see him, and probably I shall never again. I somehow or other think of those who are left, rather than of those who are going; and thus I feel more for Venables than for himself. It has been the best and truest friendship I have ever seen in life. The Emperor has gone to the sea and his wife; so I am not exposed to be corrupted by any of the Court civilities that have overcome Charles Greville and Lady A. They have been completely subdued. The whole furniture at St. Cloud is being altered so as to have the English arms and "Victoria Regina" stuck all over it, that the Queen may think she is quite at home. . . . I was at Madame Mohl's last night, and met Mrs. Jameson, who has not been well. The conversation was free enough for anything. I dine

to-day with Merimée and some artists. They have made —— Member of the Jury of Beaux Arts at the Exhibition. I asked Merimée what they could have done it for. He said, "A cause des beaux yeux de sa femme." An excellent reason. It is, seriously, a bad piece of international flunkeyism.

Vichy, August 2nd, 1855.

Of course I did not write to you about the Paris Exhibition after the way you flouted and scouted the London one. At this one, indeed, you would have no fear of being knocked about, for it is comparatively a desert. It gave me a strong sense of loneliness to see so few human beings in the midst of this huge product of human labour. Details, arrangement, &c., are much better than ours—most of the stalls being in red velvet, and some quite architectural; but there is nothing to equal the sense of vastness, of multiplicity, which ours gave. The great marvel among the works of art is the exact reproduction of the Minerva of the Parthenon, seven feet high, in ivory, with a gold tunic, bronze helmet, and sapphire eyes. I admire it much, but of course it is thought absurd by those academic people. The rail from Paris yesterday was overpoweringly hot, the country pretty and diversified, the crop good, but the potatoes, I am sorry to say, going everywhere. Lord Roden was in the same carriage.

Vichy, Friday.

As I have got two letters from you to-day, I must write in decency before I go to sleep. There can be no egotism in your writing of yourself to me; it is either dualism or thinking on paper. I have not got "Maud," and only heard it that morning in his own fine undersong, but it did not make on me the impression of raising Tennyson. I don't know why we should expect a great writer to be always rising, but somehow it is so. I did not read the Idyll which Alfred's own friends think the prime of the volume. I am afraid that if I ever really become a public man, we shall have to give up our present independent and, I may say, contemplative London life, and not have time

for talk of books and men as we have now. Who should arrive to-day but Fonblanque of the *Examiner*, quite an acquisition he will be. . . . I wish you could get Gladstone to Crewe the first week in September. You would then see (which you do not now) where we agree and where we differ.

Vichy, August 8th.

I enclose you my doctor's prescription, which will enlighten you much. It has made me very hungry for breakfast, but had little effect otherwise; if it brings me to good health—that is, if it enables me to use my limbs without fatigue, to eat and drink without disagreeable effects, and to keep my head always clear, so as to make the most of the little there is in it—I shall be very glad, as this place is handier, pleasanter, and sociabler than the German Baden, and Amicia can flirt with the Zouave officers, and you keep up your French, while I am keeping off the gout in coming years. Your picture of Amy running about the lawn at Madeley quite haunted me.

Vichy, Monday.

As I may be busy in Paris for a day or two I write to acknowledge yours of the 17th. I am much relieved by the successful repulse of the Russians on the Tchernaya, for I had seen letters expressing great fear that the Sardinians would not be able to hold it, and that, when forced, it would open the way to Balaklava. They were by no means strong for the length of the position. The Queen's entrance into Paris was a most melancholy failure. She does not require usually to be told that "l'exactitude est la politesse des rois," and yet surely there ought to have been more margin given for the voyage from Osborne. It would have been better if she had come later, for then the Boulevards would have been lit up; but as it was, she could see nothing, and the people could not see her. There must have been above a million of people thoroughly disappointed. The gay dresses and the beautiful flowers all invisible. The French say, "Elle est entrée comme une chauve-souris." It will take much to change this bad impression.

I have left most of the lions of this neighbourhood unseen, that I may go to them some other time with you.

Paris, Sunday.

You are right in supposing one lives in a row here; it is impossible not to do so. The fêtes have been magnificent—indeed, frightfully so, when one thinks of the labour and the cost. At the Hôtel de Ville there was enough of temporary preparation to have built a palace, and the lighting alone of Versailles cost £4,000. The latter was as grand as a festival could be with no woman of distinguished appearance, and no man except two novel-writers one had ever heard of before. *En revanche* there was Mr. Webb from Bond Street, and Mr. Macdonald of the *Times*—both in official costume. I rode with the staff at the review, which must have made the Queen think there were still French soldiers enough left to continue the war as long as she pleased. The said Queen looks very happy. The Prince of Wales has a nice natural manner, and is much improving in looks. Vernon Smith has been as cross as two sticks at not having been asked to dinner at Court. When I heard of it, I spoke to Walewski, and got him invited to the private dinner to-day. I had to pay £1 for my bed at Versailles; so the people are making something out of British royalty. If she has a fine day to-morrow her departure will be very striking. I may possibly not get to England till Friday night, as M. Guizot is coming to Paris for a day on Thursday, and I should like to see him.

A propos of the Queen's visit to Paris, and Milnes's presence there on the occasion, his friend MacCarthy, in a letter written in the following January, reports that Vernon Smith (Lord Lyveden) was telling how he (Milnes) had been seen in the front ranks during the visit among emperors and kings, "and one of the Pagets dying to put him to death on the spot for his militia uniform." Vernon Smith, in telling the story, added, "It is to be

hoped that our Richard will have the legitimate *entrée* into the kingdom of heaven; but if not, he will certainly hustle St. Peter, and get a good place in spite of him."

It was shortly after returning to London that Milnes wrote his well-known poem entitled "A Monument for Scutari." There are lines in that poem which not only deserve to live, but which may be fitly introduced here because of their bearing on the events of the time.

Now other passion rules the soul,
And Scutari's familiar name
Arouses thoughts beyond control—
A tangled web of pride and shame.
No more shall that fair word recall
The Moslem and his Asian rest,
But the dear brothers of us all
Rent from their mother's bleeding breast.

Calmly our warriors moulder there,
Uncoffined in the sandy soil;
Once festered in the sultry glare,
Or wasted in the wintry toil.
No verdure on those graves is seen,
No shade obstructs the garish day;
The tender dews to keep them green
Are wept, alas! too far away.

Masters of form, if such be now,
On sense and powers of art intent,
To match this mount of serious brow
Devise your seemliest monument—
One that will symbolise the cause
For which this might of manhood fell,
Obedience to their country's laws,
Duty to God's truth as well.

Let, too, the old Miltonic Muse
That trumpeted "the scattered bones
Of saints on Alpine mountains," use
Reveillé of forgotten tones.
Till some one worthy to be priest
At this high altar of renown,
May write in tongues of West and East,
Who bore this cross, who won this crown.

Write that 'tis Britain's peaceful sons
Luxurious rich, well tended poor,
Fronted the foeman's steel and guns,
As each would guard his household door;
So, in those ghastly halls of pain
Where thousand hero-sufferers lay,
Some smiled in thought to fight again,
And most unmurmuring passed away.

Write that when pride of human skill
Fell prostrate with the weight of care,
And men prayed out for some strong will,
Some reason 'mid the wild despair,
The loving heart of woman rose
To guide the hand and clear the eye,
Gave help amid the sternest woes,
And saved what man had left to die.

Milnes sent the poem to the editor of the *Times*, who published it in that journal.

Mr. Delane to R. M. M.

Serjeants' Inn, Sept. 9th, 1855.

My dear Mr. Milnes,—Nothing could be more welcome than the beautiful lines with which you embellish our otherwise dreary columns. They will shine with the more lustre from among the gloomy record of "battle, murder, and sudden

death" which is now our staple commodity, and which has been so long unrelieved by a single gleam of success. Actually, as I write, news comes of our second failure at the Redan, and the French successes at the Malakhoff. We shall lose as much character by the victories of our allies as by the resistance of our enemies. I hope to find time soon for a few days' rest after twelve months' incessant work, but shall probably be back in town again before you come up.

Believe me

Very faithfully yours,

J. T. DELANE.

Mr. Gladstone to R. M. M.

Hawarden, Oct. 15th, 1855.

MY DEAR MILNES,—Many thanks for your beautiful verses. I am delighted to see your Muse in such pliancy and vigour. It did not enter into your work as a poet, but I wish some one of the thousand who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of "routine" who devised and projected her going—Sidney Herbert. . . .

In September Milnes went to Glasgow to attend a meeting of the British Association. For many years he had delighted in these gatherings of the scientific men of the day, and in no part of the proceedings of the meetings did he take greater pleasure than in those grotesque festivities of the Red Lion Club, upon which the eyes of the vulgar are not permitted to gaze. Men of learning and genius, when they play, as a rule play with all their hearts; but it is not always the case that a man of the world like Milnes—well versed in the ways of society—can cast aside conventional ideas, and enjoy

himself as heartily in the simulated buffoonery of an association like that of the Red Lions with all the heartiness of a child of nature. This, however, is what Milnes could do; and no one who ever saw him taking part in the proceedings of a Red Lion dinner can have forgotten the zest with which he threw himself into the eccentric ceremonials of the Club, the wit and good-humour with which he added life to the proceedings.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, Wednesday, Sept., 1855.

I have been very busy, or would have written before this; but I am now going to dine with the Provost, and can only say I am quite well, and have got well lodged. The section I preside over has got many very interesting papers, and the whole meeting promises to be a good one, although the townspeople, who owe their very existence as a city to scientific discovery, will probably take just as little interest in the matter as Liverpool did. . . . I like "Paul Ferrol" extremely, and should have been very proud if you had written it; you see how well Janet turns out, from not being too much made of. The main story is capital; there is a little clumsiness in the details.

Thursday.

I send you the Duke's [Duke of Argyll's] speech. It was gracefully and naturally delivered, although he looked very ill. The Provost gave us a splendid dinner, and I am none the worse for it—the turtle or the speech—and this notwithstanding that the pole of the carriage in which I and Lord Eglinton were going to the meeting was broken, and the horses kicked like mad. We scrambled out as well as we could, and an ingenious thief managed to steal the cloak off Lord Eglinton's arm; this was all the harm done. I hope to go to Carstairs on Saturday; and if I

do not go to York, I shall go to Keir on Wednesday till Saturday. I shall then go straight to Fryston.

Monday.

Monteith desired me to come to Glasgow to-day in a third-class carriage as a penance, which I might have done had I not met Mrs. ——, whose company I much preferred to the moral lesson. We were only nine at breakfast yesterday morning, and we went to four different places of worship—a beautiful illustration of religious liberty. Monteith, Garden, Brookfield, and myself, had a quantity of four-sided talk, and many old events got up and walked and talked before us, not without much laughter, even until two o'clock in the morning.

Glasgow, Wednesday.

I go to Keir* this afternoon. I intend to go to Edinburgh on Monday, and to Fryston on Tuesday. The Shaw Stewarts, Baillie Cochranes, &c., have been very pressing in their hospitality, but I must put them off a while. There was a great dinner yesterday—above two thousand, with the novelty of ladies present, all well dressed, and the whole thing very pretty; but, as I always tell you disagreeable things, I must say I was quite annoyed at being called up to speak without a moment's preparation, for I was in good voice, and with an hour's notice could have made a much more telling speech than was made by any one else. My luck, dear, you know. I sometimes fancy that the Destinies know very well that public life is not the thing for me, and thus in all little, but effective, ways check any progress I might make in it. I begin to think they are right. I remember Sydney Smith saying, "How few men are on the right rail!" When you have continual collisions, you should, perhaps, infer that you are on the wrong one. Monteith said some one was much affronted that the Irish were excluded from my "Scutari." I must see if I can make a verse for them, but it is by no means easy. Should they not be content with the common Briton?

* The seat of Sir William Stirling.

Keir, Thursday.

There is little alteration in this beautiful place, except balustrades along all the terraces, which dress them up very much. I have the room over the library with that fine hill-view. Monteith said to me that he thought, of all our Cambridge contemporaries, he and I had got the most delightful wives. My father, you know, always pretends that he prevented me from marrying Mrs. ——, which has just enough foundation in truth to seem very absurd to me now.

After leaving Scotland Milnes went to Crewe Hall, the residence of his brother-in-law, and remained there for some time. In October he went over to Hawarden on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Hawarden Castle, Sat. evening.

The post goes out to-morrow at some unearthly hour, so I must write to-night. The children acted Cinderella this evening in French very nicely—Lady Susan Clinton a very nice Cinderella, and the Phillimore children the bad sisters. The Bishop of Oxford was amused at my saying that, amidst all these pacificators, I felt like Daniel in the den of lambs. Gladstone has been reading all the evening the pamphlet I brought him on the last hours of the Emperor Nicholas, and evidently intends to translate it. The day is beautiful, but the autumn fast speeding on, with a clear watery distance. . . . I think Florence [Nightingale] always much distrusted the sisterhood matter. She said one day, "It will never do unless we have a Church of which the terms of membership shall be works, not doctrines."

Crewe, Sunday.

I find Miss Martineau much desires to see me again; I shall therefore go there [Ambleside] to-morrow; to Fryston on

Wednesday to meet my aunts; and to London Friday or Saturday. Do you know, I am so haunted about Sir J. Paul* and Co.'s transportation that I can think of nothing else. If men of that standing in the world, of knowledge and business habits, are to fall before temptation like a silly housemaid attracted by a jewel, the foundations of moral life tremble beneath one, and Paul Ferroll or anything else becomes possible. —— tells me he has a cousin who a few years ago—in the railway days—did much the same thing, and incurred the same horrible fate. I still stick to my notion that Lord John will be Colonial Secretary. Gladstone shakes his head most judgmatically over the notion of Vernon Smith. They are all much interested here about the Bishop of London, thinking it possible the Bishop of Lichfield will succeed him.

Fryston, Thursday.

Got here in good time by a beautiful railroad through the picturesque Yorkshire, which I mean to travel through when I have done the United States. Caroline [his aunt, Miss Caroline Milnes] is looking no better, but seems less of an invalid, so that I may keep a little longer on earth the one relative that knows anything about me. She says that if America and England do come to war, I shall be responsible, having sent G. M. to Philadelphia. I say it is all Lord Clarendon's fault for not having given him a mission in Europe. . . . I left Miss Martineau nearly insensible, and hope she may soon pass away without more suffering. But with all her illness she writes three times a week, in the *Daily News*, admirable articles. What vigour and spirit this shows! At Scarborough they have shipwrecks under their windows, so, I suppose, you will soon rush inland.

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* Sir John Dean Paul, the banker, and his partners, Messrs. Strahan and Bates were sentenced to 14 years' transportation, Oct. 27th.

T. Carlyle to R. M. M.

Chelsea, Oct. 29th, 1855.

DEAR MILNES,— . . . . It will much beseem *you to* come and see whether I am dead or alive here after so many adventures, and the sight of your face will be illuminative to everybody in these premises. I cannot say I envy you your chaotic convocations at Crewe, but I should like well to go whither my letter is going, could I travel as easily and were the season younger. I must invade Silesia instead, woe is me! A huge "republic of the mediocrities;" this modern world, which, though very quiet, is a dreadful and even damnable fact if you will think of it well. The Johnson's god-daughter case [*god-daughters of Dr. Johnson*] is to come into the *Times* after all, Palmerstonian bounty proving ineffectual. There is no *other* course for behoof of the poor old creatures. In the pettiest German Duchy, in Saxe-Meiningen or Lippe-Buckeburg, *had* any of these territories been honoured to produce a Johnson, the Government would have been so much a gentleman as to do this thing. In enormous pot-bellied England it is otherwise, and there is no remedy to be dreamt of at present. Adieu, dear Milnes, I must not waste my own small fragment of time, nor any more of yours, to-day. Come and see me next week, according to your charitable purpose. We send all our regards to Mrs. Milnes, and beg you to take care of her.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Milnes went on a round of visits later in the year.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Leahurst, Friday.

Got here to a "heavy tea." Madame Mohl and Miss Bathurst the only company, but the Coltmans coming to-morrow. There was a letter from Mrs. Smith, saying nothing

about Flo's [Miss Nightingale's] going to the Crimea; but they think she is gone to organise the new hospitals there, and that she is not recovered to be up to it.

Worsley, Thursday.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the Grange. Madame Mohl as amusing as the best Parisian, full of information and *esprit*, and that pleasant spirit of contradiction and unargumentative argument which makes lively conversation. She is coming through town, and hopes to see Miss Wynn, who, I think, appreciates her. I am quite annoyed that the Procters should have been all the summer at Matlock without knowing the Nightingales. It is one of those inconsiderateness with which I am continually reproaching myself, and which I do not cure. Lady Ellesmere's letter missed me altogether, although directed as I desired; this happens so seldom. I am glad I came, as Lord E. is very low, having had a bad attack of gout in both hands, and very glad of reasonable conversation.

Manchester, Thursday evening.

You will be amused at this date. Mrs. Gaskell asked me to come and look over Miss Brontë's papers, dine, and sleep. I have done the two former, and, before I do the last, wish you good-night. I shall go to Crewe to-morrow afternoon. Lady Ellesmere was very funny about Mrs. Gaskell, wanting very much to know her, and yet quite shy about it, so I settled the matter by making her ask them to lunch at Worsley's next week, and bringing the note myself.

During the autumn and winter Milnes was much engaged in connection with the Nightingale Fund, and both in London and at Manchester he addressed meetings on behalf of a cause which enlisted every sympathy of his heart.

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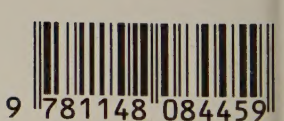

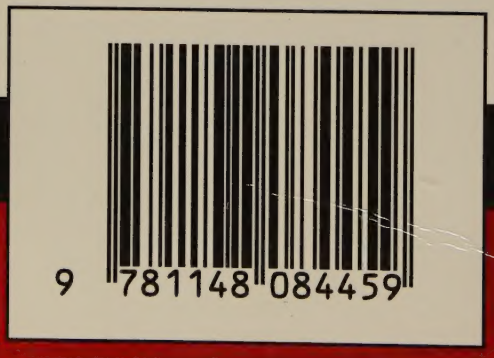
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